Everybody's Magazine

November
1917

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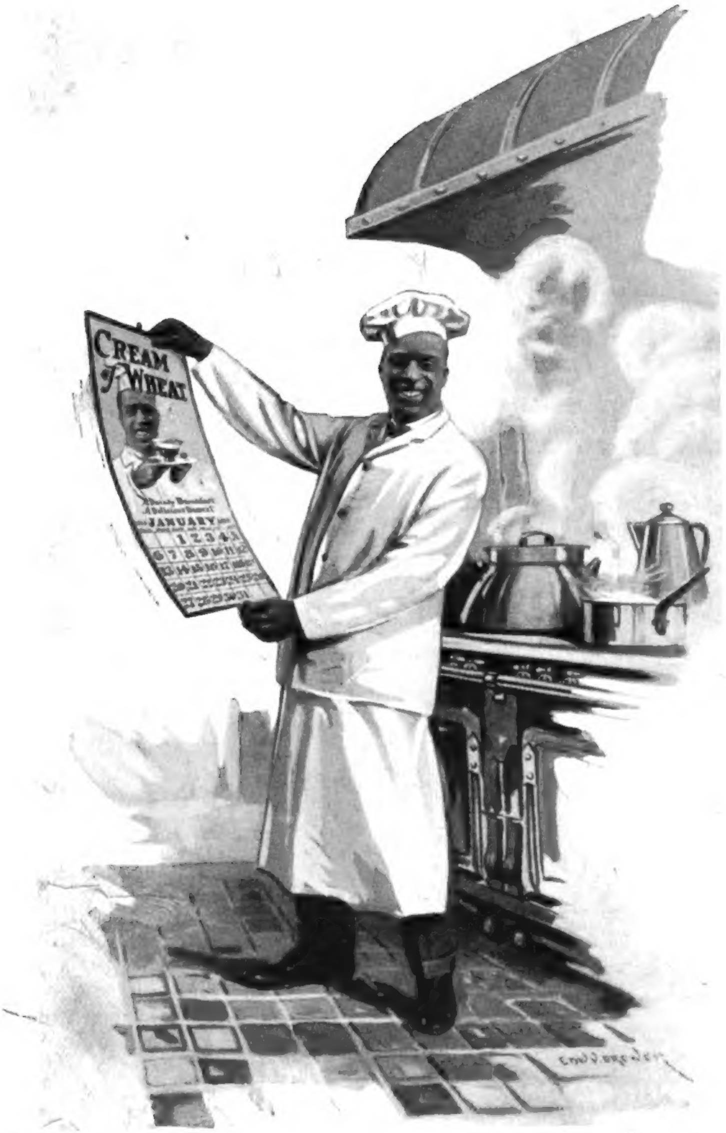
A GRIPPING AMERICAN SERIA

By Henry Kitchell Webster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JANUARY

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

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EDGAR WALLACE

Photograph by Pauline Kruger Hamilton

WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

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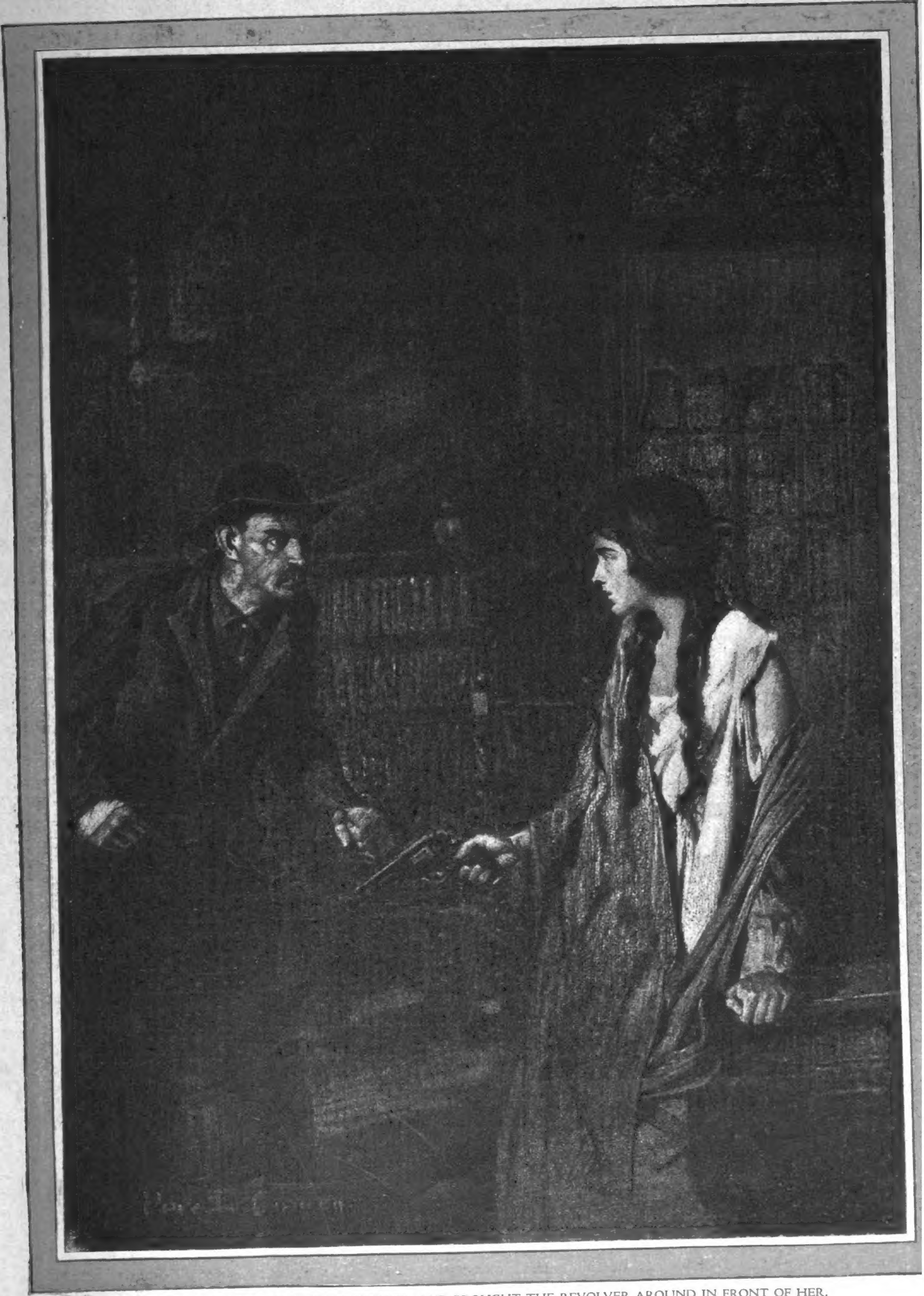
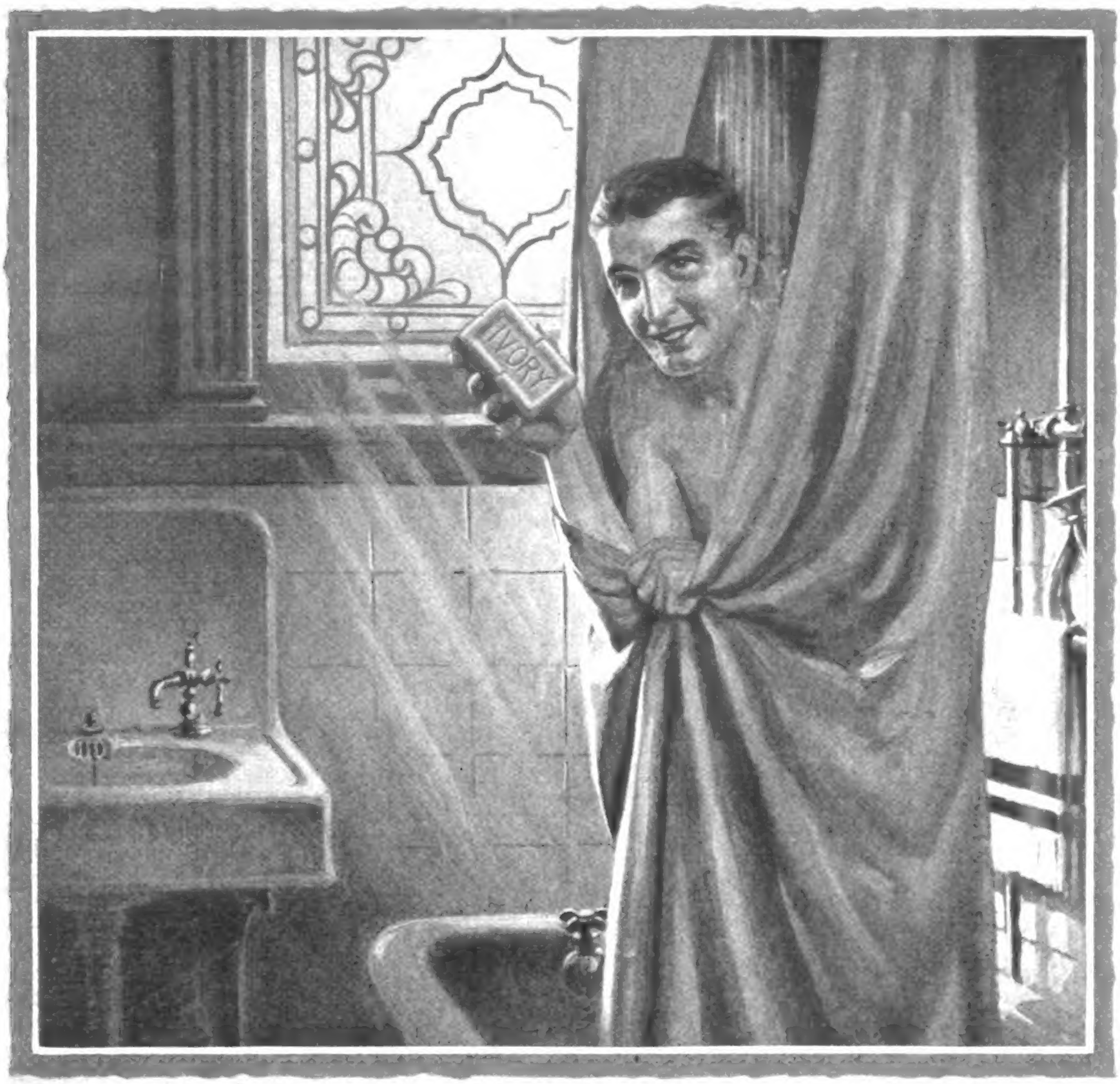


"STAND PERFECTLY STILL," JEAN SAID, AND BROUGHT THE REVOLVER AROUND IN FRONT OF HER.

From "THE WHITE ARC," a new serial by Henry Kitchell Webster, beginning on page 9.



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Everybody's Magazine
Number Five November 1917 Volume XXXVII

THE WHITE ARC

By Henry Kitchell Webster

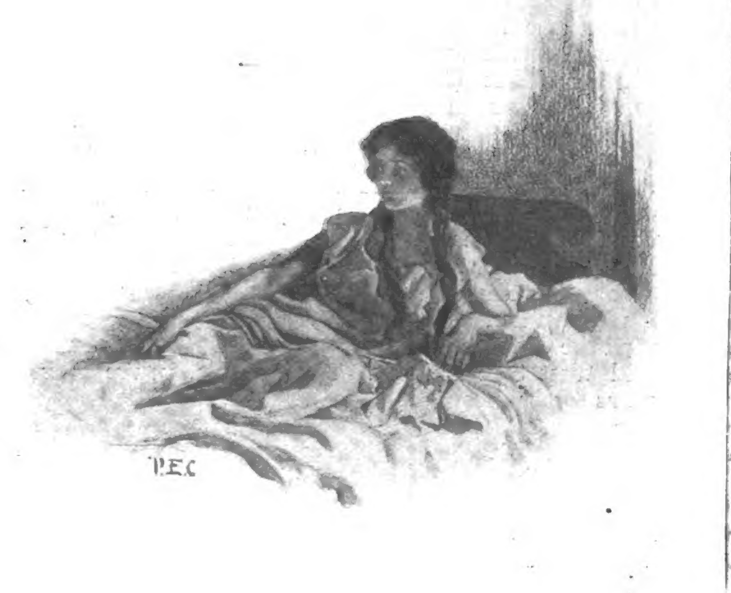
Author of "THE REAL ADVENTURE"

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY E. COWEN

A NEW SERIAL

CHAPTER ONE

Jean Comes to the House of Corbett



JEAN

WHEN a clock somewhere in the big strange house struck a deliberate three, Jean Gilbert sat up in bed and craned forward for a better look out of the window at the June night. No signs of dawn yet, though there might be if it weren't for a thin old moon high up in the sky. Anyhow, there would surely be daylight in an hour, and she did not believe she would fall asleep sooner than that. If she did not, it would be fair to say, wouldn't it (to herself of course; she did not mean to confide the adventure to any one else), that she had lain awake all night?

It was sultry still. Chicago, it seemed, had gone to sleep at last. It must be half an hour anyway since the last motor had gone howling by in the Drive. She could hear quite plainly the tired little waves collapsing on the beach beyond the slender strip of parkway.

She pulled her two thick braids forward over her shoulders and dropped back on the pillow again. She hoped she wouldn't go to sleep. There were so many wonderful things to think about;, memories—fresh, warm memories, all less than a week old, which she had not half got through the catalogue of.

She had said the other day in answer to Mrs. Corbett's blunt, "How old are you, child?" that she was not quite seventeen. And three breaths later she had added scrupulously and with great dignity, "That is, I am more than sixteen and a half." She was—a matter of days! It had not been an easy admission to make in the circumstances, and indeed Mrs. Corbett had exclaimed, "Heavens! You're a baby." But nothing happened. The maid went on hooking the miraculous bridesmaid's dress, and Anne Corbett, who was going to be the bride, looking at her with half-shut eyes to get the effect, said:

"Nonsense, mother! She's Muriel's height to a hair and the gown might have been made for her."

It would all have remained wonderful enough, to be sure, even if "more than sixteen and a half" had been adjudged fatally too young for this last ineffable honor they proposed for her; just the sober facts, which were—I'll try to be brief with them—these:

Jean's father was Captain Roger Gilbert of the United States Army. He was poor; had nothing to live on but his pay. And he was young—only forty when Jean had her sixteenth birthday. His wife was even younger; only thirty-seven—twenty-one when Jean was born—a fact which proclaims romance upon its face. She was Ethel Crawford, youngest daughter of a rich, able-minded, strong-willed woman who, since her husband's death, had enjoyed the unchecked control of a very large estate and, to an extraordinary degree, the authoritative management of her children's lives. The three oldest she had succeeded with, according to her lights: the two sons occupied themselves suitably, and the daughter married brilliantly an English patrician. The remaining pair, Frank and Ethel (they were twins) had been brought up less rigorously. Frank especially had been allowed his heart's desire, West Point.

It was thus Ethel and young Roger Gilbert met. They fell in love, it is almost true to say, at sight. It was one of those tolerably rare cases of a genuine, unmistakable affinity. They would have married eventually, no doubt, even if the form of the widow Crawford's opposition had been subtle—Machiavellian—serpentine. As it was, a reckless and quite indiscriminate anger simply flung the pair of children together, and they married rather madly, off-hand, and had a baby upon a second lieutenant's salary.

So Jean, as if no such institution as indulgent grandmotherhood existed in the world, grew up as best she could, in one army post after another. She went twice to the Philippines. She spent a miserable year in a Washington boarding-house. There was a place called, temporarily, home in the Presidio, in Fort Riley, in Brownsville, in other places—more than she could remember.

Her formal education, of course, was perfectly ramshackle and fortuitous. What she had really been brought up on was her father's code—that of an officer and a gentleman. She could ride straight and speak the truth. She could obey orders with a stiff mouth. And when she was afraid, no one knew it.

Nemesis meanwhile had overtaken old Mrs. Crawford. Her two oldest sons were drowned in a yachting accident, one in the attempt to save the life of the other. With one daughter married abroad, the other estranged from her, and her one remaining son in the army, she would be, to all intents and purposes, childless. So the only thing to be done was for Frank to resign

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his commission, come home, and take his post as titular head of the family. Disaster had shaken her a good deal and softened her a little, and as she never had really established the habit of tyrannizing over him, she found it easier to defer to his judgment; especially as she found it good. An example of it, to her notion, was his marriage with the eldest Corbett girl, Constance. This was distinctly his own doing, but she admitted she couldn't have chosen better herself.

The bond between Frank and his twin sister, Ethel, had never been broken, and his marriage strengthened rather than weakened it. Constance, who was five years younger than Ethel, had always known her, of course; the Corbetts and the Crawfords both dated back to old West Side Chicago. To Constance, as to her bosom friends, Frederica and Harriet Aldrich, Ethel's romantic marriage had been a wonderful event.

The Gilberts were away in the Philippines when Frank and Constance were married, but when they came back, five years later, Constance broached to her husband a plan which she had kept mellowing in the wood for a long time.

"Jean's a dear," she said, "and beautifully brought up. But, Frank, it can't go on like that! It would be wicked to let it. She's just got to the age where things begin to make a difference. And that isn't going to be her life, really. At least it needn't be. She ought to have the right kind of friends, and she ought to go to a good school for two years anyway."

Frank agreed to all this, but didn't at first see how it was feasible. "I've talked to Roger about it—come as close as I dared. But they can't afford it and they won't take money. His face looked like a piece of armor-plate when I hinted at it."

"Well, don't hint," said Constance. "Come straight out with it. Let me go and talk with Ethel. Look here! Let's get them to give her to us. Roger's sure to be sent to the border and she'll go with him. But even they can't think of taking the child down there. We won't go into details at all. We'll just say we want her for three or four years to do as we like with." She understood very well the expression she saw go across her husband's face. "It'll be, I suppose," she admitted, "sort of a shock to Mother Crawford when we tell her what we've done. But, Frank, down in her heart that's what she wants. She's hoping for it—something like that. Only of course she can't say so."

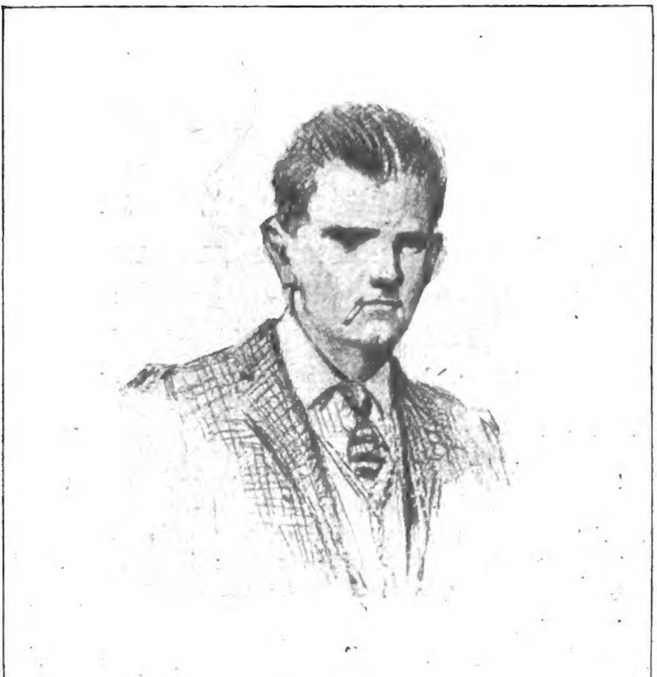
Frank turned it over meditatively for a while. "How about you?" he asked at last. "With two kids of your own already and another on the way, haven't you got your hands full?"

But Constance was clear that she hadn't. "I'm really selfish about it," she said. "I want her."

After a while Frank finished the subject with a nod. "All right," he said. "You're on the bridge. Set your course and go to it. I sha'n't be surprised if you put it over."

On Jean the news fell, astonishingly, all at once without even a premonitory murmur. Her father said to her one evening, just after retreat, in the crisp, serious manner he used for orders:

"Jean, you're to be made a young lady of. You're to be packed and ready to leave for Chicago a week from to-day. You're going to live for a while with your Uncle Frank Crawford and his wife. They've got plans for you that we've all agreed are good."



CARTER

So far as getting results went, he understood the girl even better than her mother did. She squared her shoulders and brought her boot-heels together with a click (she was in riding things). "Yes, sir," she said. An old sergeant couldn't have done it better.

He stood before her as rigid as she was, but she saw the tears springing to his eyes before her own came to blind her. He came up close and took her by the shoulders.

"There are a lot of good reasons we talked about when Constance was here," he said. "You *haven't* had an orthodox bringing-up, and I suppose you're entitled to it. Within the next ten years there's a good chance that you'll find yourself rich; opportunities open to you that, if we go on like this, you won't understand nor know what to do with. They say you ought to have a look around first. That sounds like good sense, too.

"But my reason—my real reason for letting you go, I haven't told even to your mother. I sha'n't tell it to any one but you. Ethel's getting homesick after all these years. She wouldn't admit it to me under torture, but I know it's true. She'd like to have the door open to her own people again. She'd like to be reconciled to her mother before the old lady dies. And it's through you, by this plan, that the thing can be done. I'm willing to give you up for three or four years for that. Do you see, chicken? Now go find your mother and tell her you're happy about it. We're neither of us allowed to cry where she can see."

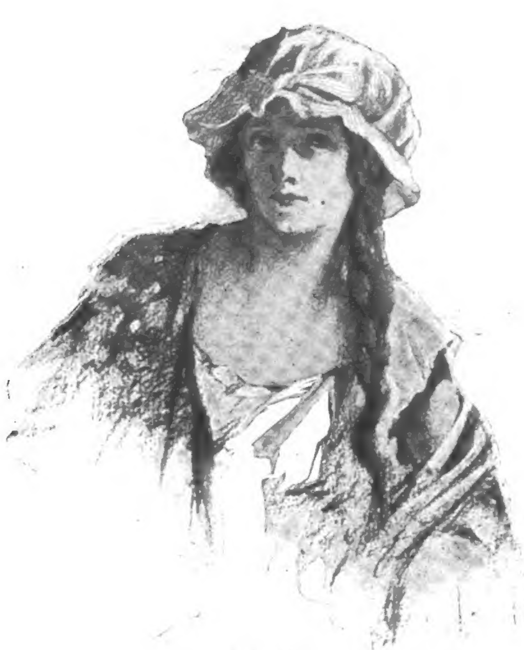
She did cry, of course, when she was by herself—experienced some pretty desolate hours. The parents she was leaving comprised an unusually large part of all her world, and what there was besides was to be left behind with them. An emigrant setting out for a rumored America is hardly upon a less foreseen adventure. She had moments of panic when nothing but the lifelong habit of military obedience pulled her through—saved her from begging to be let off. To have begged would seem as disgraceful to her as it would to her father.

But, these bad hours aside, there was a joyous thrill about the prospect that was almost as disconcerting as the panic. It didn't seem loyal to be as happy as it made her feel to think of going to "the right kind of school" where she'd make friends with girls of her own age. She hadn't had a girl friend since she was seven years old. And the notion of pretty frocks—plenty of them, and a big house with real servants in it—acting the way they do in books—"Yes, miss. Thank you, miss—" And a motor she would be entitled to ride in. Would Uncle Frank let her learn to drive it herself?

What gave the adventure the silky, unbelievable texture of a fairy-tale from the moment of her arrival in Chicago, almost, was Anne Corbett's wedding. The romance began, it happened, right at the beginning.

Her train, which Frank Crawford had engaged to meet, frustrated him by getting very late and then in the last couple of hours making up half an hour or so, with the result that Jean, emerging through the gate and looking in vain for a familiar face, found herself upon her own resources.

She was not at all alarmed and she adopted almost at once the correct explanation of her uncle's failure to be there. There were various things she could do. She could find out at the Information Bureau how to get to Lake Forest, where the Crawfords lived, and go out there all by herself. Only that might give them a bad hour or two wondering what had become of her. Or she could telephone her Aunt Constance and put herself under orders. But that seemed a rather helpless, bothersome way to act. Her aunt no doubt was busy and would probably, Jean suspected, put herself to superfluous trouble about her.



ANNE

There remained the third alternative of simply waiting in the station for her uncle to turn up. Only how would he find her in a big place like that? The likeliest place to wait for him, she decided, was under the train bulletin, which he would probably consult as soon as he came in, for the purpose of finding out how much longer he'd have to wait.

So she lugged her suitcase over to the big blackboard and took her station there. She was quite comfortable both in body and in mind. She had learned from her father the military trick of standing still without getting tired, and she wasn't worried a bit. She would give her uncle half an hour. If he had not come by then, she would telephone to Lake Forest. Meantime there were plenty of amusing things to look at.

She was aware, of course, that other people were looking at her. There were men loitering about the place—men of various sorts, who looked at her a good deal. But she was not afraid of their annoying her. People somehow didn't.

Presently her own interest focused itself upon a man—a big man, a lot taller than her father, she was sure, though he stood a full six feet—who came up to consult the train bulletin. There was a sort of general rightness about him that gave her a little thrill of pleasure the moment he came into her field of vision. To her eye, accustomed to a military precision of gait and carriage, there was something pleasurably flexible about the way he moved.

She got a chance to look at his face while he was studying the board. It was a lean, rather narrow face, just a little like, not the real Indians she had seen so many of, but the sculptured, idealized Indians—bronze Indians in parks. She liked the look in his face, too, when he saw how late his train was, the train he was waiting for some one to come in on; rueful but half amused, as if, after all, it didn't greatly matter. It couldn't be, she decided, his wife or sweetheart he was waiting for.

Just as he turned away he looked at her, his eye simply picking her up as it traversed the space she occupied, and then focusing itself on her for an instant, very keenly.

He set himself a long, leisurely patrol of the concourse from one end to the other, and always, as he receded from her, she let her gaze follow him. It seemed to her if anything happened—anything violent or frightful, there in that railway station—he would be quite certain to be in the thick of it doing tremendous deeds. She made up an idle little romance about him and cast herself for the heroine.

The romance was broken in upon by the realization that a little group of rowdy youths—harmless enough, no doubt, but an affront alike to the eye and the ear, with their jokes, their nudges, their vacuous laughs, their shoves and bumps and remonstrances—had her for an objective; for an audience anyway. They weren't dangerous, of course, but she hoped they wouldn't come any nearer. If they did, she'd have to pick up her bag and move away. And that act in itself would be a form of communication with them.

And then she caught her breath. Because her man—her big man, coming up just then, checked his patrol, turned at right angles, and walked up beside her; not close beside—a couple of paces, maybe, away. He didn't speak to her nor look at her. So far as she could see, he didn't even look at the boys. But the little group faded aimlessly away. He stayed—not rigid like a sentry, nor elaborately casual either, but clearly on guard. If her father's battery of three-inch fieldpieces had come galloping up and parked around her, she couldn't have felt more secure.

If only there were some possible way of thanking him. Only, if he'd wanted to be thanked he could easily have given her the opportunity. Of course he wouldn't. He wasn't the sort that would.

Five minutes later she caught sight of Frank Crawford hurrying over toward the board. Could she tell him about it, she wondered? Get him to tell the stranger how much obliged she was? It seemed dreadfully unsatisfactory just to go off and leave him there without any acknowledgment—not even a bow.

To her surprise, it was not upon her, but upon the tall stranger that her uncle's eye alighted.

"Hello, Hugh!" he sang out. "What are you doing down here?"

"I'm collecting another bridesmaid for Anne," Jean heard him say. His voice, she thought, was—well, somehow, just right, like the rest of him. "Half an hour yet to wait."

"I'm meeting my . . ." Frank began. "Why, hello! How in the world did you get here? They said your train was an hour and a half late."

"It made up a little," Jean explained. "I haven't been waiting long."

Her uncle was most awfully sorry. Was she sure she was all right? Hadn't been frightened or anything?

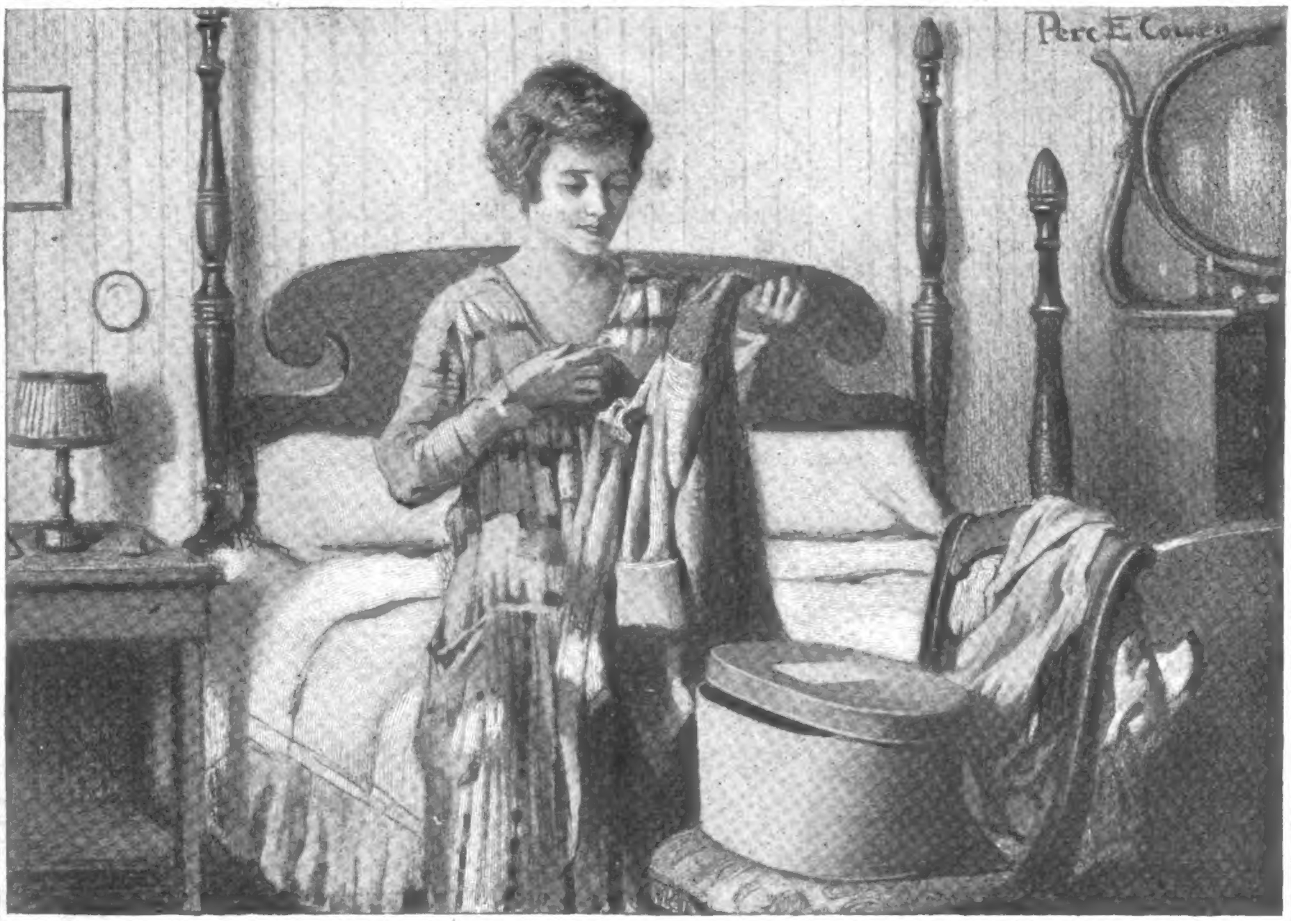
"Not a bit," said Jean.

"Well, come along," her uncle said. "The car is here. We'll drive straight out." Then, "Oh!—This is my niece, Jean Gilbert."

It was one of those one-legged introductions that Frank was addicted to. But the big man swiftly rectified it.

"I'm Hugh Corbett," he told her, and held out a lean hand. "I'll probably see you again before the wedding, but surely then."

It was a friendly, altogether delightful smile he had, a rather special smile. There was a humorous recognition in it of the something between them—the almost nothing but not quite—which neither of them had said anything to Frank about.



SHE HAD NEVER DREAMED OF BEING NEW ALL OVER, AND WAS IN PARADISE.

"He's Constance's brother," Frank explained as they walked away; "one of her four brothers. They're all here for the wedding."

Jean rode out to Lake Forest entranced. The dim outlines of the fairy-tale were already beginning to show through. Jean inquired with great propriety about her grandmother and could not be blamed for an inaudible sigh of relief on learning that the old lady was not at home. She was still at Hot Springs—an annual pilgrimage of hers for fortifying her invincible health against all conceivable attack. She would not come anywhere near Lake Michigan until that mercurial climate had settled to its six months of good behavior. She figured, naturally enough, in Jean's fairy-tale as the wicked old witch.

The queen, that is to say her Aunt Constance, was still to be reckoned with.

But the first evening—oh, the first five minutes really, settled all that. Constance's smile, like that of her brother Hugh, had something special about it; a humorous friendliness.

"You won't mind," she asked (this was when Jean was going to bed and her aunt had come in, ostensibly to see that she had everything that she wanted), "you won't mind if I—play dolls with you a little? You see my two are both boys and you can't do it with them. I'd like to dress you up. Will you go shopping with me in the morning?"

Thus it was that Constance changed her rôle to that of the fairy godmother. They were, of course, simple, suitable things that Constance bought the next day. But she did a thorough job; provided for all reasonable contingencies. And Jean, to whom any single new garment had always been an important event, who had never even dreamed of being new all over, was in Paradise.

She couldn't have believed that the day had not reached its climax in the purchase of a pink dancing frock, almost low in the neck, and with slippers and stockings that matched. But it had not. The real climax was late that afternoon.

"I want to stop in and see mother a few minutes," Constance had said, "before we go home." And Jean caught her breath again when she saw where the car was turning in.

A high iron fence with a monumental gate in it, a wide, insolent lawn that reached from one cross-street to the next, and had its own opinion, evidently, of the ornate, close-built mansions on either side that had to get up to the Lake Shore Drive somehow. In the middle of it a house that . . . . Well, Gregory Corbett remains one of the few Chicagoans of the great old days who managed to get himself adequately represented in stone. Whoever the architect was (I'm not sure whether it was Richardson or not) he managed to build something that stood unmistakably for the old man. The sandstone of which he built it was Gregory Corbett's color; the great monolithic lintels had something the look of his level, craggy brows. The whole thing was self-contained like him, and heavy, and enormously big, and one had the feeling that it would live to be old like him—as old for a house as he was for a man.

To Jean, of course, the fairy-tale took another jump. Here was the castle, the face of it dark against the declining sun. Anything could happen in a place like this.

She followed, breathless, close behind Constance, aware but afraid to look, that there were a lot of people about, that there was a victrola going somewhere and, she thought, dancing; that a deferential gentleman in a premature dress-suit was conveying a low-toned message to her aunt.

"All right," Constance said. "Come along," and Jean followed her up a very broad and endlessly long flight of stairs, down a hall and to a door where Constance knocked.

It was opened by a maid, but before either she or Constance could speak a barytone voice boomed out from the depths of the room, "Who is it?"

Constance said who she was, and added, "I've got Jean Gilbert with me."

"Bring her along," the voice commanded. "Where have you been? I've been wanting you for hours."

Her aunt's reply, whatever it may have been, was lost on Jean, because by that time she was in the room, and all she could manage for a moment was a panic-stricken attempt not to stare.

A big—oh, a huge!—iron-gray old woman sat in a proportionate armchair. Her hair was formally dressed, as if for a ball. She had on a black satin dressing-gown with enormous red and yellow tulips on it. A table with a tea-tray stood beside her chair. She held a cup in one hand, a slice of bread and butter in the other. Crouching before her was a man with a black leather bag on the floor beside him. Her feet and her thick white calves were bare, and he was working away, with a little chisel-shaped knife at one of her toes.

"Kennedy here," she said, indicating him by pointing with the foot, "although I'm his oldest customer, and getting a daughter married off besides, won't leave that precious office of his till after hours. That's why he's here now. I've no doubt there are better men at his business here in town that would, but in matters of corns I'm conservative."

"Mother," Constance said, turning to Jean, "this is . . ."

"I don't need to be told who she is," Mrs. Corbett broke in. She finished her tea in a gulp, set down her cup and held the disengaged hand out to the girl. "Let's look at you, child. You're your mother again—with a difference. Heavens, how have you had time to get as big as that? It seems no time at all since she ran off with that lieutenant of hers. Do you want some tea? If you do, tell Briggs and she'll get it up. Sit down somewhere anyway, I want to talk to your aunt."

THUS released, Jean retreated to a window-seat—about the remotest place in sight; out of range, she hoped, of the conversation which was to follow. She knew now who was the queen of the fairy-story. She had never understood what they were like before.

In thinking she had withdrawn out of ear-shot, Jean had reckoned without Mrs. Corbett's voice. It boomed straight along without any soft-pedal at all. There was no use trying not to hear.

"I've got to have you down here Connie, and that's flat. You'll have to come to the house and stay till it's over. Between my father-in-law and my feet, I'm done. I don't blame my feet. They're overworked. I'm too big to trot around, though I could manage it if it weren't for him. But this wedding has stirred him up. He wouldn't believe for a long time, that "little Anne" was old enough to be married. Every time we spoke of it, he pretended not to know what we were talking about.

"Now that he's made up his mind to it, he wants to know what's the matter with the boys—why none of them is married. He roars at me till I can't hear myself think; as if it was my fault. Your father simply takes to flight, gets telegrams and things; and the boys are too wary by half. They dodge around like quicksilver. I'm too big to dodge. When I married Robert, it was grandsons his father wanted. Well, he can't deny I did my best for him. Now it's great-grandsons. And he looks to me for them."

"He's got two," said Constance.

"They don't count," her mother assured her bluntly. "They aren't Corbetts. Oh, unreasonable I'll agree! Well, I may be unreasonable myself when I'm eighty-one. But that don't make it any easier for me just now. I've got to have you on the spot. You can take him off my hands, or you can chaperon some of the parties and let me get off my feet; that's just as you like."

What Constance said was lower-keyed, and Jean didn't hear it, but the mother's reply made the nature of it evident enough.

"Oh, Frank's a fuss! What if you are going to have a baby? If I hadn't kept going with mine, I'd never have got anywhere, Heaven knows."

There was another inaudible fragment contributed by Constance; then Mrs. Corbett said:

"Jean? Oh bring her along with you. There's room. She's a nice little thing; knows how to stand up, which is more than most girls do nowadays. She'll be somebody to play with Carter. Has she got any clothes?—not that it matters."

It was getting to seem like a dream, the way the fairy-story moved along. No sooner had the fairy godmother provided the ball dress than the queen invited her to come and stay at the palace. It was—well, scary in a way, to have things happen like that. One thing bothered her a little. Who was Carter whom she was to play with?

Driving out to Lake Forest for dinner (because Mrs. Corbett had failed to induce her daughter to abandon Frank without at least an evening's warning; they were to come straight back after breakfast) she asked Constance about him.

"I tried not to hear," she explained, "but somehow I couldn't help it."

Constance laughed. "No. Mother's not a confidential person. Why, Carter's her baby—my youngest brother. He's twenty; has just finished his junior year at Yale. We're all very proud of him," she went on, "because he made end on the All-American last fall and Bones this spring.

"I suppose," she concluded "that Carter will never be as old again as he is right now. Mother's funny with him because she doesn't see that at all."

JEAN was vague about the All-American, and Bones was an unelucidated mystery to her. But her aunt's intention to warn her not to count upon Carter as a playmate was unmistakable. She might easily have been a little alarmed over the prospect of meeting so formidable a person, had it not been for her encounter in the railway station the day before. The big man who had stood guard over her for fifteen minutes, not knowing in the least who she was, and then, finding out, had made himself, with just one look of his smiling eyes, completely her friend—almost an older friend than her uncle was—that man was this terrifying Carter's big brother. With him at hand she need not be afraid of anybody.

The next real step in the fairy-story happened three days before the wedding, right when the whirl of luncheons, matinée parties, tea-dances, dinners and so on, was at its swiftest. It had to be a tragedy for somebody else. That's the way things happen in fairy-stories.

Muriel Ware, one of the bridesmaids, developed a stye. Of course it had not been a sudden event for her. There had been a day when she caught up her hand-mirror and looked at that eyelid with suspicion, and told herself positively that it was nothing; another day when she spent her solitary moments rubbing it frantically with a gold ring, studying it in the glass and deciding it was really going away; another day when people began looking at her and asking what was the matter with her eye, to which she had answered that she had almost had a stye, but that it was getting better. There was a day when she flew despairingly to the doctor and demanded surgery—capital surgery if necessary—anything—absolutely anything, to stop that thing. The resources of modern surgery, the doctor had said, were equal, one might say, to anything except the instantaneous obliteration of all traces of its work. But for that no substitute had yet been discovered for time. There was nothing to be alarmed about. In a week or ten days she would be looking as well as ever. The wedding was three days off.

By the next day the eye was swollen shut and had to be taken official cognizance of. Muriel couldn't go down the church aisle looking like that—a fact she was the first to proclaim. Of course it might get miraculously better in two days, but was there any real hope of it? No there was not. Somebody would have to be found who could wear her dress—take her place.

But who? The matter was delicate. Months ago Anne had divided her friends into two categories: those who were asked to be bridesmaids and those who were not. Anne professed herself at her wits' end and rejected the few suggestions made, with vigor, demanding to be told meanwhile, if no one could think of anybody.

By the time some one said, with the air of making a surprising discovery, "Why wouldn't Jean do?" the child had been holding her breath, one might say, for hours.

She had been watching that stye with the eye of a lynx, since the day Muriel herself had discovered it. She had reproached herself bitterly for not feeling honestly sorry as she saw it grow, saw inevitable Fate closing down upon its victim. Her heart stopped beating entirely, she was sure, when she heard the suggestion made, and didn't go on until Anne said, meditatively, "I believe she could wear the dress." And then it leaped up with a rush that almost suffocated her. It was as good as decided after that. Not even Mrs. Corbett's blunt inquiry about her age did any harm.

The dress was right almost to the last hook and with her hair up ("You've awfully nice hair," one of the girls said) she should make as satisfactory a bridesmaid as any bride could ask to have.

Well, you are in possession now, I think, of the facts which formed the background of Jean's dream as she lay awake that warm June night, looking out now and then for the gray streak of dawn, and hoping not to fall asleep—at least not until it came. A background, I said, but I am not sure but foreground would be a truer word, because the thing to which they all were nothing but a running obligato, the melody they merely served to harmonize, was, after all, elusive—shy of coming out into the open and getting itself stated.

If ever you have heard a set of variations by Elgar upon a theme which is never played during the whole composition, you will have a clue to the pleasant maze of Jean's reverie that night. Her theme, never stated but perpetually embroidered upon, was that she had fallen in love with Hugh Corbett.

I know of nothing less calculated, or calculable—nothing more reckless in its disregard of facts and reciprocities—nothing, in a word, more mothlike in its evanescent nocturnal charm, than a young girl's love-affair.

It had happened, of course, there in the railway station before she found out who he was. And it might have lasted her for weeks, in the failure of another to take its place, even if she hadn't found out at all, just as a peg upon which to hang her filmy nightspun veils of romance.

But with his transformation by Frank's nod into some one she knew and liked, the thing got a novel touch of reality. Every day, after that, the romance accumulated new facts to build on. He really liked her, made occasions for little talks with her; came to the rescue, sometimes, when she was embarrassed, just as he had done there in the station.

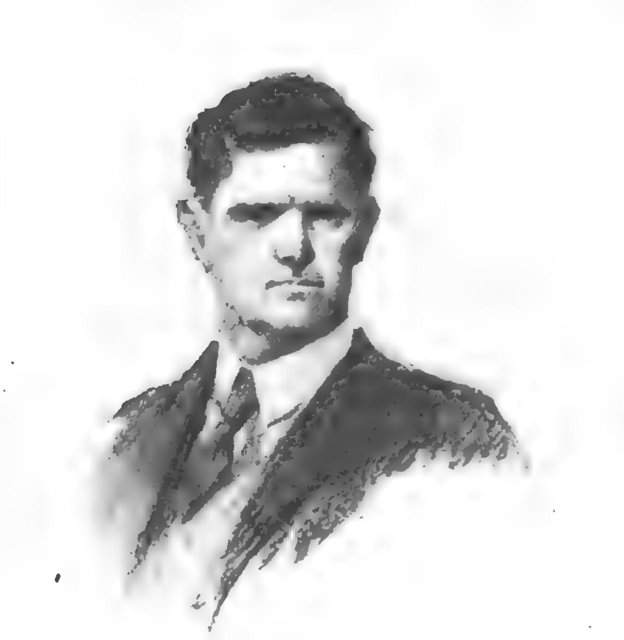
Everybody liked her, as a matter of fact, beginning with old Grandfather Corbett and stopping just before you got to Carter (who might not have been the one exception but for a tactless indication on his mother's part that Jean's age made her a suitable companion for him. After that there was no balm for his outraged dignity except in ignoring her as loftily as possible.) She was so breathless with wonder about it all, so serious in her acceptance of the responsibilities which Muriel's stye had thrust upon her, her dignity was so delicious, and her unconscious way of coming to attention, heels together, eyes front, when she had to nerve herself to meet a difficult situation, that they all enjoyed her. They alternately teased and petted her, that is, just as one will a nice kitten.

All but Hugh. He won her ineffable gratitude by being different. It was not that he acted differently toward her—not that he treated her like a young lady. He laughed and joked about her as freely as any of them, only when he did it she was always one of the players of the game—not just the ball they played with. He had no special manner for her at all (she presently discovered that he had none for anybody—not even for his grandfather), and the fact made it curiously easy to talk to him; especially to ask him things—and there were no end of them—that she wanted to know.

He told her who people were and how old they were and what they did—a sort of "Who's Who" to the Corbett clan, invaluable to her and, as he told it, most amusing. He told her stories about his grandfather, who had started out as a wheelwright more than sixty years ago making farm wagons; how he had gone into partnership with his cousin who made plows and then bought him out, and how a family feud that had lasted half a century had resulted. He told of his father's hobby for pictures, especially Corots. (He had bought more of those, Hugh extravagantly opined, than Corot had ever painted.) He told her some of the stock family anecdotes that were always being referred to.

On her first bewildering day at the "castle" he sorted out his brothers for her and his prospective brother-in-law from the ruck of guests, groomsmen, and so on. "The darkest one with the thick black hair; over there—he just came in that door—that's Gregory, after grandfather, of course. He's the successful one. He has come right up through the business, has practically taken father's place in it; but what he's really famous for is football. He played guard, back in the days of mass formations, and he still goes back to Yale in the fall and coaches for a month—takes his vacation that way. And the sandy one over there, flirting with the girl in blue, is Bob—after father. He's the polo player. He lives out at the ranch in Wyoming a good part of the time—thinks he runs it. He's two years younger than I, and Greg two years older. We all come along after Constance. Then, after a while, comes Anne, and Carter last. You know the man Anne's marrying, don't you—Douglas Duncan? They're New York people, a good lot, though they're what's called 'smart.' Anne's supposed to have done very well. Well, that's the lot."

A rather terrifying lot, too, she thought at the time; they were all, except Anne and Carter, so prodigiously big, and all, without exception, so



GREGORY

confidently sure of themselves. Only, with Hugh around, she wasn't so very much afraid of them.

He was different, somehow, from them all. She felt this much more deeply than she could formulate it. She had commented, with what seemed incredible boldness, upon his omission to tell her, along with the other biographies, what he himself did, and was famous for.

"Oh," he said, "I'm supposed to be a metallurgical chemist. I'm down at Youngstown mostly, analyzing the steels and other metals they buy for the plant. It's a very routine sort of work. You don't get famous at it."

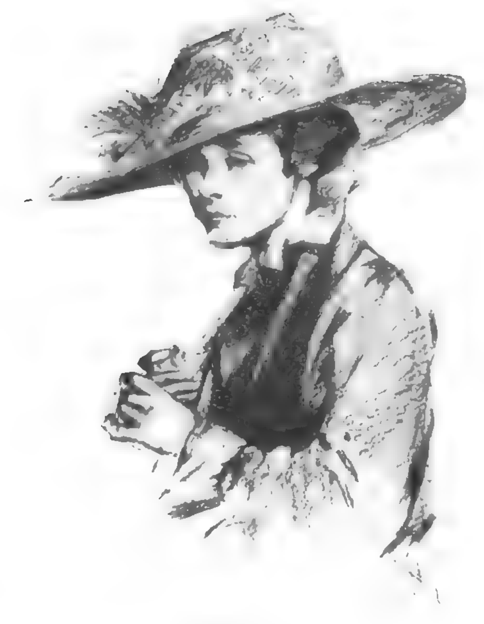
After that talk, he figured in her romance as a banished prince, out of favor through no fault of his—rather as the result of his own nobility, opposed either by the ignorance of some one who could not understand it, or by the malice of some one who hated it. But he would come into his own some day.

This was all very silly, she knew. She blushed over those romances in the daytime, if she happened to think of them. There wasn't a trace of self-pity about him. He didn't act the least bit disinherited. And all the family seemed fond of him.

But wasn't there, romance aside, a real difference which the clan itself was aware of? Hadn't Jean heard the phrases: "That's just like Hugh! Hugh all over! Oh, of course—Hugh!" from every one of them? And had she ever heard anything that Gregory did characterized as just like him?—Or Anne, or Carter, or Robert? That proved something, didn't it? Didn't they feel about him just as she had felt almost the first moment she saw him, there in the railway station, the latent possibility of his doing extraordinary things, if the sort of circumstances arose that provoked them—things that Gregory or Bob in any circumstance could be counted upon not to do?

She sighed, sat up once more in bed and looked out at the night. She was afraid she was getting a little sleepy. She would think about something very exciting—the dinner dance they had had at the house to-night, in which festivity, she, as a prospective bridesmaid, had had a part like a regular grown-up person, Hugh and one of the groomsmen on either hand at dinner, and all her dances taken afterward.

There was just one flaw in the perfection of that party. She had lost a treasure. On the back of her place-card at dinner, Hugh had written out for her, in his fine, clear hand, an amusing toast that he had picked up somewhere on his travels. It was very hard to say straight, and she, trying to learn it, had asked him to write it down. It was as a souvenir of him that she had really wanted it, of course. It would be her only memorial, and he was going back to Youngstown the night of the wedding. She might not see him again for years. If only she had left it tucked safely inside her dress where she had surreptitiously deposited it as they were leaving the dining-room! But she had fished it out to gloat over it, and then—shame of shames!—forgotten it. Later, of course, she had become aware of her loss and tried vainly to remember where she had left it. She had had no real opportunity for search. But now, at half-past three in the morning, it came to her in a flash, exactly where the thing was; tucked halfway down between two of the cushions of the long davenport in the billiard-room. Why couldn't she have remembered before it was too late?



CONSTANCE

Because it was too late. The army of servants that went to work long before any one else was up in the morning, never missed a scrap. Her treasure would be cleared up and thrown away before she could recover it.

Unless she went now! Why not? She was sure she could do it without disturbing anybody. There was moonlight enough to keep her from running into things, and she'd go very carefully. And in a great solid house like this a little noise wouldn't travel very far.

Trembling a little with the excitement of the venture—she was certainly wide enough awake now—she put on the silk dressing-gown, one of the most superfluously delightful of Constance's purchases, and her bedroom slippers, opened her door and shut it behind her with infinite care, and stole down-stairs.

The adventure was rather more scary than she had anticipated. The great rooms she had to traverse on the way to the library were ghostly in their silent emptiness. Suppose she did knock down something. Suppose there were some special servant, an indoor night-watchman, awake now, going his rounds, likely to come upon her any minute and ask her what she was doing there. What explanation could she possibly give?

She was so thoroughly self-convicted of being a prowling intruder, that when she first heard, unmistakably, the footsteps of some one else moving about in the adjoining room, she thought of no alternative explanation to the one she had just been supposing: namely, that it was some one authoritatively on duty. She shrank back against the wall and began, in a rather panicky way, trying to decide between the relative advisability of a flight back to her room and the standing of her ground.

It was a minute or two later that the word burglar said itself very distinctly in her mind. There had been a momentary sheen of reflected light on one of the door-panels, as if an electric torch had been switched on and, as quickly as possible, off again. Somehow, that didn't seem like a watchman. Nor did the silence in there. People on guard kept moving about. The room he was in was the library. Hadn't she heard Anne say something about a safe in the library?

For a moment she went limp; not so much from fear of a possible burglar as from a realization of her dilemma. What could she do?

She could quite safely, no doubt, go back to bed and leave whoever was in the library to his own devices. Even if he proved, next morning, to have been a burglar who had got away with valuable booty, no one would dream of asking her anything about it. This was the counsel of sheer cowardice, of course, and instantly dismissed with an impatient shake of the head. But suppose she went up-stairs and roused somebody—raised an alarm that proved false? That situation would be completely intolerable. The person in the library might well enough be some

(Continued on page 154)

Moffett, Chicago.

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

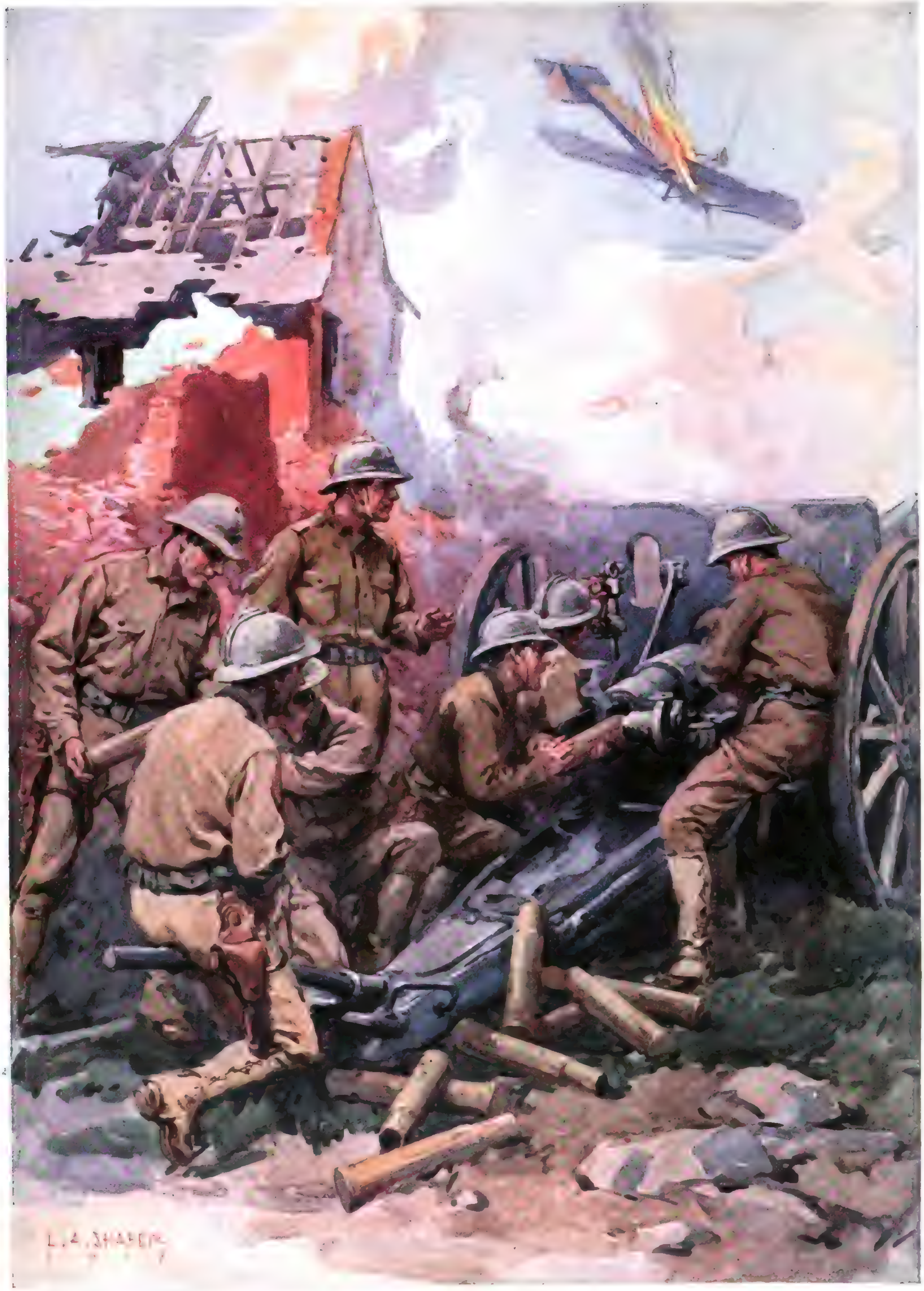
HERE is a writer who never thought he *had* to live in New York. His family had always lived in Evanston, Illinois. He himself was born there; went to grade school there—to high school. He did leave the place long enough to get a degree at Hamilton College and then to teach rhetoric for a year in Schenectady. But after that he went back to Evanston; married an Evanston girl, and sends his children to Evanston schools.

Now the will to live always in Evanston—or anywhere else—can not be counted to a man for either virtue or vice. It is merely significant, especially in the case of a man whose business can be transported in a typewriter box. In Mr. Webster's case it is deeply characteristic of a nature essentially solid and stable, of a consistent, even development. Provincial? Not for a minute. No one could ever accuse H. K. Webster of any recoil from the new and the different. He is deeply rooted, but he has a mind open to every wind of heaven.

Another peculiarity of Mr. Webster's is that in addition to being a popular author, he is a literary person. He is not a soap salesman who discovered he could write. He is a highly civilized human being, with a well-rounded esthetic personality. Among other things he is a considerable amateur musical critic. Also he can talk picture criticism with a professional. And it has been discovered that he is well versed in classical literature.

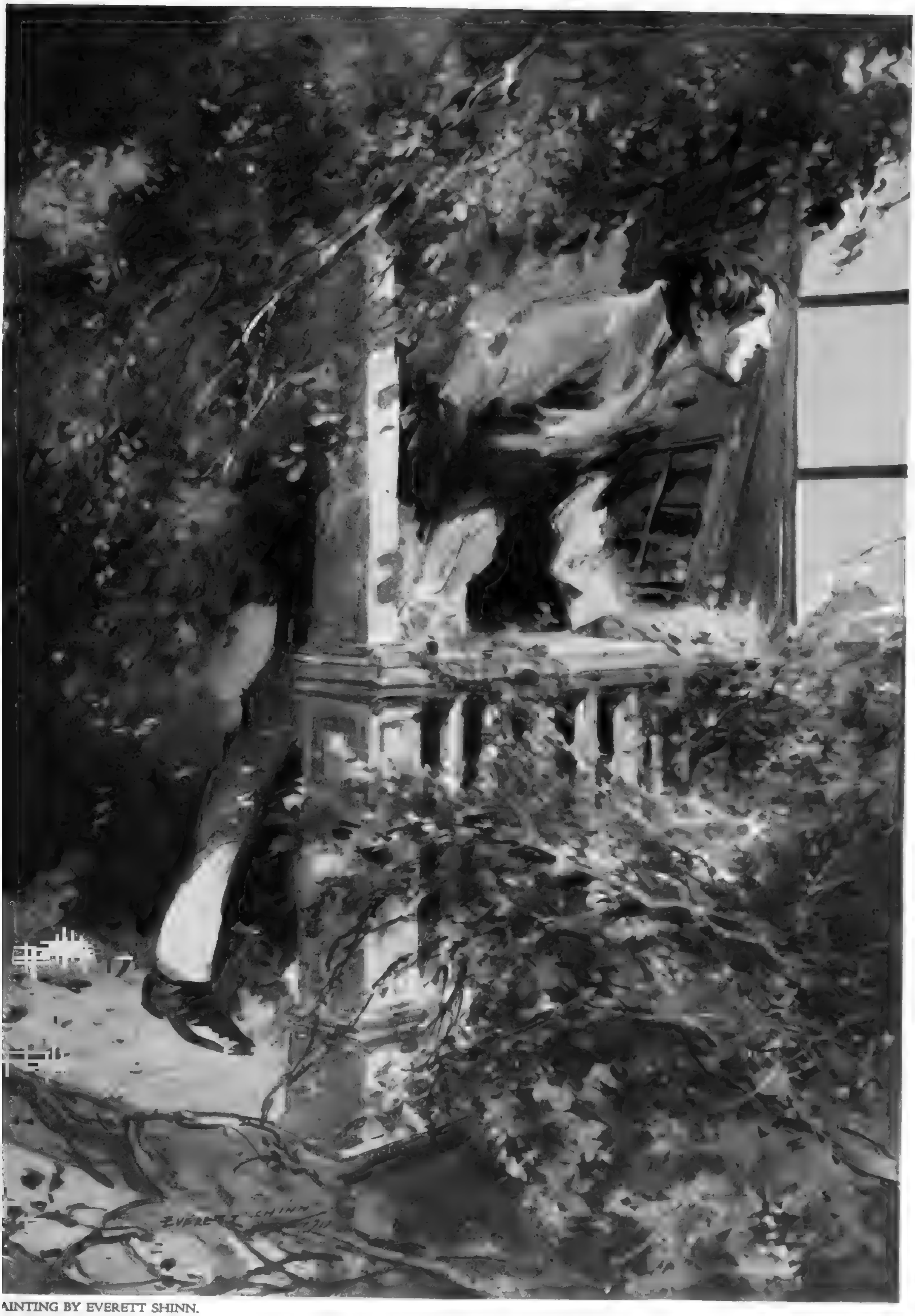
As a kind of froth on the surface of his musical knowledge is his Gilbert and Sullivan specialty. He knows nearly all of those famous patter songs, and his rendering of such mouth-filling lines as "I am the very model of a modern major general" is a thing to see and hear. His friends claim he is the very best amateur performer of Gilbert and Sullivan in the world.

It is only within the last few years that Mr. Webster has been writing—Webster. There were the early business stories, some of them in collaboration; then there were romances and thrillers. He has a gift for thrillers, and he wrote good, honest ones, right up to the highest standards of thrillers. And—another peculiarity—he never blamed anybody because he wasn't writing something else. But really he was only writing with his left hand—while he was making up his mind about things. Making it up slowly, thoroughly, soundly. He's forty-two now, and for four or five years he has been writing with all of him, offering his own criticism of life. This had its beginning in "The Butterfly." "The Real Adventure" carried it farther. Mr. Webster knows now what he wants to say and is ready to say it. He says it powerfully and absorbingly in "The White Arc"—a novel of the American life of to-day.



PAINTING BY L. A. SHAFER.

"FIRST TO FIGHT."


EVERETT SHINN 1910

AINTING BY EVERETT SHINN.

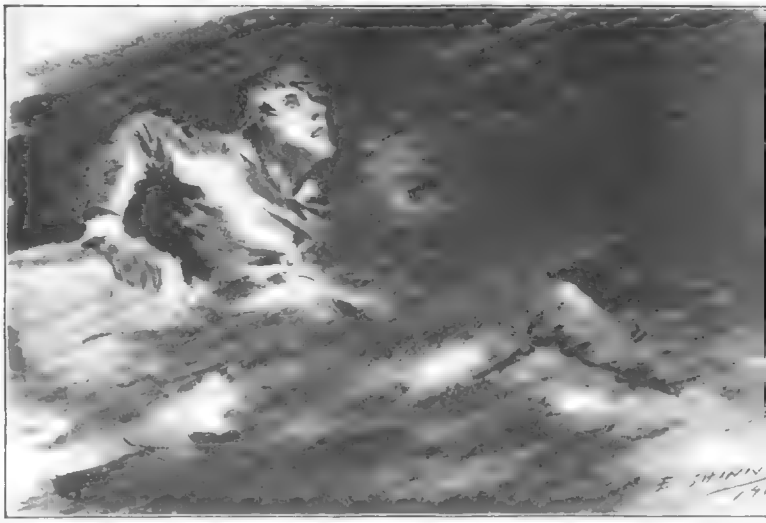
I NOTICED A SMALL HOLE IN THE SHADE, AND CONCEIVED A STRONG AND ASININE DESIRE TO TAKE A LOOK AT THE CONVERSATIONALISTS.

"ROOM 12 A"

A Story of the Far Edge of War

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

ILLUSTRATED BY EVERETT SHINN



AT FIRST sight the hotel did not strike me favorably. Downtown San Francisco is noisy, and the Grant House is one of its busiest corners. But I was tired out from a sleepless, overnight trip, and done up with the physical and nervous strain of my last week's experience. Anything with a bed in it would do. I said as much to the wooden automaton of a room-clerk who turned aside from his occupation of listening to some complaint by a good-looking, politely insistent, half-intoxicated young man, to gloom at me listlessly, after which he gloomed at my name on the register still more listlessly, then awoke to something resembling a human attitude.

"Mr. Lloyd?" he questioned. "You reserved, didn't you?"

"Yes. From Los Angeles by wire."

"Right. No. 12, Mr. Lloyd. Front!"

The half-drunken remonstrant turned to me with alcoholic courtesy. "Beg your pardon, stranger. D'he say 12?"

"That's all right, Mr. Haynes," put in the clerk.

"Haynes is my name. Marty Haynes. If it's 12 it *is* all right. Mustn't take 12 A, though. Must be very careful about that."

"Yes?" I inquired, amused. "Why?"

"Jus' a trick for 13. Trying to dodge the hoodoo. Never can fool a hoodoo that way. Take the word of a fel—a fellow guest for it. Tried to put me in there once. But I moved further along, same floor."

"You'll find 12 quiet and comfortable," the wooden-faced clerk assured me as Mr. Haynes, satisfied, went on his way.

Quiet it certainly promised to be. It was on the first floor near the rear of the hotel, and was reached through a small, windowless side corridor from the main hallway. Only one other room opened from this side corridor. This was 12 A, and as I passed, voices in brisk conversation told me that it had occupants either ignorant or careless of the "hoodoo."

Without waiting to unpack, I threw myself on the bed and almost instantly lost consciousness. In its place came nightmare; not the groundless obsession of dreams, but the lurid reflection of my recent night of terror. Once again I ran blindly down the steep slope with blackness around and before me, and the imminent fear of death behind; plunging forward in desperate flight, crouching as sky and earth burst into blaze, then toiling on even more slowly and painfully.

Something was aiding my struggles to escape; something tenuous but persistent, calling, calling me back from that night of tumult and death; something that— Still half asleep, I was on my feet and blundering across to the old-fashioned wall telephone.

"Hello! Hello! Room 12?" in the telephone girl's flat vocal mechanism, followed at once by a man's voice. Even then I was struck by the gentleness and precision of the accents. Never before nor since have I heard anyone who spoke so *neatly:* there is no other fit word for it. "Mr. Lloyd?" inquired the voice. "Mr. Allan Lloyd?"

"Yes. Who is it?"

"This is James Tilley. May I have a few words with you in your room?"

"I don't know any James Tilley. I don't know any one in San Francisco."

"No! No! I appreciate that," replied the voice mildly. "Nevertheless, if I could see you——"

"What's it about?" I demanded impatiently.

"It concerns a house in which you are interested. I might rent. Or even buy."

"You must have the wrong——"

"Excuse me," broke in the even, placid phrasing just a trifle more neatly than before. "A house standing beyond the town limits, on a muddy hill with a promising undergrowth of scrub——"

I suppose I gasped at this verbal realization of my dream, for the voice broke off and said, "Steady!" in a soothing tone, adding, "Shall we say in ten minutes then? I thank you."

Prompt to the moment, my door opened without the preliminary of a knock, and my unknown interviewe murmuring an apology for his inform entry, shook my hand, sat down, a quietly appraised me. I did the sar with him. In no particular did M James Tilley bear out the promise his interesting and unusual voice. F might have stood model for the Ave age Man incarnate. He was of mediu height, medium breadth, mediu weight, medium coloring, medium ag moderately dressed, pleasantly med ocre of countenance, neutral of expre sion—in fact, a wholly commonpla person. But his introductory remar made with a faint suggestion of severit was sufficiently arresting:

"I could have killed you quite readi and without noise, as I came in."

"Could you!" I exclaimed. "Ar why should you want to kill me?"

"I do not. Others might. Why, f example, did the man you saw in t lighted doorway?"

I must have jumped in my seat, f again he said in that soothing voic "Steady!"

"Who the devil are you? And what this nonsense about buying a house"

"Outsiders sometimes listen on tel phone wires. My little subterfuge w intended to enlist your interest witho being more definite than necessary

Ignoring my other inquiry, my stran visitor looked disparagingly about t big, old-fashioned, and rather mus room.

"How came you to patronize th hotel?" he asked.

"Why not? Isn't it all right?"

"Very fair commercial house, I b lieve. But," with a glance at my lu gage, followed by a brief considerati of my general appearance, "I shou have thought the St. Francis or t Fairmount more to your taste."

"Both are turning away guest Overcrowded."

"Indeed! Did you try them?"

"No. A friend told me, before I le Los Angeles."

"Ah! And he suggested this hotel

"Offered to get me in here when I heard I was coming to San Francisco

"Do you mind telling me your obliging friend's name?"

"Do you mind telling me just what particular branch of the police you represent?"

At the word "police" he had a deprecatory and disarming smile. "Nothing so formidable," he assured me. "I really am quite a private person, honestly interested at present in saving your life, of which you seem immoderately careless. It might aid me if you could bring yourself to take me on trust for a bit and tell me about your friend who recommended this hotel."

"His name is Hayward Pennington."

"An old friend?"

"No. I met him in Los Angeles."

"Before or after your—er—little adventure on the hill-top?"

"After. The day after, in fact."

"Perhaps he introduced himself to you."

"He did. At my hotel. He knew a lot of friends of mine; members of my college fraternity."

"Of course," said Mr. Tilley, in his limpid undertone, directing his mild gaze upon my badge. "A catalog of names would doubtless be obtainable. This Mr. Pennington, now: is he long and lank and tired-looking, with stiffish black hair and a drawl in his speech?"

"No. He's young and high-colored and lightish, and he lisps very slightly."

Over this my visitor lost himself in cogitation, until I broke in upon his thoughts.

"Mr. Tilley, how did you come to get on my trail in this matter?"

He smiled serenely. "I happened to be interested in the movements of certain persons who were peculiarly interested in you."

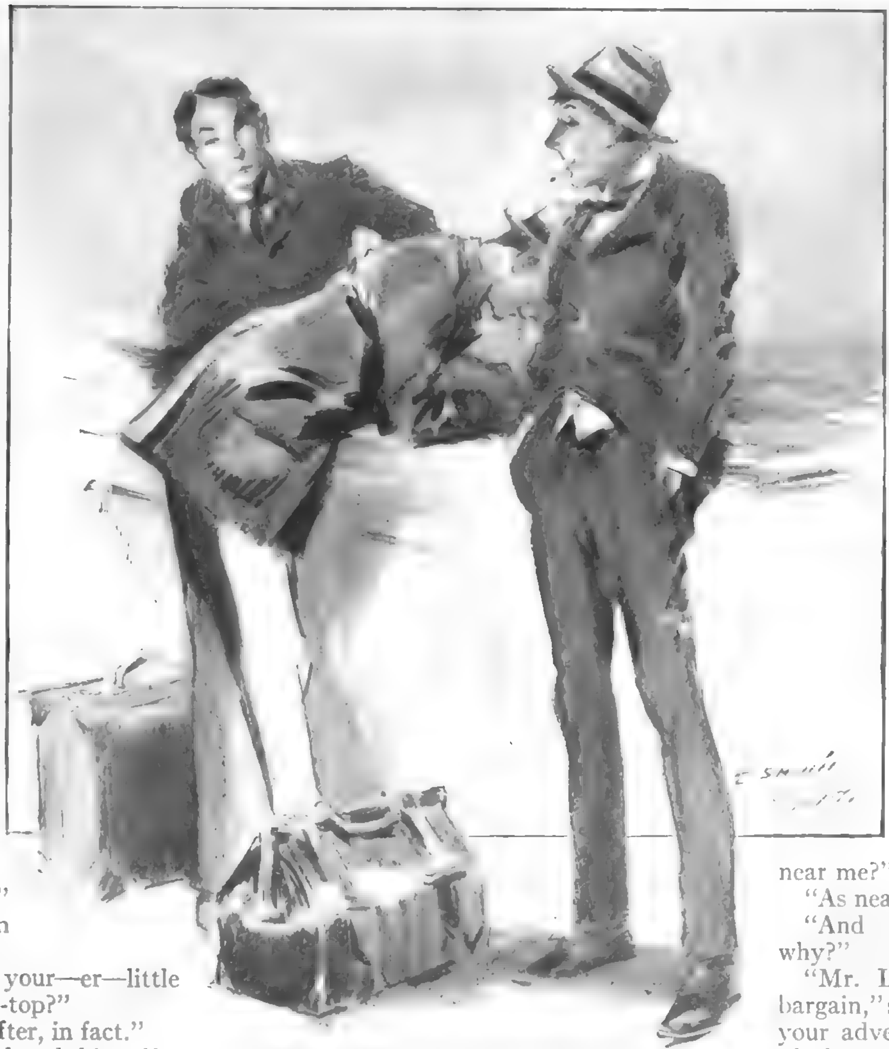
"Interested in me? In Los Angeles, you mean?"

"Yes. You did not realize that you were under surveillance every minute?"

"No. I was too sick and shaken up to pay much attention."

"Ah, well. They are very clever at such matters."

"You didn't learn anything from the police?"



THE HALF-DRUNKEN REMONSTRANT TURNED TO ME WITH ALCOHOLIC COURTESY. "BEG YOUR PARDON, STRANGER. D' HE SAY 12?"

"Nothing of value, from their viewpoint. Only that a crazy young fool (I beg your pardon, Mr. Lloyd), who had been knocked out by the storm, had staggered into the station with a cock-and-bull story about some sort of plot by unknown people in a house that he couldn't even locate."

"Yes," said I bitterly, "they almost convinced me that I'd dreamed it. And they effectually prevented my telling any one else about it for fear of being laughed at."

"Unfortunate," commented Mr. James Tilley. "If we had known—. However, that milk is spilt. The point is that however you happened upon that house, a matter which I hope you will be so kind as to clear up for me later, you were plainly enough seen so that you could be identified and followed afterward. How old are you, Mr. Lloyd?"

"Twenty-four."

"Your health, I assume, is good. Thus your expectation of life, as the insurance agents put it, is thirty-six years. Provided, Mr. Lloyd, pro-vi-ded you keep your door locked, your window shades down, especially at night, and shun chance acquaintances. Not otherwise. Emphatically not otherwise. And should anything unusual or puzzling arise, I would suggest that you consult me before taking any action of any kind, even the slightest."

In spite of the mystery which he preserved, so absurdly incongruous with his unromantic personality, I was impressed. There was an honesty about this mediocre person. More than that, there was a sense of confidence and competence.

"Where can I find you?" I asked.

"Room 19. Down the main hallway."

"You came to this hotel to be near me?"

"As near as possible."

"And you won't tell me why?"

"Mr. Lloyd, I propose a bargain," said he gravely. "Of your adventure on the night of the storm I have only the bare outline, possibly incorrect—in any case, insufficient. Do you set down for me in writing the full events of that night.

"I am a plodding, methodical sort of person and work most readily from documents. In return I will explain to you my apparently unwarranted intrusion into your affairs."

"Do you want everything that happened?"

"Everything important. Under that head would come anything whatsoever that you may have overheard said by the denizens of the house on the knoll. And if you will pardon a suggestion from a plain, matter-of-fact person, please make it as uninteresting as possible. I want facts."

Here are the facts as I turned them in to Mr. James Tilley at 11.30 that night. As I wrote, I was disturbedly conscious of a murmur of voices from Room 12 A, opposite.

II

THE best location I can give for the house is that it stands on an abrupt, muddy knoll seven or eight miles to the northward of Los Angeles, and not very far from a creek-bed. The best description I can give of it is that it looked square and broad and brownish in the lightning flashes, which is the only way I saw it. The door to which I went was small and opened on a railed porch. There were trees and heavy shrubbery on at least two sides of the house.

I had taken a trolley to get to the small walnut grove left me by my grandfather's will. It was evening before I had finished, and the rain had been increasing in intensity hour by hour. I had learned of a short cut which I took, on my return, leading across a creek-bed, by way of a ramshackle bridge. Already the creek was much swollen. I stood leaning over the rail watching the flood, when some heavy timbers swung sharply in a riffle, striking the support under me, and the whole structure shrunk together and quietly slipped into the current, taking me along. I made a frantic grab at a spile which rose up from the depths, as if to accompany me. Something heavy struck the back of my neck. The rest of my journey down-stream is a half-conscious memory of strangling for breath, being whirled over and over, speeding forward through blackness and downpour on something like a raft which appeared to have improvised itself beneath me, and finally coming to a bumpy halt upon some sort of a projection, up which I climbed to safety and utter exhaustion. It seemed as if I had been in the water for hours. Very likely it wasn't more than twenty minutes or so. I can't tell much about that.

A savage thunder-storm was blaring and booming above me when I came to. I was chilled to the bone, deathly sick, and so sore about the ribs and back that I feared some bones had been broken. Of course I was absolutely lost. There wasn't a light or a landmark left in the world. But I had to go somewhere or die of exposure. I set out, keeping my face to the drive of the rain so that I shouldn't travel in a circle and fall into the torrent again. I can't make much of a guess how long I had been tramping, when I came to a hedge with a gate in it. The path from the gate wound up a steep, muddy slope through underbrush, and it wasn't until the third or fourth turn that I saw the house, in a broad glare of sheet lightning, one of those successive discharges that cover the whole world and make a complete picture for the eye.

The house seemed to be deserted, for, when blackness fell, not a ray of light came from it. What had interested me, however, in the period of illumination was a side porch on the sheltered side. To this I made my way, mounted the steps to the measure of an appalling volley of thunder, and tried the door, which was locked. On the floor lay a big, soft rug, fortunately dry. Next to getting into the house, the best thing seemed to wrap myself in this and try to get warm. Of course, as the chill left me I fell asleep.

Footsteps inside the house aroused me. Undoubtedly the men had been in the house all the time, probably on the farther side. A broad wale of light flooded from the window above my head. A low, sharp voice commanded harshly, "Draw that curtain, you fool!"

Such precaution in a place so remote struck me as excessive. It was not reassuring. I hesitated whether to reveal myself. A heavy step approached from inside, and the shade was drawn. At the same moment the low voice, in pursuance, evidently, of a conversation begun earlier, said impatiently:

"If he knows too much, get rid of him. What is one life, in these days?"

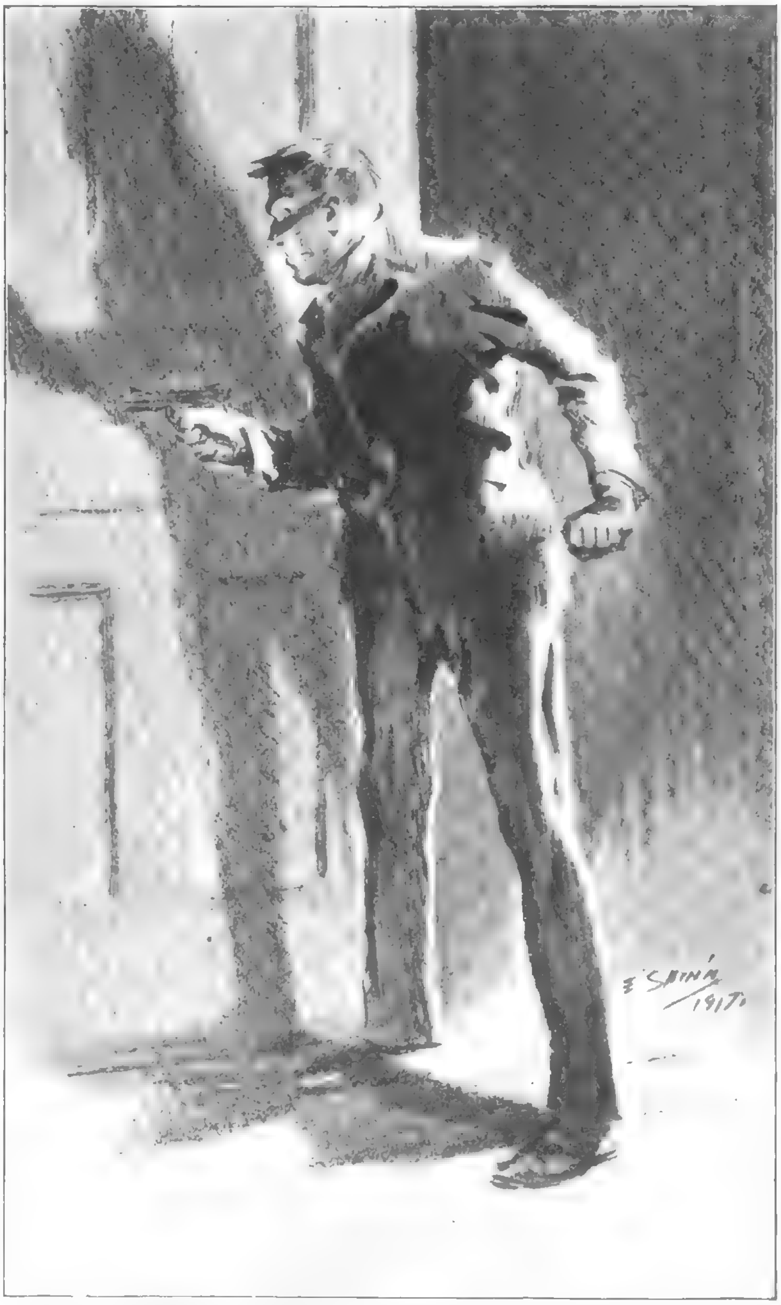
That settled my doubts. I lay close, with every nerve stretched. The rain had diminished to a drizzle, now, though the lightning was still brilliant, and I could hear most of what was said. The two men seemed to be sitting at a table discussing some papers in a sort of code. It was like listening to some formal and absurd procedure with secret symbols. They constantly used people's initials (I can see my friend, Mr. Tilley, smile when he came to read this) and numbers, such as Station 34, Point 7, and the like, though I can't be certain about any of the numbers. (Mr. Tilley's smile, I judge, didn't survive my heedlessness in this particular.) Once a door from an inner room opened and a man asked a question to which the commanding voice responded:

"The same formula, but allow an extra day for drying."

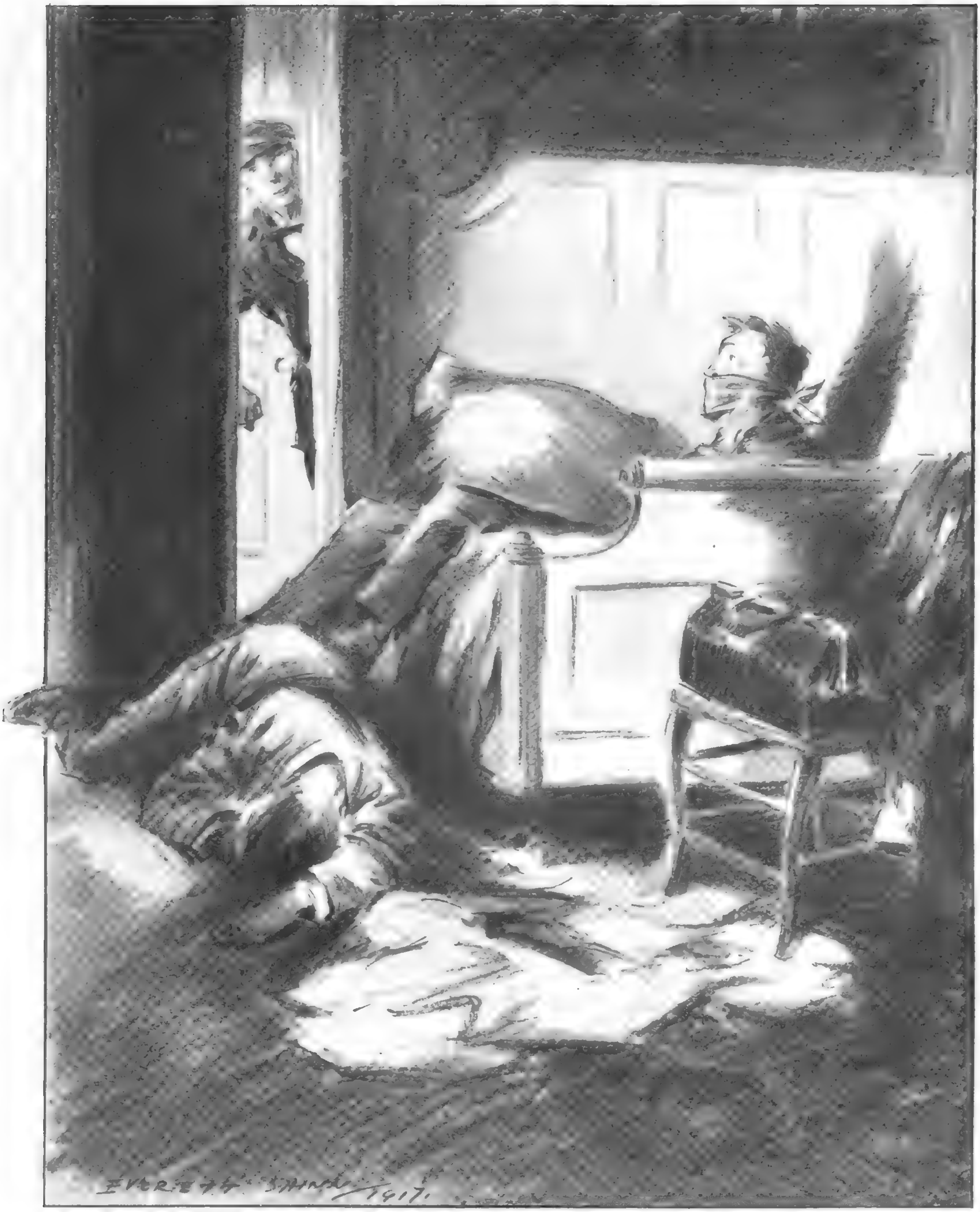
Twice I heard reference to the border, and once to a town which, I think, they called Ensenada. All this was quite loud; evidently it didn't matter whether the people in the inner room overheard. But now the quiet man dropped his voice to a murmur and seemed to be giving his companion a detailed account of some process, for the other interrupted once or twice with questions. At the conclusion he became clearly audible again.

"And what do they find? Three pieces of wood. That is all. Three little pieces of wood with a rusty nail in one, on the floor."

And he burst into a pleased and



MR. TILLEY PRODUCED A REVOLVER AND THRUST HIMSELF IN FRONT OF ME, COVERING THE EXIT OF THE CORRIDOR WITH HIS WEAPON.


EVERETT SHINN 1917.

ON THE FLOOR OF THE ROOM LAY THE BODY OF MARTY HAYNES. UPON THE BED, BOUND DOWN BY CORD ACROSS HIS CHEST AND ARMS, AND HALF GAGGED, LAY A GAUNT, ELDERLY MAN, DEATHLY WHITE.

conceited cackle of laughter; the kind that makes you hate a man, hate him enough to want to kill him.

"But it's dangerous for the—the operator, isn't it?" said the other.

"No danger whatever. What is there to show? Nothing."

"You have tried it?"

"The affair of the Hotel de Libes at Geneva proved the method."

The other gave a long whistle. "Any project of the sort on now?"

"Nothing. But it is always in reserve."

After that they went back to their initials. But this time there was much discussion about "Pickwick," as near as I could make it out. At first I thought it a nickname; but it appeared rather to be some sort of substance. They got quite hot over the merits of using "Pickwick" and they cited the authority of the initials to prove their arguments. There was a lot of talk about lateral expansion, and double detonators; and the man who had drawn the shade (I hadn't seen either of them yet, though I was to see one, soon enough) was quite insistent on top-capping. The low-voiced man was contemptuous.

“A theory for fools,” he said. “There is no rule for the direction of the main pressure.”

The other man seemed to pin his faith to “Pickwick” as being the most reliable. About this time I noticed a small hole in the shade, and conceived a strong and asinine desire to take a look at the conversationalists.

I suppose there never yet was a porch without a creaky board. This one was right under my foot. It raised an alarm that sounded to my racked ears like the crack of doom. It was followed by the grind of chairs being swiftly pushed back, and a blended exclamation. Something told me that to feel my way down the steps would be a waste of valuable time. One plunge took me over the railing of the porch. I fell into soft dirt, picked myself up, and had blundered in and out of my second bush—a particularly spiky one—when the porch door was thrown open and a shaft of light speared out into the blackness. Half revealed in it stood a short, powerful, clean-shaven man peering out. A tense, voice from behind him urged:

“Shoot! Shoot!”

Happily I was aside from the direct path of light. As I started to move cautiously further aside, the sky back of me flared into a broadside of lightning The man in the door cried out: “I see him!” and fired twice. At the second shot a twig at my ear went pftt! I broke and ran, crashing into bushes, reeling away from collision with trees, blind in the darkness, and hearing back of me muffled shouts and directions.

How or where I found the roadway I could never tell. With terror spurring me I ran until the light of a trolley car promised a haven. I remember the conductor laughed at me as I hobbled in.

So did the police when, two hours later, I attempted to tell them my story. They said I was crazy, and I daresay I was. Anyway I was delirious that night after I reached the hotel, and I woke in the morning with a sick and morbid disgust for the whole experience and dislike of even thinking about it, which lasted until I left Los Angeles.

Now that I am recovered I believe I could start from my walnut grove and by following the banks of the stream-bed down a few miles, locate the house on the knoll.

III

BEFORE I was up, on the morning following my attempt at reporting, Mr. James Tilley was at my door. He congratulated me upon my effort with a smile which, I suspected, indicated something more subtle than approval.

“About these individuals with the initials, now,” said he in his gentle voice: “would you remember any of them?”

“I might if I heard them.”

“Was one of them T. N. T.?”

“Yes: I believe it was. I'm quite sure of it.”

“And ‘Pickwick.’ Are you quite sure of the pronounciation?”

“Now that you mention it, there was a queer sound to the ‘w.’”

“Quite so. Well, Mr. Lloyd, T. N. T. is the pet name of a rather violent agency found useful in erasing objectionable features of landscape. Pickwick is, I suspect, picric acid, another potent explosive. It is regrettable that you cannot recall accurately the numbers used. They might be valuable. However, one point is probably clear to you by now: That house on the knoll has been the headquarters and storehouse of a particularly dangerous band of plotters working between here and Mexico. Their latest scheme, which will not be carried out, thanks in part to you, was to blow up the Lingard Dam and wipe out the encampment of seven thousand soldiers in the valley below, preparatory to a raid from the border. That, at least, has been checked, which is important. What is more important is to identify the guiding spirit of the organization, who, I suspect, is your friend of the low voice. You didn't see him at all?”

“No.”

“Nor has anybody else. *He* wasn't the one to stand in the lighted door. Could you identify him in any way?”

“If I ever heard him laugh again.”

“Hardly up to the standard of legal evidence, I fear. However, it may serve for our purpose. This hotel, by the way, where we are living is another hotbed of plotting. That is why you were sent here by your friend Mr. Pennington, who, it may interest you to know, is under arrest. A mysterious disappearance of an unknown young man would readily be covered up here.”

“Then you really believe that my life is still in danger?”

“Certainly. Are you afraid?”

“Of course I'm afraid. I'm not a fool,” I retorted tartly.

The first gleam of approval I had noted appeared upon my visitor's stolid countenance. “Honestly spoken!” he said. “You can minimize your peril by taking the next eastbound train for your home.”

“Is that your advice?”

“Opinion, not advice.”

“Will you advise me?”

“I prefer not to. But this much I will say. Your leaving would seriously impair our chances of discovering the leader of this dangerous organization.”

“Then I'll stay. I was going home to enlist anyway.”

“You are enlisted,” returned Mr James Tilley gravely and kindly, “i an organization to which you and I ow complete allegiance.”

“You and I?” I puzzled. “An organization?”

“The United States of America,’ said he.

“Oh, I understand now!” I cried light breaking in on me. “You're i the Secret Service.”

“Let us have no high-soundin words,” he smiled. “I am a volunteer like yourself, with, for the moment pretty definite authority.”

“Then you're not a professiona Secret Service man?” I asked, romantically disappointed.

“No, indeed. Professionally I am— but that wouldn't particularly interes you. I'm just a temporary—well I might call myself a governmental amateur. You understand that this is al quite private?”

“Absolutely,” I assured him. “Shal we go back and locate the house by th plan I suggested in my report?”

“There is one misapprehension i your otherwise admirable document Mr. Lloyd. Instead of being carrie a long distance down-stream, you entire trip covered less than two-hundred yards, and probably lasted no much more than one minute.”

“If you know that, then you kno where the house on the knoll is.”

“Was,” he corrected mildly.

He made an abrupt gesture, upwar and outward with both hands. “Gone,’ said he. “Like that. But the geniu who knew its secret, he remains. wish,” he added thoughtfully, “tha I knew what he meant by his three littl pieces of wood.”

I followed him to the door and for th first time noted that he limped slightl Between my door and that of Room 1 A, the carpet had been taken up, an a carpenter was busy mending a hol in the floor. To Mr. James Tilley h explained that something had gon wrong with the pipes.

IV

THAT evening at eight-twenty, m harmless little bibulous acquaintance of the lobby was shot to death i Room 12 A.

I was the last person but one to se him alive. Just before the murder th room clerk—the same wooden-face automaton who had assigned my reservation—accosted me as I walke across the lobby.

“I've just sent a telegram up t your room, Mr. Lloyd,” said he. “It' important, I believe.”

Ordinarily I should have taken th elevator and gone there direct. Bu some saving sense recalled to me tha Mr. James Tilley had urged me to con sult him before acting upon anythin unusual. Certainly a message describe

(*Continued on page 112*)

Photograph by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

HARRY DAVISON, H. P. DAVISON AND TRUBEE DAVISON.

DAVISON-FIRST AID TO THE RED CROSS

By Edward Hungerford

HIS boss calls him "Davie," his intimates "Harry," and the rest of the world knows him as Henry P. Davison, the man who has put the American Red Cross firmly on its feet. To have done this thing—in the early stages of a war whose very vastness was taxing every material and human resource of the nation—was in itself an accomplishment which would make permanent the fame of any man. Yet in Davison's life, big as it is, it has been but one of a number of things. And when you refer to his work in the Red Cross, he smiles at you in that boyish, yet inscrutable fashion of his, and tells you that it will yet be regarded as but one of the incidents of big business in America. And Henry P. Davison—senior partner in the house of Morgan, and ranking only next to the Big Boss himself and now, if you please, bearing the title of Major-General in the United States Army—has been thoroughly schooled in big business.

BEFORE we consider the Red Cross, let's consider Davison. Let us find him as a boy in the streets of Troy—a little town up in the Pennsylvania hills close to the border-line of New York state. Then follow him—a clerk in a country bank at Troy, a clerk in a bigger bank in Bridgeport—Bridgeport, no war-bride then, yet a real city with trolley-cars and electric lights and ships that came and went, to say nothing of the trains of the New Haven Railroad thundering through its heart. Then follow him further—into the greatest city of the land; rising higher and higher in the ranks of its business heart, until he stands to-day as senior partner of what, within the past few years, has come to be recognized as the foremost banking-house of the United States; perhaps the foremost banking-house of the entire world.

Here is progress—progress and romance. A man rising—unaided, steadily—rising by energy and toil and ability and yet remaining the real man that had started at the bottom of the ladder. Man, did I say? Why not boy? For a single look at Henry P. Davison to-day will convince you that the record of his life must lie when it says that he was born in 1867. He takes off his stout horn-shelled spectacles, looks at you in that quizzical, affable way of his and you *know* that he can not be fifty. His boys must be his brothers and his girls his sisters. And of a truth they are. For that is the very manner of the life of the man.

His story begins at Troy, the little town among the Pennsylvania hills. It almost begins in a bank—his uncle's bank, which opened its doors to him when he was done with school. But banking opportunities in Troy were limited, and before he was really come of age he was looking for a larger town. And because Bridgeport held a school friend, he found his way there. To the father of the school friend he confided that any enterprising business house might have his services; but he preferred banks.

"We have a job in our grocery store," said the older man, "but I did hear that there was a vacancy down at the Pequennock National Bank where I'm a director. You'd better come into the store, however; it's the best of the two jobs."

"Thank you, I'll take the bank job," said Harry Davison. And did—at $41.67 a month.

Davison's First Drive

BUT he did not stay in it very long. New York was his goal, his Mecca, his ambition. Once or twice he had tried New York before, but it had rebuffed him. Now there could be no turning back. For in Bridgeport he had met the woman who had promised to marry him. To make good on that promise he would need better pay—the pay of a New York bank. And to New York he went, three days in succession. He had read in the newspapers of the forming of the new Astor Place Bank and had decided that he must get the job of paying teller for it. He needed that job. And he worked a letter of introduction to its cashier from one of the directors of the old Pequennock.

On the first of the three days he took the afternoon train from Bridgeport down to New York and succeeded in reaching the cashier of the new bank just as he was closing his desk. They had a fine genial talk together; so fine and so genial that it was not until he was on the train bound back to Bridgeport once again that Davison realized that he had not got the job. He put the genial side of the situation out of the way and the next day he went back to New York, to the Astor Place Bank once again. And again the cashier was about to close his desk for the day.

"Well, well, what is it?" he asked.

"I haven't got that position yet," said the young man from Bridgeport.

The cashier sighed, but, being a courteous man, explained. You see, it would never do for a bank—particularly a brand-new, simon-pure bank—to have an out-of-town man as paying teller. They must have a man of not only wide acquaintance, but with actual New York experience. All this the New York banker explained with such care and in such a genial, sympathetic way, that Davison was again out of the Grand Central Station bound home before he really realized that he was still without the job.

Then he really went at it. The third day he again returned to New York. This time the cashier had already closed his bright, new desk and was on his way uptown. Davison went up-town also. He found the cashier in his bedroom, dressing to go out to dinner.

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THAT QUIZZICAL, AFFABLE LOOK OF HIS TELLS YOU HE CAN'T BE FIFTY YET.

"You've simply got to give me that paying-teller's window," he said, and back of his winning smile there was a set line about his mouth that convinced the New Yorker. He gave up.

"Very well," said he. "What salary do you want?"

Davison thought a moment.

"I should like fifteen hundred a year—but if it's necessary I can take less. Anything as long as I can live on it."

"We won't be small with you," was the reply. "We will fix it at the fifteen hundred figure."

And that night, instead of taking the evening train to Bridgeport, Davison went to the theatre. The man who sat beside him was a stranger, but Davison did not care. He nudged him in the ribs and said: "Do you know who I am?"

The man admitted he did not.

"I'm the paying teller of the new Astor Place Bank," said Davison.

BUT the joy of the new job was not to be his—not so quickly and so easily. He had hardly given up the old one when he had a letter from the Astor Place Bank—signed by the cashier. It seems that the cashier was considerably embarrassed. For the directors of the bank had refused to indorse his action in hiring the paying teller. Of course if Davison wanted to hold the bank to its agreement, they probably could be brought into line. Otherwise the cashier would appreciate the young man from Bridgeport taking a somewhat less important position—at a somewhat smaller salary.

Davison was staggered. But he did not hesitate. It is not his way. He telegraphed the Astor Place Bank that the thing he was really looking for was an opening in its service. He took the job—at a salary which rendered it both comfortable and efficient and healthful to ride a bicycle back and forth between the bank and his boarding-place in One Hundred and Fourth Street, a mere ten miles a day.

It was not long after he got into this job before he got out of it, by dint of the most unusual circumstances. He had risen quickly to his coveted post of paying teller. He had quickly convinced the doubting directors of his entire fitness for that job. A man had entered the bank and shoved a check and the business end of a revolver under the paying teller's wicket. Davison looked at the check, then he looked at the man who held the revolver. Then he glanced at the check again. It was drawn to the order of "God Almighty" and it was drawn for a million dollars.

The paying teller never lost his nerve; neither did he lose that urbane and quizzical smile of his. He continued to look at the man—and at the muzzle of the revolver. Then he read the check aloud, distinctly aloud.

"It's a lot of money," said he, so that his voice carried beyond the wicket. "Do you want it paid in currency?"

By this time the thing he had hoped had happened. The gray-coated "special" on the bank floor overheard him, noticed the man, caught the glint of steel from the revolver and working as quietly and as quickly as good policemen always work, caught and bound the man.

The incident—for Davison has never regarded it as anything else—attracted the attention of the newspapers. They "played" it up. Among those who read of it were the officers of the new Liberty Bank, just coming into existence down-town. They wanted men of nerve, and certainly this young Davison of the Astor Place Bank seemed to have that.

THEY asked him to come with them, and he came, as assistant cashier. In seven years he rose from that post to that of the highest gift in the bank, its presidency. At thirty-two he was the head of one of the most energetic young banks in the city of New York and was, himself, one of the youngest bank presidents in the country.

From that time forward, the story of Davison runs as one success upon another. The powerful Bankers Tr took him from the Liberty, and the still more powerful First National, took him from the Bankers Trust. He was sought upon committees and upon directorates. The Monetary Committee of the United States Senate which, headed by Senator Nelson H. Aldrich of Rhode Island, went to England and to France to lay the plans for extensive currency reforms in the United States, wanted a practical banker to advise it, and secured Davison.

Davison Joins "The Family"

IT WAS while that committee was in England that he met the late J. Pierpont Morgan—for the first intimate time. They were entertained at the financier's lovely home at Roehampton—just outside of London—and in the course of a long afternoon's talk, the big New York financier asked many questions of the young New Yorker in relation to the work and studies of the committee.

Davison did not see Morgan again for many months. Then on a stormy evening in the late autumn he was summoned to the marble library of the Thirty-sixth Street house—the place where dynasties have been raised and unseated and men made and men broken on the grinding wheel of finance. He met the old captain in the vestibule of the little library. Morgan came very close to him—it was his habit with men whom he liked.

"It's getting close to the first of January," he ventured.

"It's creeping along that way," said Davison.

"You are coming into my family on the first of January," said Morgan nervously.

"The family" needed no translation to Davison's ears. It is the call for which every banker waiteth. To go to the banking-house at Wall and Broad Streets as a partner means not only a million a year or so in profits, but a prestige and fame almost too large to be measured in mere money.

"Well? Well?" snapped Morgan. "You are saying nothing."

"Did you ever fall off an eighteen-story building, Mr. Morgan?" he asked.

"Not that I can ever remember. What's the point?"

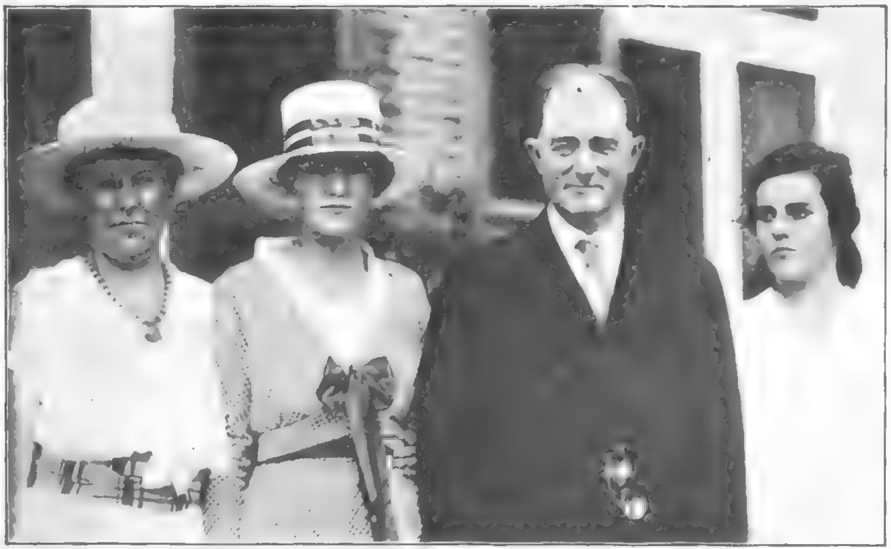
"Well, I have. You've taken my breath away. . . . Of course I shall be glad to come to your firm. First, however, I want to see Mr. Baker (the head of the First National) and make the matter right with him."

"Of course, Davison. I should want you to do that. But for your own benefit the whole thing already is arranged with Baker."

There began then a friendship which continued to the day of the great banker's death. He trusted Davison implicitly and found that his trust had not been misplaced. And once, after Davison had been at the corner of Broad and Wall Streets but a few months, he cabled for him to come over to England—on the next steamer. A week later Davison walked into the great house at Roehampton, wondering what had gone wrong that the boss had sent for him so hurriedly. He soon found out.

"I was lonely, Harry. I wanted you to keep me company."

And the springtime visit of Henry Davison to Roehampton became an annual institution in the life of J. Pierpont Morgan, Senior.



Photograph by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

THE REST OF THE "HUNDRED PER CENT. EFFICIENT FAMILY." MRS. DAVISON, TO THE LEFT, IS CHAIRMAN OF THE NASSAU COUNTY RED CROSS ORGANIZATION. ALICE AND FRANCES ARE STUDYING TO SERVE AS YEOMEN WIRELESS OPERATORS.

This is not the story of the Red Cross. That story has been told many times, by other pens and abler. It is sufficient to say here that the beginning of the present year found the American Red Cross not unaware of the possibility of the United States being thrust into the Great War and of the part that it would be called upon to assume. It already had cooperated in Red Cross activities of other nations during the first two years of the war. And it had had good opportunity to see that the relief necessities of the present war overshadowed those of any other war by ten to one, at least.

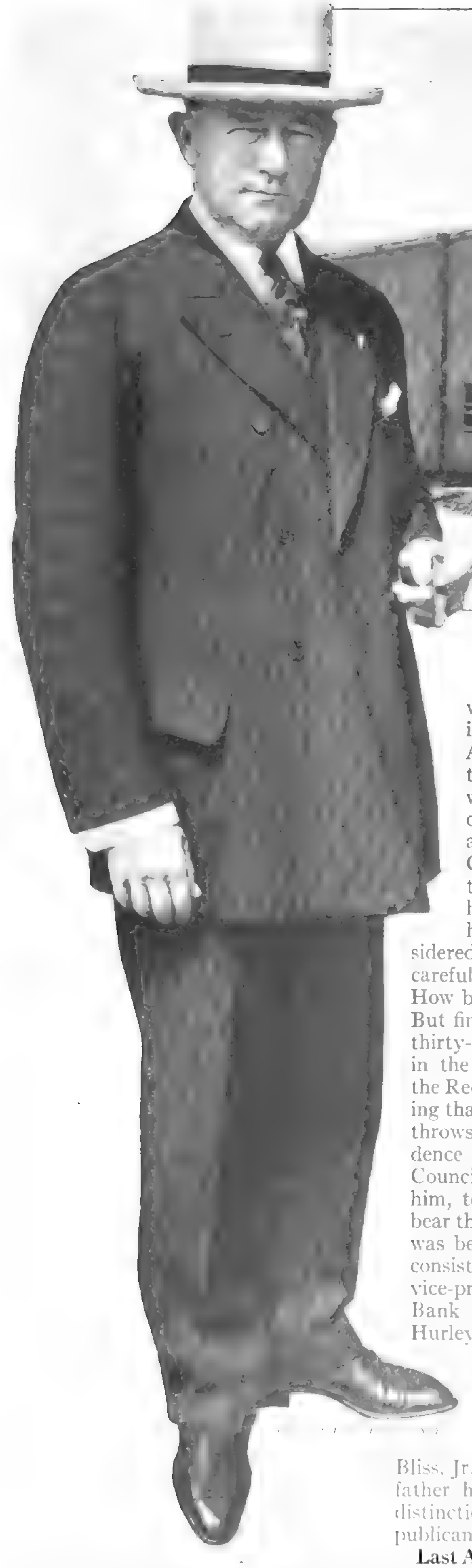
The most tangible phase of the American organization at the time of our entrance into the war was its new headquarters building in the city of Washington—already nearing completion. The building is as near a real tragedy as one might expect any fabric of steel and brick and marble ever to be. Granting the eminent necessity of erecting a structure that should be in entire architectural harmony with the new Washington, it is nevertheless true that the Red Cross headquarters building, beautiful as it is, was ill-designed to serve as the executive and working house for a great national activity. It would have done very well as a city hall or a court-house in almost any ambitious American town; perhaps as a library or a mausoleum. Indeed, at one time it seemed as if it were destined to serve that last gruesome purpose.

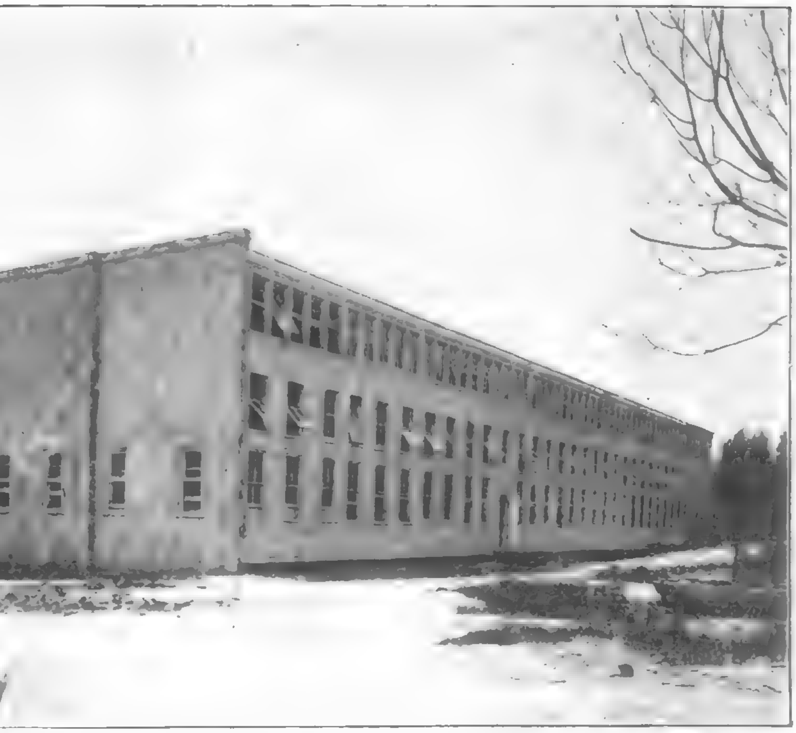
The Old Red Cross

FOR the natonal organization of the Red Cross assuredly was one of peace and not of war. The very structure of the organization was in antithesis to the new headquarters. It had been up-builded piecemeal, many rooms and whole wings added when necessity dictated and then utterly without relation to the main structure.

There was nothing even remotely architectural about the old organization. The people who headed it, who had given it their loyal thought and best attention, were far from inefficient. But the problem of the United States in a great world-wide war, the necessity of the nation correlating its resources as never before, was a problem beyond the American Red Cross and its little headquarters staff of some forty clerks and officers. The new building was erected to house that staff—it was none too large for it. But by April, when war was declared, there were more than four hundred clerks and officers in the Red Cross headquarters staff. Late in August, that number had risen to over seven hundred and fifty. And at that the chapters—the local field organizations in every city and good-sized town — were running away with headquarters.

The grave gray man in the White House who regards this war—at least the American part of it—pretty nearly as his own personal responsibility, sensed the situation. He is apt at this sort of thing. And having seen disaster approaching, he hurriedly called the Finance Committee of the American Red Cross in council with him at the White House. Among those who answered the call was Davison. The President came quickly to the point.





THIS IS NOT A "GLORIFIED HEN-HOUSE." IT'S PART OF THE NEW WAR-WORKING QUARTERS OF THE RED CROSS IN WASHINGTON — ONE OF DAVISON'S FIRST FIRST-AID MEASURES.

He said that he not only wanted the Red Cross to raise money but he wanted an efficient administrative body to handle it. He asked Davison what were his ideas as to the way in which this should be done. And the banker replied by telling in his quiet, incisive way just what was his idea of the proper organization and functions of the Red Cross. When he was done the President asked him if he would take the thing in hand himself. Davison considered the question—long and carefully—it meant a big sacrifice. How big a sacrifice only he knew. But finally he accepted and within thirty-six hours he was at a desk in the big white mauso—I mean the Red Cross Headquarters Building that stands hardly three stone-throws from Mr. Wilson's residence in Washington. The War Council that was to work with him, to advise him and to help bear the brunt of his great burdens was being enlisted for service. It consisted of Charles D. Norton, vice-president of the First National Bank of New York; Edward N. Hurley, formerly chairman of the Federal Trade Commission; Grayson M. P. Murphy, a man of long and varied business experience; and Cornelius N. Bliss, Jr., a New York banker whose father has served repeatedly, with distinction, as treasurer of the Republican National Committee.

Last August, Mr. Hurley resigned to serve as chairman of President Wilson's Shipping Board, and Major John D. Ryan, one of the biggest and most successful of the copper magnates, was selected as his successor. The rest of the War Council has continued in steady service in Washington, each of these busy Americans giving practically his entire time to its problems and its deliberations.

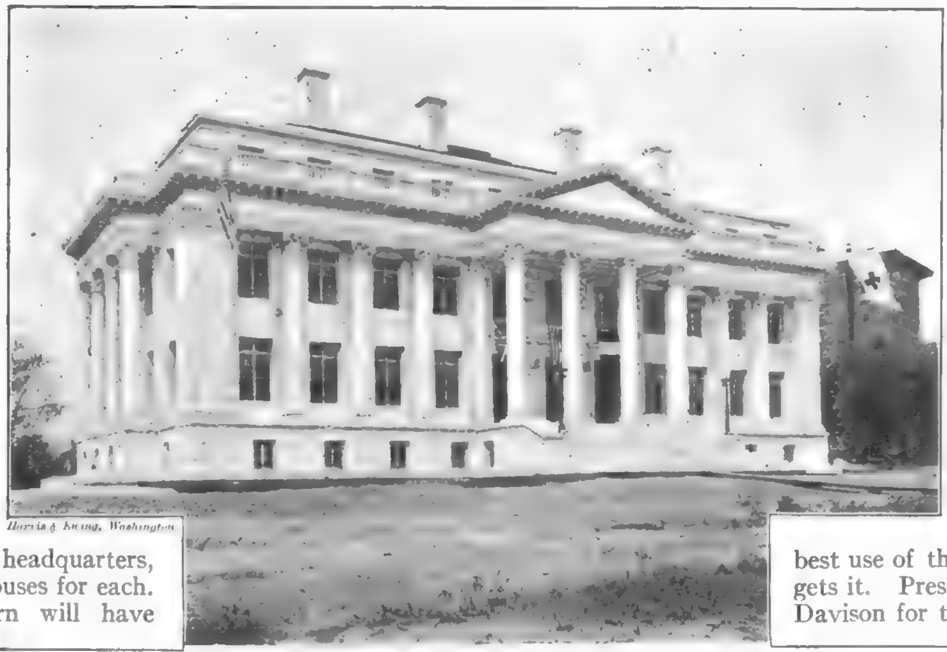
But the War Council has represented but a small part of big business's human contribution to the emergency organization of the American Red Cross. To make the first big hundred million dollar drive, Charles S. Ward, well known to a good part of the country for his almost uncanny success in making similar drives for Y. M. C. A. buildings and the like, was chosen.

For the vastly important job of not only purchasing but also transporting both the raw materials and the finished supplies, a keen business and practical transportation man was found. He is Delos W. Cooke, vice-president of the Erie Railroad, and a man wonderfully equipped for the task allotted to him. His railroad released him for the Red Cross work.

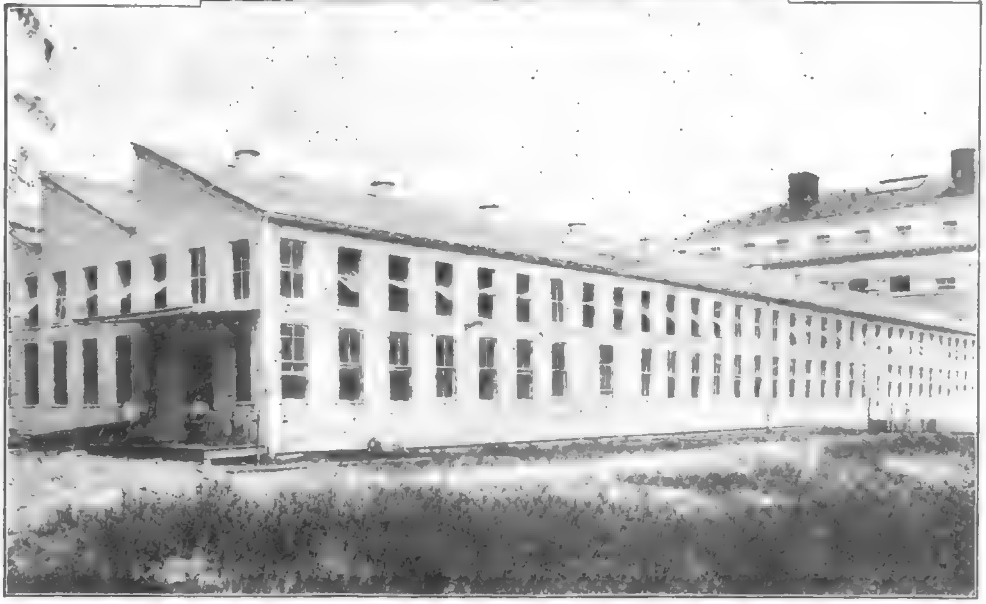
In a similar fashion, the telephone interests gave one of their coming executives, S. M. Greer, of Baltimore, for the development work. And for the tremendously important job of organizing and systematizing the chapter work, Davison chose Harvey D. Gibson, recently elected president of the Liberty National Bank in New York.

The story of Gibson's career is not unlike that of Davison's. He, too, is a plugger, but a man full of energy and ability and tact. The way he took hold of his Washington job showed that. Remember that the chapters were beginning to run away with the parent organization, for the rather simple reason that the Washington outfit was not properly organized to keep pace with them. Gibson's first task was to find a man who could not only plan the activities of the Washington staff but who could outline a plan for a national organization. He found such a man in young George F. Murnane, of New York, who has had much experience in this very sort of thing and who went to the Red Cross problem as a duck to water.

The result? At the time that I am writing—the last week in August—headquarters has not only caught up with the great chapter organization, but is slipping into its proper place just ahead of it. Gibson, working all the while under the suggestions and advice of the War Council of the Red Cross, has divided the United States into thirteen great districts, with a central headquarters, offices and warehouses for each. And each in turn will have its own War Council, its own executive head. As I write, the first two of these heads have been chosen—James R. Garfield for Cleveland, and George W. Simmons for St. Louis. The character of these two men is a distinct evidence of the quality that is going into the upbuilding of the new Red Cross organization.



Harris & Ewing, Washington



THE BEAUTIFUL STRUCTURE IN THE TOP PICTURE THREATENED TO BE THE MAUSOLEUM OF A WAR-CONGESTED-RED CROSS, TILL DAVISON RELIEVED THE PRESSURE BY THE PRACTICAL IF UNGRACEFUL OFFICES BELOW.

The importance of this work can not be overestimated. Davison found that the Washington headquarters had grown too large in organization, but not in quarters. This last was the easiest to correct. An attenuated wooden structure, three stories in height and resembling a glorified hen-house, was built at the rear of the new marble Headquarters Building and given over to supplies and the housing of most of the seven hundred and fifty clerks. The large new classic halls of Headquarters itself, were partitioned and repartitioned into a hundred tiny offices—where men, used to great corner offices in New York skyscrapers, sit at little desks such as they have given to the office boys back home.

Still there has been a cry for more room—a cry which is being answered already by planning the construction of a headquarters annex at Washington—a simple and efficient office-building of concrete and stone, which eventually can be faced with marble to match its parent—if the Red Cross is ever in a mood to do so. But even though housing conditions were remedied, the Washington headquarters remained, until recently, most unwieldy, as a result of a sudden swelling of personnel to accommodate a rapidly growing situation.

The relief to the situation will come to the Red Cross—as it has come to many and many a great financial and industrial organization—in de-centralization. And so it is that the thirteen district headquarters are to be upbuilded—at the expense of the Washington headquarters, but to the tremendous benefit of the Red Cross. That is where big business counts. Big business has had experience. Experience is worth its weight in gold—in this crisis far more than ever.

This has been Davison's first big work with the Red Cross—directing its thorough reorganization to meet its suddenly multiplied task. Incidentally he supervised the first drive for $100,000,000—and received that and then some more. When he needs more money he will make another drive—and get it, with interest. That is but a part of his tremendous job. The larger part is to make the best use of the money once he gets it. President Wilson chose Davison for the Red Cross not only because he knew that he had the executive experience to tackle big things, but because his integrity was even greater than his ability—and that is saying much.

The dollars entrusted to the Red Cross are to be well-spent dollars. Each of them will do one hundred cents' worth of work, and then, because of the tremendous donations of both services and material, considerably more.

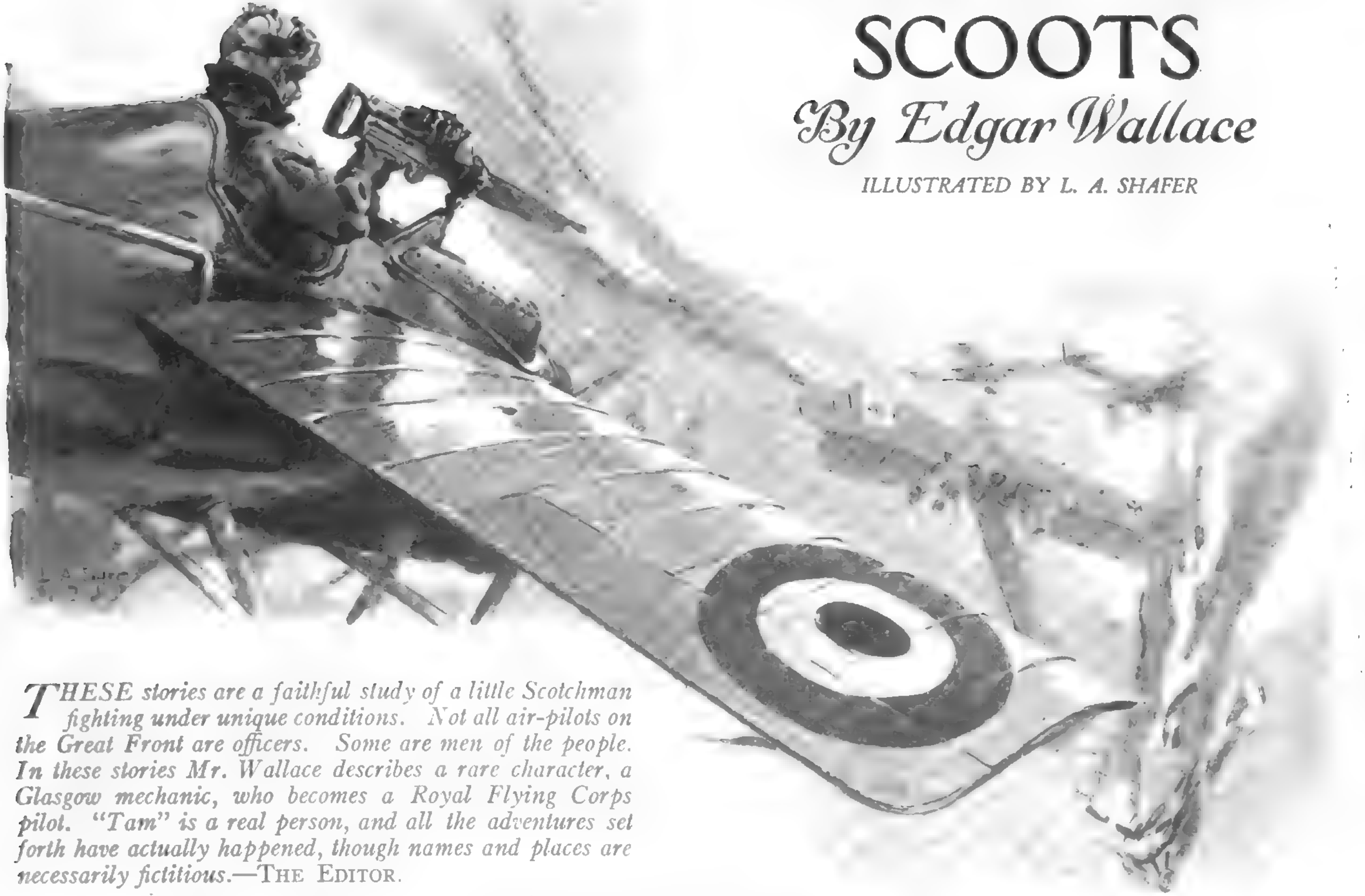
Take, for instance, the single item of sweaters. The first call that has gone forth from Washington headquarters has been for a million and a half sweaters for the boys—both overseas and in the cantonments in this country. A million sweaters means one million pounds of wool, and wool—even to the

(*Continued on page 120*)

TAM O' THE SCOOTS

By Edgar Wallace

ILLUSTRATED BY L. A. SHAFER



THESE stories are a faithful study of a little Scotchman fighting under unique conditions. Not all air-pilots on the Great Front are officers. Some are men of the people. In these stories Mr. Wallace describes a rare character, a Glasgow mechanic, who becomes a Royal Flying Corps pilot. "Tam" is a real person, and all the adventures set forth have actually happened, though names and places are necessarily fictitious.—THE EDITOR.

I. The Case of Lasky

LIEUTENANT BRIDGEMAN went out over the German line and "strafed" a depot. He stayed a while to locate a new gun position and was caught between three strong batteries of "archies."

"Reports?" said the wing commander. "Well, Bridgeman isn't back and Tam said he saw him nose-dive behind the German trenches."

So the report was made to headquarters and headquarters sent forward a long account of air flights for publication in the day's communique, adding, "one of our machines did not return."

"But, a' doot if he's killit," said Tam; "he flattened oot before he reached airth an' flew aroond a bit. Wi' ye no ask Mr. Lasky, sir-r, he's just in."

Mr. Lasky was a bright-faced lad who, in ordinary circumstances, might have been looking forward to his leaving-book from Eton, but now had to his credit divers bombed dumps and three enemy airmen.

He met the brown-faced, red-haired, awkwardly built youth whom all the Flying Corps called "Tam."

"Ah, Tam," said Lasky reproachfully, "I was looking for you—I wanted you badly."

Tam chuckled.

"A' thocht so," he said, "but A' wis not so far frae the aerodrome when yon feller chased you——"

"I was chasing him!" said the indignant Lasky.

"Oh, ay?" replied the other skeptically. "An' was ye wantin' the Scoot to help ye chase ain puir wee Hoon? Sir-r, A' think shame on ye for misusin' the puir laddie."

"There were four," protested Lasky.

"And yeer gun jammed, a'm thinkin', so wi' rair presence o' mind, ye stood oop in the fusilage an' hit the nairest representative of the Imperial Gairman Air Sairvice a crack over the heid wi' a spanner."

A little group began to form at the door of the mess-room, for the news that Tam the Scoot was "up" was always sufficient to attract an audience. As for the victim of Tam's irony, his eyes were dancing with glee.

"Dismayed or frichtened by this apparition of the supermon i' the airr," continued Tam in the monotonous tone he adopted when he was evolving one of his romances, "the enemy fled, emittin' spairks an' vapair to hide them from the veegilant ee o' young Mr. Lasky, the Boy Avenger, oor the Terror o' the Fairmament. They darted heether and theether wi' their remorseless pairsuer on their heels an' the seenister sound of his bullets whistlin' in their lugs. Ain by ain the enemy is defeated, fa'ing like Lucifer in a flamin' shrood. Soodenly Mr. Lasky turns verra pale. Heavens! A thocht has strook him. Where is Tam the Scoot? The horror o' the thocht leaves him braithless; an' back he tairns an' like a hawk deeps sweeftly but gracefully into the aerodrome—saved!"

"Bravo, Tam!" They gave him his due reward with great handclapping and Tam bowed left and right, his forage cap in his hand.

"Folks," he said, "ma next pairformance will be duly annoonced."

TAM came from the Clyde. He was not a ship-builder, but was the assistant of a man who ran a garage and did small repairs. Nor was he, in the accepted sense of the word, a patriot, because he did not enlist at the beginning of the war. His boss suggested he should, but Tam apparently held other views, went into a shipyard and was "badged and reserved."

They combed him out of that, and he went to another factory, making a false statement to secure the substitution of the badge he had lost. He was unmarried and had none dependent on him, and his landlord, who had two sons fighting, suggested to Tam that though he'd hate to lose a good lodger, he didn't think the country ought to lose a good soldier.

Tam changed his lodgings.

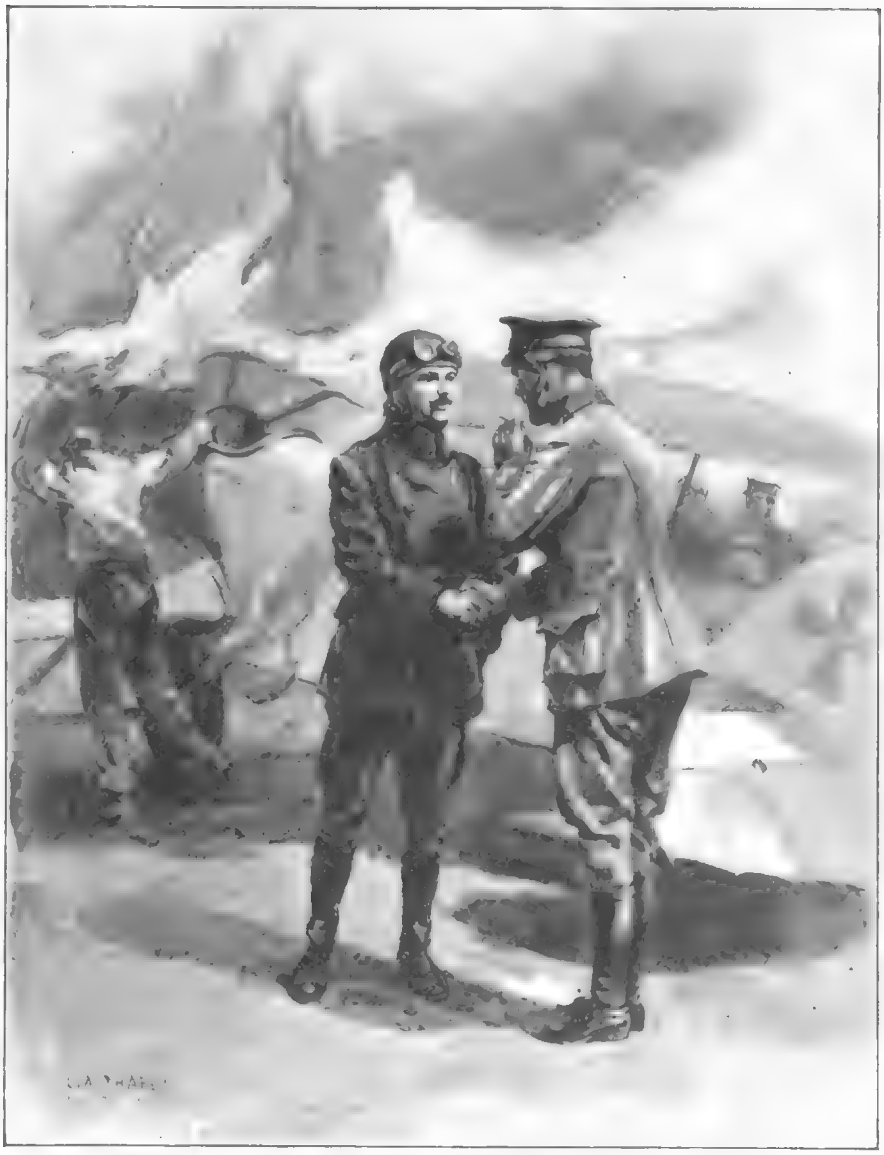
He moved to Glasgow and was insulted by a fellow workman with the name of coward. Tam hammered his fellow workman insensible and was fired from his job.

Every subterfuge, every trick, every evasion and excuse he could invent to avoid service in the army, he invented. He simply did not want to be a soldier. He believed most passionately that the war had been started with the sole object of affording his enemies opportunities for annoying him.

Then one day he was sent on a job to an aerodrome workshop. He was a clever mechanic and he had mastered the intricacies of the engine which he was to repair, in less than a day.

He went back to his work very thoughtfully, and the next Sunday he bicycled to the aerodrome in his best clothes and renewed his acquaintance with the mechanics.

Within a week, he was wearing the double-breasted tunic of the Higher Life. He was not a good or a tractable recruit. He hated discipline and regarded his superiors as less than equals—but he was an enthusiast.



"FORTUNES OF WAR," SAID LIEUTENANT BARON VON HANSEN-BASSERMANN. "WHERE'S TAM?"

When Pangate, which is in the south of England, sent for pilots and mechanics, he accompanied his officer and flew for the first time in his life.

In the old days he could not look out of a fourth-floor window without feeling giddy. Now he flew over England at a height of six thousand feet, and was sorry when the journey came to an end. In a few months he was a qualified pilot, and might have received a commission had he so desired.

"Thank ye, sir-r," he said to the commandant, "but ye ken weel A'm no gentry. M' fairther was no believer in education, an' whilst ither laddies were livin' on meal at the University A' was airning ma' salt at the Govan Iron Wairks. A'm no' a society mon ye ken—A'd be usin' the wrong knife to eat wi' an' that would bring the coorps into disrepute."

His education had, as a matter of fact, been a remarkable one. From the time he could read, he had absorbed every boy's book that he could buy or borrow. He told a friend of mine that when he enlisted he handed to the care of an acquaintance over six hundred paper-covered volumes which surveyed the world of adventure, from the Nevada of Deadwood Dick to the Australia of Jack Harkaway. He knew the stories by heart, their phraseology and their construction, and was wont at times, half in earnest, half in dour fun (at his own expense), to satirize every-day adventures in the romantic language of his favorite authors.

He was regarded as the safest, the most daring, the most venomous of the scouts—those swift-flying spitfires of the clouds—and enjoyed a fame among the German airmen which was at once flattering and ominous. Once they dropped a message into the aerodrome. It was short and humorous, but there was enough truth in the message to give it a bite:

> Let us know when Tam is buried, we would a wreath subscribe.
>
> Officers, German Imperial Air Service.
> Section ——

Nothing ever pleased Tam so much as this unsolicited testimonial to his prowess.

He purred for a week. Then he learned from a German prisoner that the author of the note was the flyer of a big Aviatic, and went and killed him in fair fight at a height of twelve thousand feet.

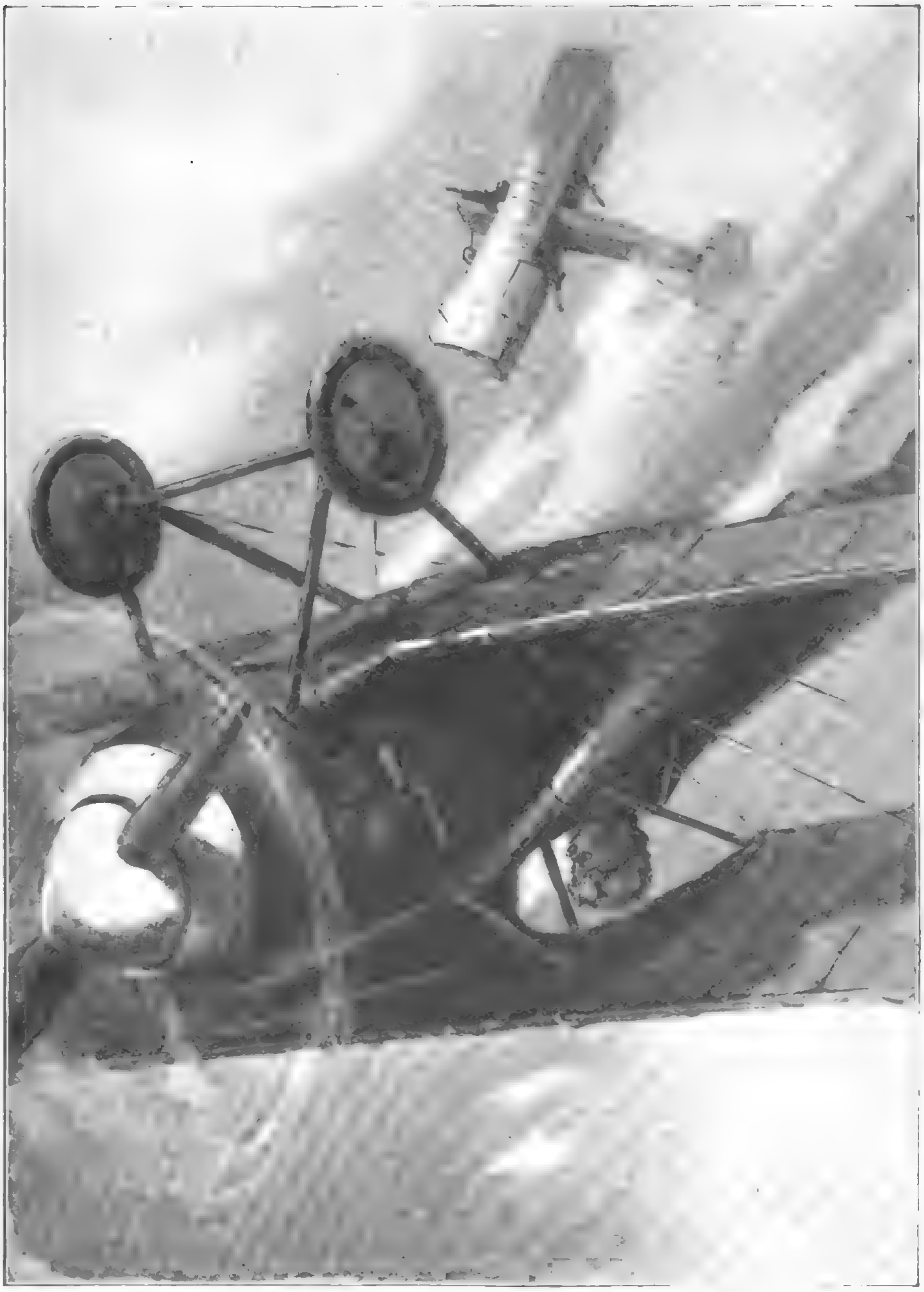
"It was an engrossin' an' thrillin' fight," explained Tam; "the bluid was coorsin' in ma veins, ma hairt was palpitatin' wi' suppressed emotion. Roond an' roond ain another the dauntless airmen caircled, the noo above, the noo below the ither. Wi' supairb resolution Tam o' the Scoots nose-dived for the wee feller's tail, loosin' a drum at the puir body as he endeavoured to escape the lichtenin' swoop o' the intrepid Scotsman. Wi' matchless skeel, Tam o' the Scoots banked over an' brocht the gallant miscreant to terra firma—puir laddie! If he'd kept ben the hoose he'd no' be lyin' deid the nicht. God rest him!"

YOU might see Tam in the early morning, when the world was dark and only the flashes of guns revealed the rival positions, poised in the early sun, fourteen thousand feet in the air, a tiny spangle of white, smaller in magnitude than the fading stars. He seems motionless, though you know that he is traveling in big circles at seventy miles an hour.

He is above the German lines and the fleecy bursts of shrapnel and the darker patches where high explosive shells are bursting beneath him, advertise alike his temerity and the indignation of the enemy.

What is Tam doing there so early?

There has been a big raid in the dark hours; a dozen bombing machines have gone buzzing eastward to a certain railway station where the German troops waited in readiness to reinforce either A or B fronts. If you look long, you see the machines returning, a group of black specks in the morning



HE SAW THE DRAGON-FLY LOOP AND CLIMB, AND THE AMERICAN SWING ABOUT TO ATTACK.

sky. The Boches' scouts are up to attack—the raiders go serenely onward, leaving the exciting business of duel *à l'outrance* to the nippy fighting machines which fly above each flank. One such fighter throws himself at three of the enemy, diving, banking, climbing, circling and all the time firing "*ticka—ticka—ticka — ticka!*" through his propellers.

The fight is going badly for the bold fighting machine, when suddenly, like a hawk, Tam o' the Scoots sweeps upon his prey. One of the enemy side-slips, dives and streaks to the earth, leaving a cloud of smoke to mark his unsubstantial path. As for the others, they bank over and go home. One falls in spirals within the enemy's lines. Rescuer and rescued land together. The fighting-machine pilot is Lieutenant Burnley; the observer, shot through the hand, but cheerful, is Captain Forsyn.

"Did ye no' feel a sense o' gratitude to the Almighty when you kent it were Tam sittin' aloft like a wee angel?"

"I thought it was a bombing machine that had come back," said Burnley untruthfully.

"Did ye hear that, sir-rs?" asked Tam wrathfully. "For a grown officer an' gentleman haulding the certeeficate of the Royal Flying Coorp, to think ma machine were a bomber! Did ye no' look oop an' see me? Did ye no' look thankfully at yeer obsairvor, when, wi' a hooricane roar, the Terror of the Airr hurtled across the sky—'Saved!' ye said to yersel'; 'saved—an' by Tam! What can I do to shaw ma appreeciation of the hero's devotion? Why!' ye said to yersel', soodenly, 'Why! A'll gi' him a box o' seegairs sent to me by ma rich uncle fra' Glasgae——!' "

"You can have two cigars, Tam—I'll see you to the devil before I give you any more—I only had fifty in the first place."

"Two's no' many," said Tam calmly, "but A've na doot A'll enjoy them wi' ma educated palate better than you, sir-r—seegairs are for men an' no' for bairns, an' ye'd save yersel' an awfu' feelin' o' seekness if ye gave me a'."

Tam lived with the men—he had the rank of sergeant, but he was as much Tam to the private mechanic as he was to the officers. His pay was good and sufficient. He had shocked that section of the Corps Comforts Committee which devoted its energies to the collection and dispatch of literature, by requesting that a special effort be made to keep him supplied "wi' th' latest bluids." A member of the Committee with a sneaking regard for this type of literature took it upon himself to ransack London for penny dreadfuls, and Tam received a generous stock with regularity.

"A'm no' so fond o' th' new style," he said; "the detective stoory is verra guid in its way for hame consumption, but A' prefair the mair preemative discreeptions, of how that grand mon, Deadwood Dick, foiled the machinations of Black Peter, the Scoorge of Hell Cañon. A've no soort o' use for the new kind o' stoory — the love-stories aboot mooney. Ye ken the soort: Harild is feelin' fine an' anxious aboot Lady Gwendoline's bairthmark: is she rechtfu' heir? Oh, Heaven help me to solve the meestry! (To be continued in oor next.) A'm all for bluid an' fine laddies wi' a six-shooter in every hand an' a bowie-knife in their teeth—it's no' so intellectual, but, mon, it's mair human!"

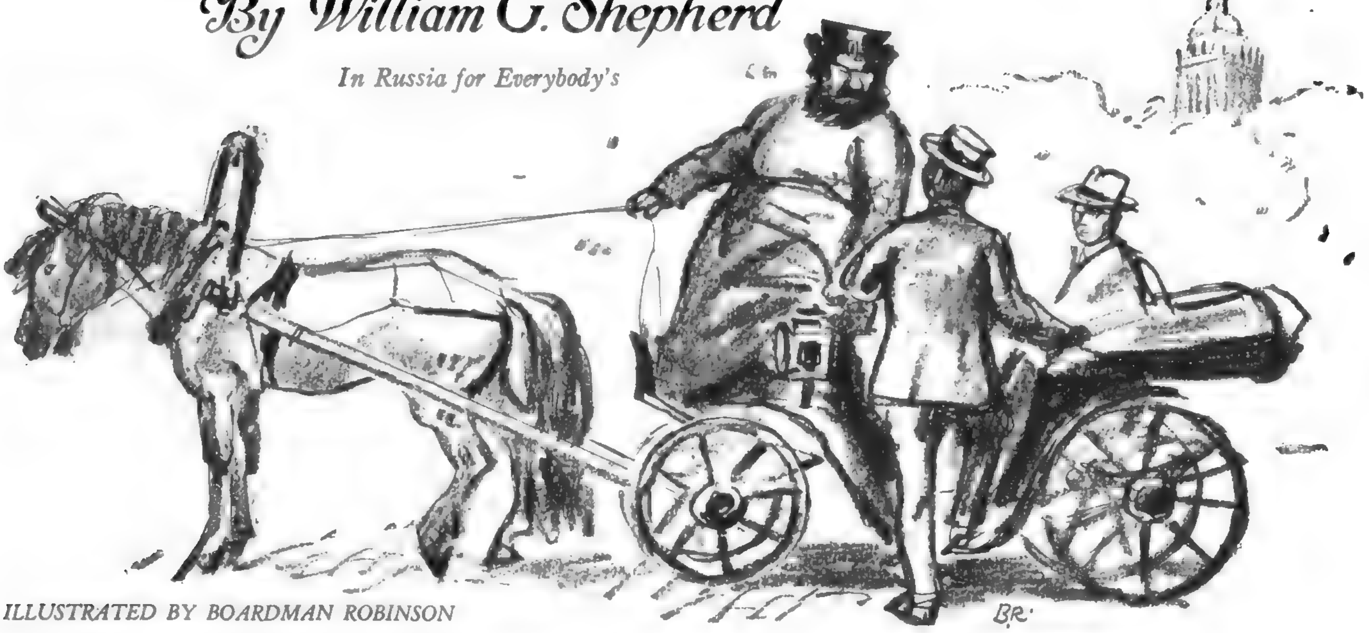
TAM was out one fine spring afternoon in a one-seater Morane. He was on guard watching over the welfare of two "spotters" who were correcting the fire of a "grandmother" battery. There was a fair breeze blowing from the east, and it was bitterly cold, but Tam in his leather jacket, muffled to the eyes, and with his hands in fur-lined gloves and with the warmth from his engine, was comfortable without being cozy.

(*Continued on page 128*)

IVAN IN WONDERLAND

By William G. Shepherd

In Russia for Everybody's



ILLUSTRATED BY BOARDMAN ROBINSON

WE USED to thunder our way on our ponies over the Rio Grande bridge from El Paso to Juarez and rein up before the red brick Mexican custom-house; now we take an *isvoschik*, drawn by a Siberian pony framed in the peculiar Russian collar, and, on the outskirts of Petrograd, alight at a stone-and-plaster palace that was built a century ago by a Russian empress for a royal lover. The Texan heat of those summer days in 1910 was just as baking as the arctic summer heat of these summer days of 1917. We used to show our passes to the Mexican revolutionists who stood at the custom-house doorway, just as we now show our passes, written in another script, to the Russian revolutionaries at the palace doors.

The sights within this palace are the same sights we used to see in the custom-house at Juarez: long-haired young men dashing about with papers; soldiers, armed to the limit, tramping about on parquet floors that were never laid for a soldier's tread; women of eccentric appearance writing at tables in the accomplishment of vague tasks that revolutionaries seem to find so necessary; strong faces, intelligence in every countenance, eyes full of theories and dreams. At doorways are sentinels, sitting, just as they used to sit in the custom-house at Juarez. Revolutionary sentinels always sit; to sit and to smoke seem to be their means of expressing their new independence.

Strangely enough, we turn to the left, after we enter the palace, just as we turned to the left in the custom-house at Juarez, and, in the smoke of the sentinels' eternal cigarets, especially pungent on a hot, lazy summer afternoon, we enter the sacred precincts of to-day's "Man of the Revolution."

There, in Juarez, we used to find, sitting at the head of a long table, a short, bearded man, with a slight baldness that was partly hidden by long wisps of hair stretched across the top of his head. His face was known to millions, and has been forgotten these seven years. And here, in this palace in Russia, we find, sitting at a cheap desk, a man with a face so nearly like Madero's that, when I first saw it, it brought back to me all the old days of the Mexican revolution.

Ivan's Guides

IT is the face of an older man than Madero, and the beard is grayer; his eyes have less dreaminess in them, and in his voice and mind there is a decisiveness that Madero never knew. Madero's clothes were always fine; this man wears a heavy old brown suit. Madero did not smoke; this man carries in his breast pocket, where his right hand can easily reach them, a bundle of Russian cigarets. Secretaries surround him; delegations come to him from the remotest parts of Russia. Having once been a college professor—it is remarkable how college professors seem to be crowding lawyers out of the fields of politics and government—he knows how to listen in silence. Two or three times each day he must dash from his office to some part of the city where a great throng is waiting to be thrilled by his eloquence.

I have shown you Tscheidse, the president of the Council of Workmen and Soldier Deputies of Russia.

Madero's job was a small one compared with this man's; though it is true that while Madero overthrew the Mexican autocracy single-handed, this man had a hundred associates, each one of whom was as great a leader as himself. But now that the overthrowing has been accomplished and Russia finds itself in a strange, new, unknown land of liberty, the duty has fallen on the shoulders of Tscheidse of leading Ivan safely through Wonderland back to common sense and practicality.

Sit in Tscheidse's office a day, follow him through a twenty-four-hour turmoil, and you will be able to answer this question: Why did the Russians stop fighting in the great war?

The answer is that the Russian people became lost in Wonderland. Each day after the Revolution brought so many things into their lives that they were overwhelmed by the very novelty of existence. A weak man suddenly made strong; a sick man, well; a sad man, happy; a man awakening from a fearful nightmare; a man staggering from the desert into a sweet, rich land—that is Russia to-day.

Through this Wonderland, such men as Kerensky, Tseretelli, Tscheidse, and the other Russian revolutionary leaders who had fought for years to bring freedom to the Russian people, discover that they must guide Russia's millions. Kerensky, Tseretelli, and several others have gone into the government to use their influence there; Tscheidse, at the old Duma building, as the elected head of the workmen's and soldiers' organizations of Russia, uses his popularity to help Russia steady herself in the cyclone of millions of human theories and individual opinions which is sweeping over the land.

In what I shall try to show of the Russian situation, I must set out that I am not excusing Russia nor blaming her for a less lively participation in the war, for how can one man blame a hundred and sixty million people?

I shall attempt only to show some of the marvels of the new Wonderland in which Ivan, forgetting the workaday, fightaday world, lost himself.

EVERY day brings its incongruities, its strange incidents—things that never could have been except in a topsy-turvy Russia. The Wonderland feeling does not come to Russians alone; every American, every foreigner here, feels it daily.

"Where can I take you next?" asked the American Red Cross doctor as I climbed into his car.

"To the Czar's Winter Palace, to see Mrs. Pankhurst."

The car started; the doctor, after a moment, broke into a hearty laugh.

"Sounds like a burlesque comedian's joke," he said. "Going to the Winter Palace in old St. Petersburg to see Mrs. Pankhurst."

"That isn't all," I said. "She was due there this forenoon to meet Elihu Root."

The doctor held his head as if it ached. "Mrs. Pankhurst and Elihu Root talking together in the Winter Palace?"

"Yes, and Charles Edward Russell, the Socialist, will be with them."

"I give up," said the doctor hopelessly. "I try to keep sane here in Russia, but it's worse than 'Alice in Wonderland.'"

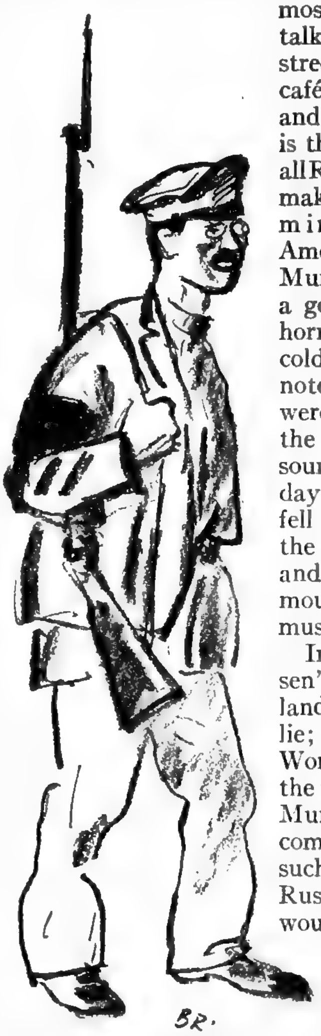
Within a few moments, we were in the Winter Palace, gorgeous with royal fittings, in rooms so high that ten of them would equal a forty-story New York skyscraper, and there, like pygmies, under the sky-high ceilings, were Mrs. Pankhurst and Mr. Russell; in a remote corner of the room was Elihu Root conferring with a Russian baron.

The three of them, with many other persons from various parts of the earth, had come to Russia to try to help her through her period of astonishment and get her back to the fighting line; and yet they, themselves, formed one of those incongruous pictures that can be seen only in the Russian Wonderland of to-day.

THE helplessness which an Ally foreigner feels in the midst of the Russian situation is abject.

"Let the blighters go! Let 'em go! They'll find out! They'll come to their senses in time! Let 'em go!" exclaimed an Englishman at dinner, in red-faced wrath, when the question of Russia's part in the war was being discussed. Then he came to his senses, and smiled weakly. "Of course, you know," he added, in a changed mood, "we'll have to let them go. There's a hundred and sixty million of them, and every one of them has got his own way. They're so busy with the new things that they've forgotten old things, like the war."

And of all the new things which the Russians have gained, the right of free speech, so it appears to an outsider, seems to be considered by them the most marvelous. To talk and to listen, on street corners and in cafés, in big meetings and in little meetings, is the chief pastime of all Russia. The speechmaking in Russia reminded a certain American that Baron Munchausen had told a good story about a horn in which, on a cold winter's day, the notes of the bugler were frozen so that the horn made no sound; but on a spring day, when the sunshine fell on the instrument, the notes were melted and rushed from the mouth in a tide of music.


"AIN'T YOU FELLOWS AMERICANS?"

In Baron Munchausen's unreal Wonderland, that story was a lie; but in this real Wonderland of Russia, the very thing of which Munchausen told has come true, and it is such a marvel to the Russians that they would rather listen to the magic notes than do almost anything else in the world.

Next to free speech and free listening, free action is a popular pastime. Anarchists have seized palaces and newspaper offices and automobiles and paintings and even wealth. But in the midst of all this apparent anarchy, this lack of government, there is always—and this is an astonishing fact that has impressed the members of the American Commission and all the other foreign statesmen who have come to Russia since the Revolution—a checking influence of what we in the United States call "common sense."

There is always somebody in a meeting who offsets wild speeches; somebody in a crowd who gives a matter a second thought and offsets and checks the man who wishes to act without thinking. There is an unexpected hardheadedness about even the mobs. The country districts of Russia, thousands of its little towns, villages, and cities, were being governed, three months after the Revolution, by public opinion and common sense alone—and astonishingly well governed.

But all this makes a weird world, full of weird happenings.

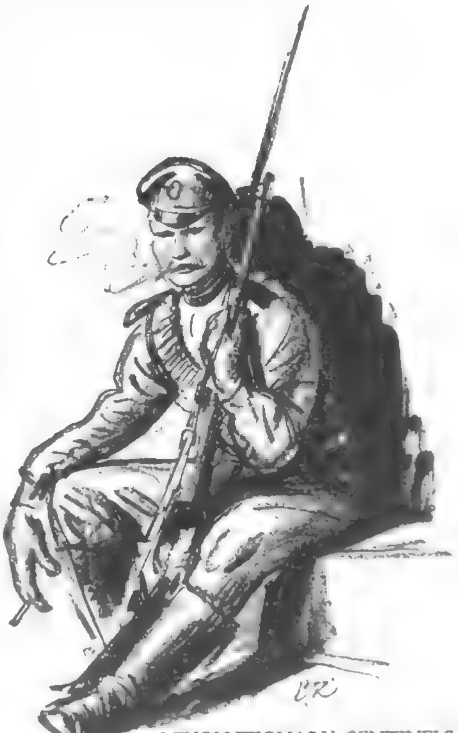
It is at this very point where common sense and public opinion rule that Tscheidse and the Council of Deputies, who have been sent to Petrograd by soldiers and workmen from all over Russia, make their influence felt in the solution of Russia's problems.

The public thinks of a wild thing, and the workmen and soldiers, with their steadying influence, pass upon it and tell Russia, through the press, what they think of it.

The Government gets a project into its mind, but it will never become a law unless it has the sanction of the workmen's and soldiers' deputies. And when neither the Government nor the public discovers an evil or an opportunity for a beneficial reform, the workmen and soldiers do so and tell all Russia of it.

By the time this article is published, the Workmen's and Soldiers' Council may have passed out of power; anything can happen in Russia these days. But the point I am making is that in Russia the influence of common sense has always made itself felt from the first day of the Revolution, and the Council of Workmen and Soldiers was a concrete embodiment of this characteristic at a time in Russia when peaceful anarchy ruled; when one opinion or theory was as good as another and when there was a machine gun behind every theory.

"THE anarchists must leave Durnova Palace by three o'clock this afternoon," was a public warning which the Government issued recently.


REVOLUTIONARY SENTINELS ALWAYS SIT AND SMOKE.

"Anarchists" is a word to make folk shudder, even in Russia. All Petrograd decided that the "anarchists" were going too far.

And when, from their beleaguered palace, the anarchists sent out telephone calls for help to seven great factories, and the workmen, with rifles, to the number of three thousand, gathered in the neighborhood of the palace to defend the "bad men," it looked like the moment for a war reporter to go to the scene.

Never with more thrills did I approach a battle-line in Europe, or a big fire in New York. There was a crowd gathered around the palace-gate, standing at a respectful distance. In the gateway stood a young civilian, with a rifle and a black band—token of anarchy—around his right arm. We caught glimpses, between the heavy iron railings, of other youths, similarly armed, pacing the garden walks. Like men inured to war and battle, we approached the gate. The sentry heard us talking together. Unexpectedly his grim dignity fell from him; a smile came over his face.

"Ain't you fellows Americans?" he said.

"That's what we are," said my Russian interpreter. "Can we come in?"

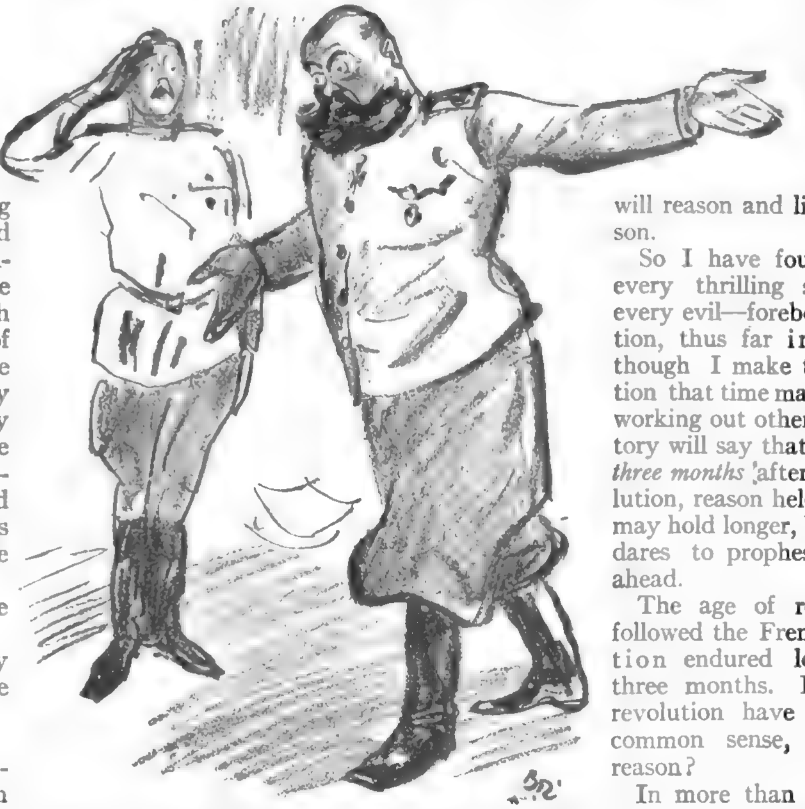
"Sure thing."

With the wondering crowd marveling at our bravery, we passed through the palace grounds into the great house, and, as the word went ahead that we were American newspaper men, we were welcomed into the rooms with their high, painted ceilings and their littered floors.

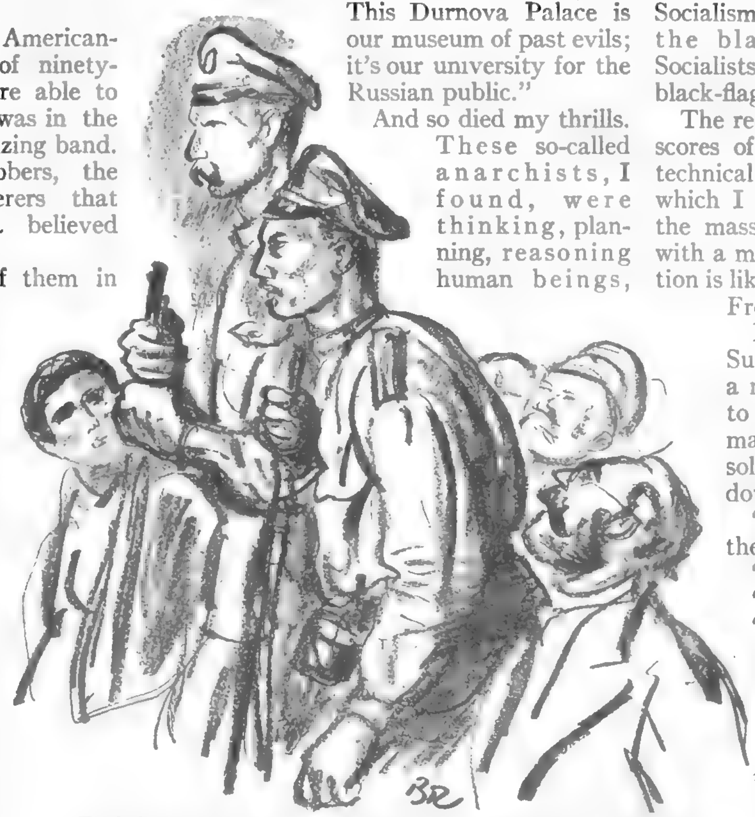
There were fifteen American-Russians in the crowd of ninety-five, and I was therefore able to ascertain exactly what was in the minds of the palace-seizing band. They weren't the robbers, the plunderers, the murderers that Petrograd and Russia believed them to be.

"Listen!" said one of them in New Yorkese. "We didn't take this place to prove we were bad men. Why, we talked the whole thing over for many weeks. You see, this place was owned by one of the wickedest ministers that Russia ever had. He was as rich as Crœsus, on stolen money; right here, in the heart of Petrograd, he had this palace, surrounded by a five-mile park. Why, he even had an artificial river made across his park. And he never, never let the Russian public even look at his trees. We took this particular palace and its park, because we wanted to throw them wide open to the Russian people so that they could see what the old régime had done to them; and so that they never again will let any human beings treat them as they have been treated in the past. This Durnova Palace is our museum of past evils; it's our university for the Russian public."

And so died my thrills. These so-called anarchists, I found, were thinking, planning, reasoning human beings, with very definite ideas and theories, however right or wrong they may have been.



IN VAIN THE GOVERNOR TELEGRAPHED TO THE MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR. HE WAS IN THE FORTRESS, WHERE TELEGRAMS COULDN'T REACH HIM.



TWO SOLDIERS STOOD UP IN THE REAR, PEASANT SOLDIERS OF FREE RUSSIA.

I was invited to come to the palace again. Now all the newspapermen and magazine writers go there and are welcomed. Its terrors have fallen away, because there is nothing to fear from a man who will reason and listen to reason.

So I have found it with every thrilling situation, every evil—foreboding situation, thus far in Russia, though I make the reservation that time may see affairs working out otherwise. History will say that for at least *three months* after the Revolution, reason held sway. It may hold longer, but no man dares to prophesy one day ahead.

The age of reason that followed the French Revolution endured longer than three months. Does every revolution have its rule of common sense, its age of reason?

In more than one way is the Russian Revolution following the French. With all the great varieties of thought and theory, there are two real parties: that which carries the red flag of Socialism and that which has adopted the black. The extremely radical Socialists and the anarchists are the black-flaggers.

The reds and blacks are divided into scores of factions, each with its own technical name. The common sense of which I have already spoken, among the masses, has already dictated that with a multitude of parties the Revolution is likely to lose its force, as did the French Revolution at one time.

In the river at Moscow, one Sunday recently, a surveyor in a rowboat held up a white flag to assist a comrade on shore to make some measurements. Two soldiers on the bridge called down to him:

"What are you doing down there?"

"Working."

"On Sunday?"

"Yes."

"Row ashore and come on to the bridge."

The surveyor saw he was covered by rifles, and obeyed.

On the bridge a crowd gathered.

"He was carrying a white

flag," explained a soldier to the crowd.

"Another flag! Another flag! There are too many flags already in Russia!" shouted a speaker.

The surveyor explained in vain. Russia had adopted the red flag, said a speaker, and that was good; it had tolerated the black flag because the Russian people believed in liberty; but the white flag! No one could know what terrible things it stood for.

It's a gruesome fact, but over the bridge railing, into the river, went Andriev, the surveyor; and he was drowned.

Common sense came into play the next day. The civil militia arrested Privates Olkov and Bogukow, of the 62d Regiment, and thrust them into jail, on a charge of drowning Andriev.

But the pendulum swung toward anarchy within another twenty-four hours; the regiment marched to the jail and peremptorily demanded the two privates; the jailer surrendered them, of necessity.

Then came Kerensky, on one of his long, express-train dashes through the length and breadth of Russia. The story was told to him and he called a meeting of the regiment. Into the saddle again came common sense.

"These two men thought they were right, but you were wrong," spoke Kerensky. "They may have been right in suspecting a man with a white flag; the law will decide that. But you were not right in defying the law and taking them from prison. Only the law can free them now—after a trial. *You must surrender them!*"

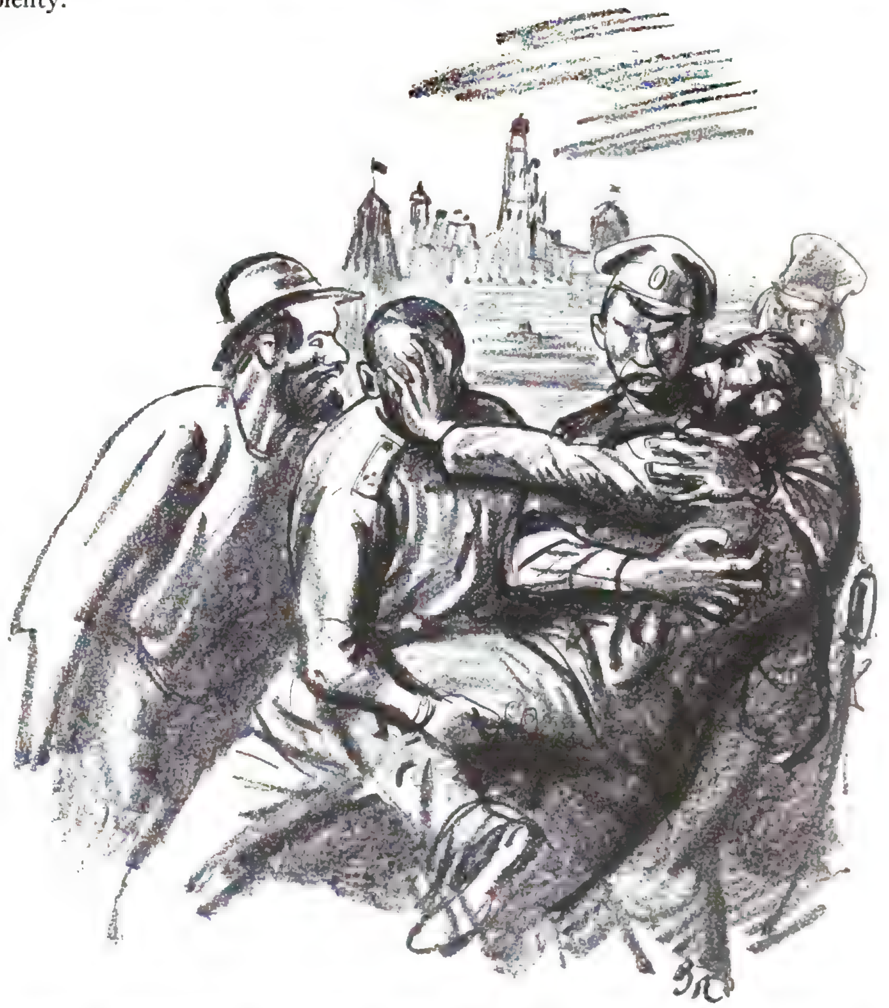
There was a stir in the audience. Two soldiers stood up in the rear, peasant soldiers of free Russia, subjects not of the Czar but of a government of common sense.

"We will go back to jail and no one shall take us out," said one of them. "If there is no law in Russia, then Russia is lost."

And they are in jail to-day, awaiting trial.

The Wonderland in which the factory workers of Russia have found themselves is weird with strange trees of their own strength, eery birds singing songs of independence, and beautiful unheard-of flowers of rest and ease. Where the boss used to tramp the splintered floors, an elected delegate of the workmen now acts as overseer—and when he sees a workman sitting idle he knows that he has stopped working because he is tired, and he passes on his way understandingly.

In the office of one of the greatest factories in Petrograd I found a committee of twenty men sitting around a table. They were the delegates of this particular factory to the Council of Workmen and Soldiers. There were no other bosses in sight. All of the affairs of the great factory were in their hands. All the incoming orders passed under their scrutiny; no finished material was sent out without their permission. They had charge of the factory books and knew, to a cent, its finances. No man was discharged or hired without their approval and—they were able to raise wages as they pleased. In one corner of the office, ready for immediate use, was a huge red banner, bearing the words "Liberty and Free Russia." And in corners, hidden away where I could not see them, were hundreds of rifles and ammunition in plenty.



NEXT TO FREE SPEECH AND FREE LISTENING, FREE ACTION IS A POPULAR PASTIME.

I know this to be true, for, some days later, when the men in Durnova Palace telephoned to this factory for help, a thousand men quit their machines at eleven o'clock in the morning, and went to the palace armed like Mexican revolutionists.

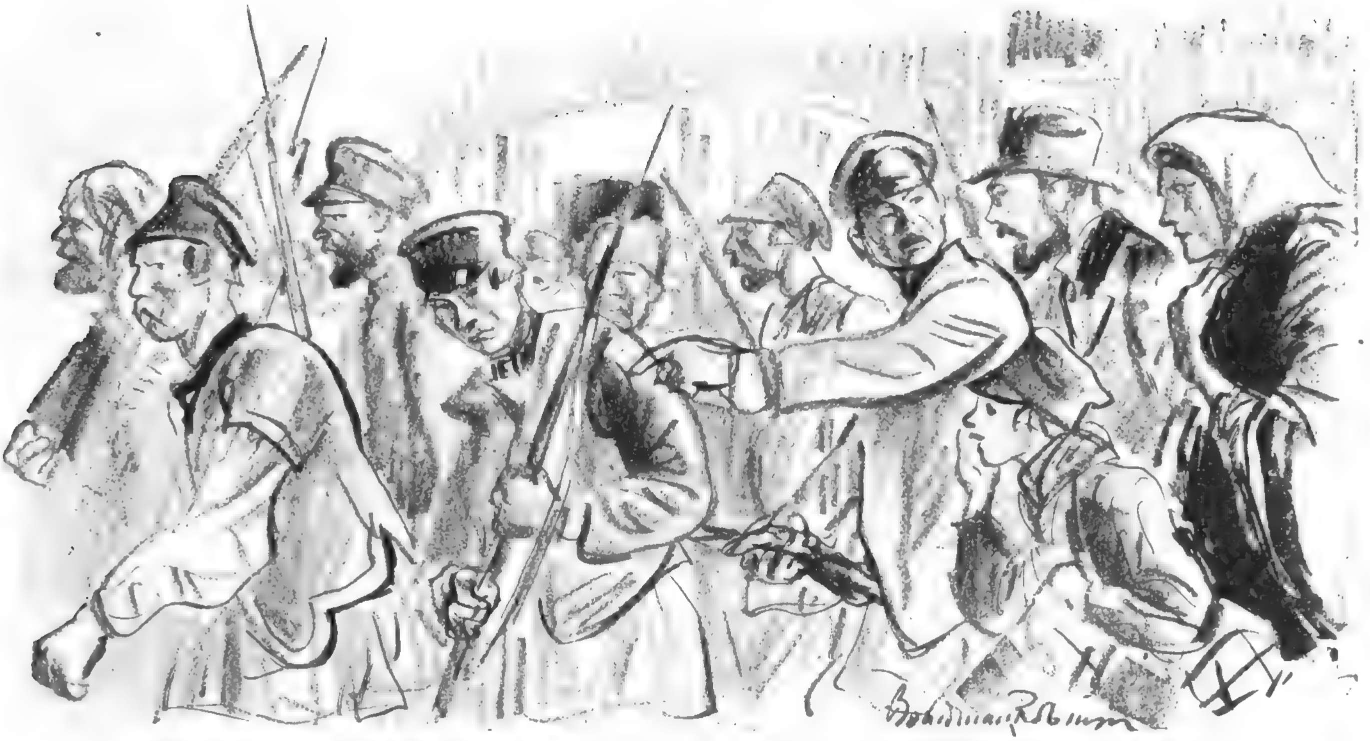
I worked in a great efficiencyized, grimy foundry once; I realized that these workmen were passing through an experience that must be very similar to an opium dream. I tried to talk to some of them about the war. The war was a million miles away; they had forgotten it; they had no more interest in the shells they were turning out in decreased numbers daily than has a blonde stenographer in a dictated order for ten thousand feet of lumber.

And yet, when I went to this factory a month later, the Russian law of common sense was gaining sway; the output was increasing; the novelties of Wonderland were losing their pull; the committee in the bosses' office upstairs had less work to do than ever, and there were cobwebs on the red banner in the corner.

The factory manager had been called back to help things along, and the committee had requested him to work out for it the problem of maintaining the increased wages while keeping the balance on the right side of the much-thumbed and somewhat blotted ledger.

Three months after the Revolution the spirit of work was taking the place of that spirit of play which spread all over Russia when the Revolution dawned. What havoc this spirit of play might have wrought had it been assisted by the spirit of alcohol, no one can accurately measure. As things went, it was mostly a very naive, mischievous play.

There was that great day in the village of Gotchina, for instance. All through the long life of Gotchina, there stood on its outskirts a palace, surrounded by grounds that were sacred, and inhabited by high-born folks that a peasant must always touch his cap to. When the wave of revolution reached Gotchina, the village folk there did their bit in helping the common folks



A THOUSAND MEN QUIT THEIR MACHINES AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING AND WENT TO THE PALACE, ARMED LIKE MEXICAN REVOLUTIONISTS.

get on top; and the uncommon folks in the palace fled. Did Gotchina burn down the palace? No. That would have been angry work or alcoholic play, and Gotchina was unalcoholically and cheerfully playful. A peasant discovered in one of the once-sacred ponds huge dark forms that moved about in the cool waters.

"Fish!" The call went around like a cry of fire.

Before the day was over, the peasants, with hooks and lines, were pulling out giant carp, some of them a hundred years old, which the high-born folk of the palace and their fathers before them had been nurturing like old wine. In vain the governor of the province telegraphed to the Minister of the Interior that the good folk of Gotchina had gone fishing in waters that were sacred. The governor didn't know that the Minister of the Interior was in Peter and Paul Fortress, where telegrams couldn't reach him.

On the third night there was such a barbecue of giant carp as will put that day down in the history of Gotchina forever. It was Gotchina's way of showing that it had thrown off the old yoke. And, like all the rest of Russia, it smiled, instead of frowning with earnestness, and was happy instead of angry.

A Ballet of Joy

HAPPINESS was the chief note of the Russian Revolution. I have seen a Russian ballet such as was never danced on any stage before. The dancers were that throng of youths and maidens whom the Czar used to take as orphans from the asylums of Russia and have trained, as he had his horses trained, for a lifetime of beautiful dancing.

The place was the Marinsky Theatre, which the Czar spent a million dollars a year to maintain as the school and home of the ballet. In the royal box sat soldier revolutionaries, with their wives and sweethearts. At the door of that box, in other days, two sentinels always stood like iron men, whether the box was empty or not. The time was the evening of that day when the men and women, boys and girls, of the ballet had formed their own company and taken their destiny into their own hands. Before the exquisite scenery, in unsurpassable silks, purchased with the gold of an emperor, these freed people of the stage went through the beautiful measures of "The Swan." The Czar, with all his millions, could never have bought a performance like that.

What if they talked aloud on the stage, so that those who sat near by could hear the murmur? What if the audience saw and heard their happy laughter? What if they hummed aloud the exquisite Tschaikowsky music, as they danced or as they sat about in the stage picture? What if that perfect discipline of the Czar's ballet régime was replaced by a cheery abandon? The only way the Czar could have secured a performance like that would have been to resign. Here was art, happy and free; perfect art, set at liberty; art as God must have meant it to be.

The audience was happy, too. We saw dances that night that will remain in our minds like visions of masterpiece paintings or like strains of excellent and beloved music. To have seen the most perfect dancers in the world, with the children's joy of life, dancing because they were so happy they couldn't keep from it, dancing to music that throbbed with happiness, is to have been in Wonderland, indeed.

Russia's Wonder-Words

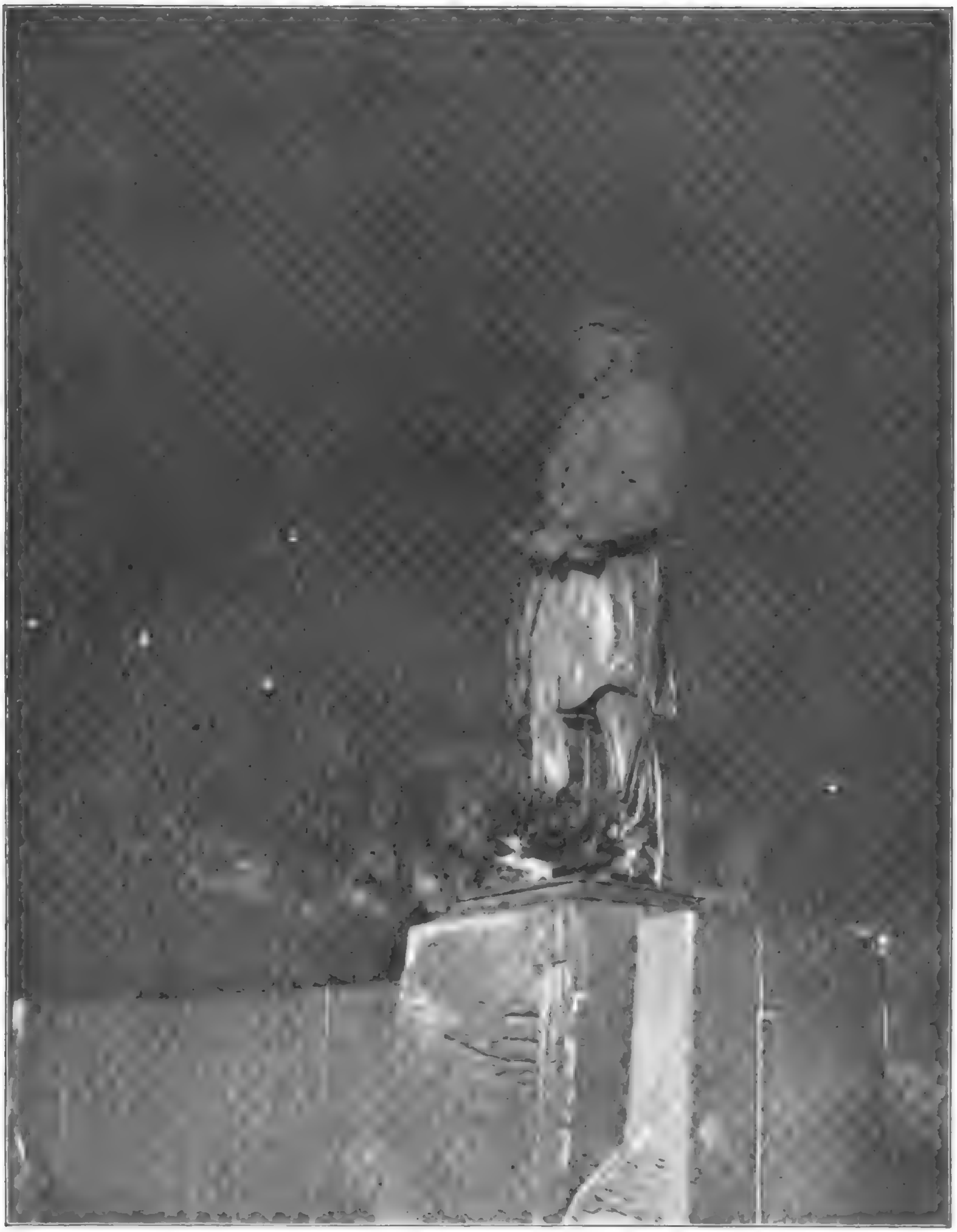
I AM going to try to teach my readers six Russian words. The first is "*tavarish,*" it means "comrade." There used to be a law in Russia against using it! The French, in their Revolution, meant about the same thing when they said "Citoyen." It is a word you hear a thousand times a day, everywhere.

"*Mir bez annexi e contributzi.*" These are the other five words. You hear them as we in the United States hear our latest slang phrases. The Russians use them as we once used the phrase, "Sixteen to one," or "Safety first." They mean "no annexations and no contributions." Every Russian, lost in his happy Wonderland, full of the new joy of life, means, when he uses these words, to say, "This world is a more beautiful place than I had ever thought. Let us all be brothers and help each other to enjoy it, instead of fighting to make slaves of each other and to drive the beauty and happiness out of life."

There is something infinitely pathetic in their faces when you say to a Russian, "Yes. Your idea is fine. But what of the Germans?"

In vain the Russians have stood along their front and cried to the Germans. All the rest of the world is listening, except the Germans, to that Russian call to happiness and peace:

"*Tavarish! Mir bez annexi e contributzi!*"



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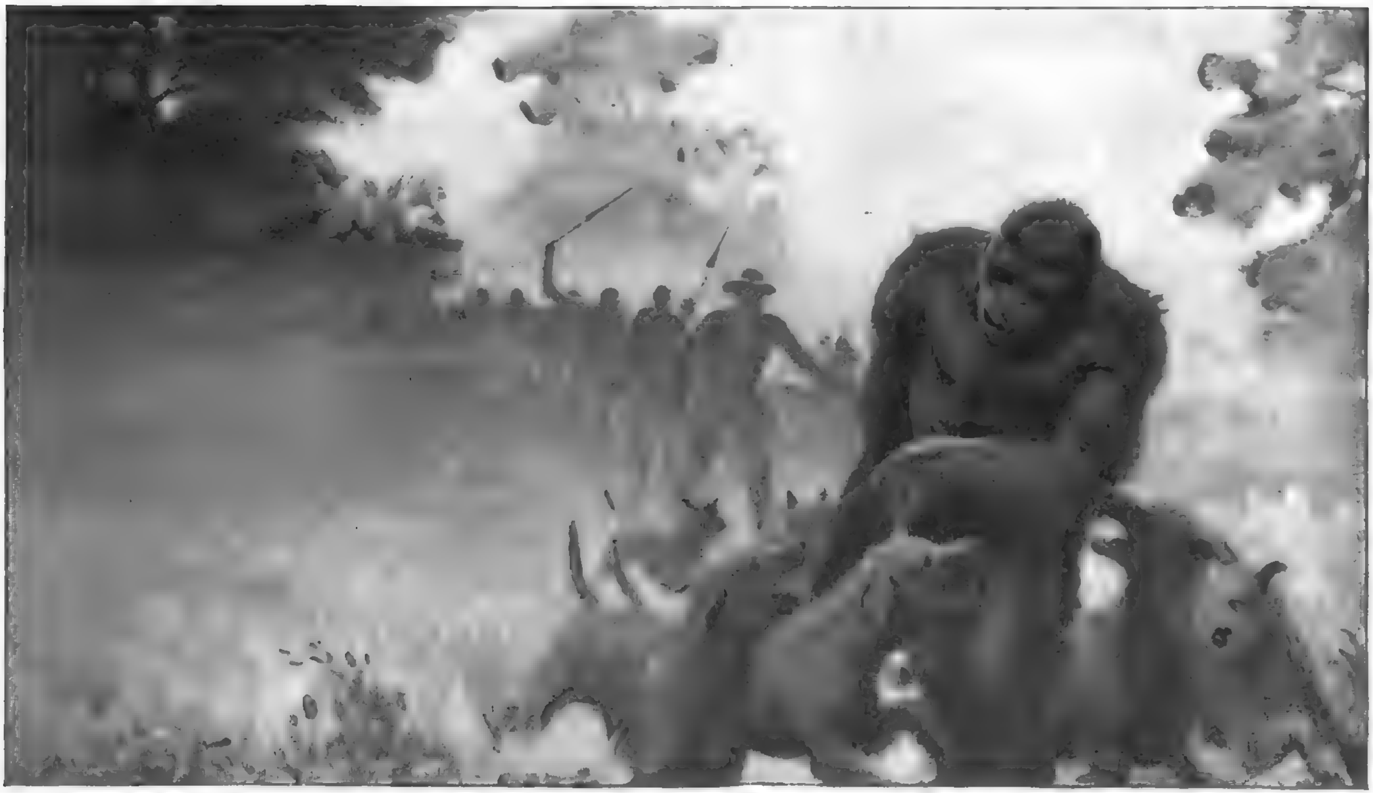
"Damn the Torpedoes! Full Speed Ahead!"

DAVID G. FARRAGUT said it at Mobile Bay, in August, 1864. On either side of the entrance stood a menacing fort. Across the harbor mouth stretched a line of "torpedoes," which had already sunk one of his four monitors. Of his seven wooden ships, one had just tried to turn back in flight. Farragut himself, directing the attack, had climbed so far up the mast that his crew had insisted on lashing him there for safety's sake. It was from that height he called out the famous orders that carried his fleet to victory. The torpedoes would be called floating mines now, and the fleets are different. But there is the Farragut spirit in the hearts of hundreds of boys who march past the St. Gaudens statue of the American hero, these days, on their way to encampments and ships. It is a good place for David Farragut, there at Fifth Avenue on Madison Square, where he can review our boys of to-day. The photograph of the statue shown above was made by Vander Weyde at night.



THE DOGS CIRCLED, LEAPING BEFORE HIM AS HE SOUGHT, IN A DAZE, TO EVADE THEM.

CONGO

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STICK

THE Npoulounai wood sweltered in the dulness of African midafternoon. Through the cloister-like grayness of the forest aisles the sunless heat-waves laid, like musty blankets, one atop the other, turning the atmosphere to the humidity of a moist oven. The paroquets had ceased their racking call of the earlier day. A solitary egretta fluttered lazily, then sank to quiet in a berry-bramble. The queer, hooting yell of the koolakamba ape long had died. In the tangled masses of lichens and gray moss which festooned the pandanas and monkey-bread trees, the smaller simians, the oshingui, the mandril, and the marmoset had stilled their chattering to await the relief of dusk; in a thicket of ferns and glung-berries, a leopard stirred uneasily, then returned to its dull slumber. Drowsy rest had seized the wood, wrapping its every occupant in its spell.

But suddenly a stirring seemed to radiate at once from the dead, moldering carpet of grass and boughs which formed the floor of the forest, through the mosses and lichens to the spreading limbs of the trees. A great goliath-beetle scampered across a rotting log, his companions hastening behind him. Out of the dull stillness of a pandanus fluttered a covey of tree-partridges, to drive hurriedly onward into the farther recesses of the forest. In its hiding-place, the green eyes of the leopard glittered—it slunk farther back into its retreat and crouched there, unmoving. A mandril screamed. Its voice was echoed by the "hoo-ooey" of the koolakamba. The scampering form of a wild boar showed for a second, then disappeared in the thicket.

From far away, where the saw-reeds and thick muale stalks of the river parted in the hippopotamus and elephant paths, had come a sound queer to the cloistered wood—that of human voices. Men came forth from the fringe of the river, the black forms of the scampering natives offsetting the two white-garbed Caucasians who led them. Steadily they progressed into the wood, past the thicket where crouched the leopard, zigzagging through the cable-like vines and around the rotting stumps, hastily, yet slowly.

Disturbed, a python slid from its hiding-place beneath a log and started sinuously away. The natives milled for safety. The arm of one of the whites stiffened, as he raised his rifle, but lowered it at the order of his companion.

"Naw! What's the use? He ain't hurting us! He's worse scared than these niggers. Besides, that tree's just ahead!"

"Where?" The first white man looked up quickly.

"The tall one there. That monkey-bread. Hey, Yoongo!"

A native came forth from the crowd of others and stood waiting. A white hand was upraised, pointing toward a giant tree just ahead.

"That's Nygula?"

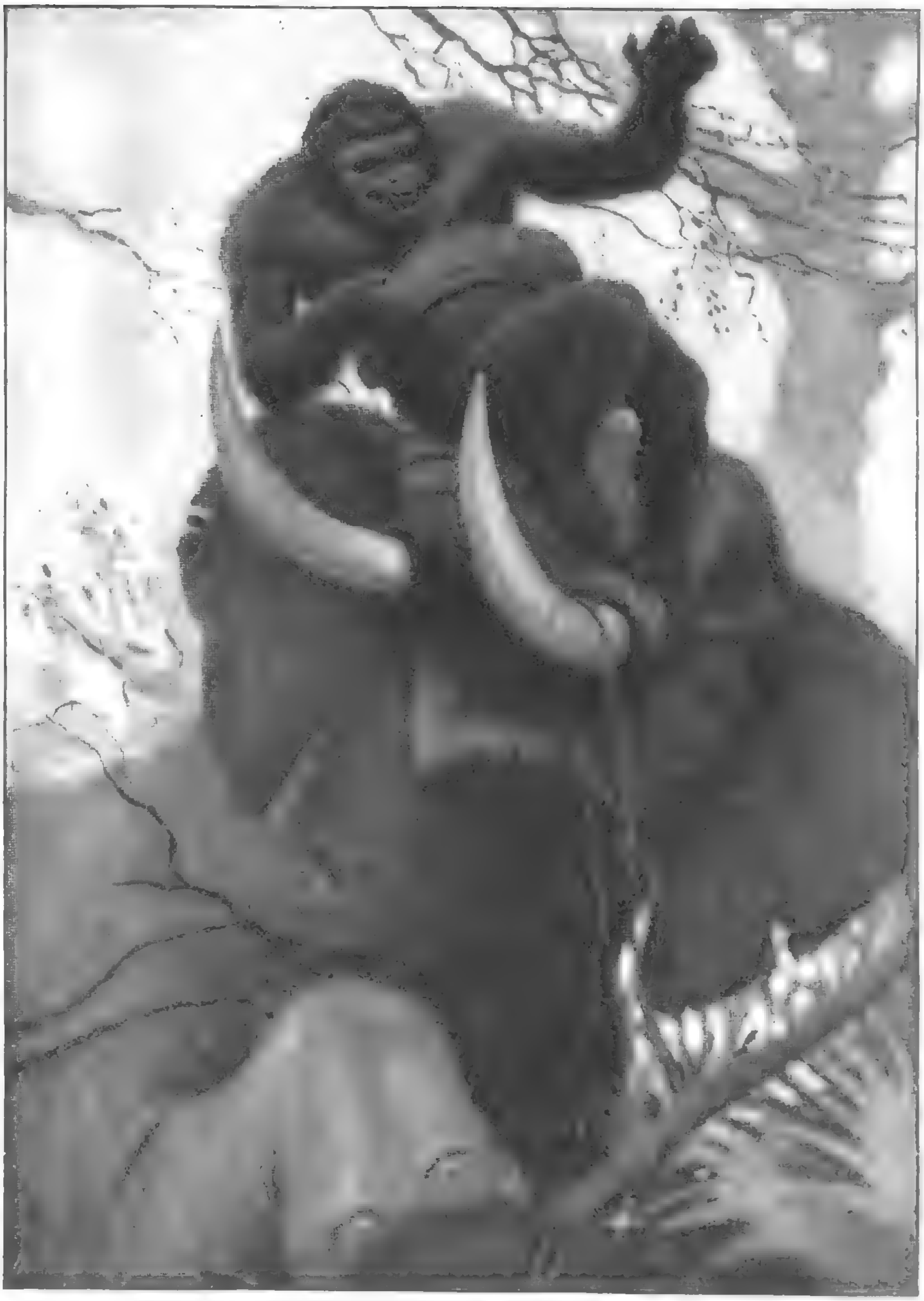
The question caused a sudden bobbing of Yoongo's head. His eyes rolled, displaying the whites broadly.

"Nygula," he repeated excitedly. "Leave alone! Nygula—him Ovenguai!"

"You're crazy——"

"Say, listen, Trevitt"—it was the first white cutting in. "I can understand Bashingi, but not this stuff. Nygula means gorilla—I got that. But what's 'Ovenguai'?"

"Same old stuff, Rallsy—evil spirit. I told you we couldn't get any of these blacks in on a gorilla hunt. They all think a gorilla is an enchanted man, changed by an evil spirit. But I wanted



HOWLING, SQUEALING, TRUMPETING AND ROARING, THEY SMASHED THROUGH THE FOREST, THE GREAT HULK OF THE ROGUE PAWING AT THE VENGEFUL GORILLA.

to show you the place where his nest is. Darn these gnats! Are they biting you?"

"Eating me up. But how about the gorilla? I can't see anything."

Trevitt pointed upward.

"Look up where those dead leaves show. See? That's his nest. I don't think there's a chance in the world of getting him alive—it's a cinch we can't do it without dogs. We'll have to have 'em to trail him. He could sneak out of that nest and swing along through these trees a hundred feet ahead of us and we never would see him—especially with us shining up like a lighthouse with these white suits on. We'll have to black up, head to foot, and bring the dogs."

"Think he's there now?"

"Not a chance!"

"Guess that's so. He probably got out of there the minute he heard us coming. If I could see in there, I'd risk a shot, just to find out if he'd gone. If he was there, it might bring him out and we could have a look at him. That's about all we'll ever get—alive."

Behind them, the blacks were jabbering and motioning. Rallsy turned and scowled at them. They ceased their noise and watched eagerly as he pointed.

"Aim about three feet to the left of that brown spot. That ought to be about the center of the nest."

A booming roar as the glades of the forest echoed and reechoed the shot. The white smoke hung where it had been ejected from the rifle, dissolving slowly in the heavy air. The great forest screamed and chattered and whirred again with a sudden excitement—then drowsily stilled. From above no sign of life had come; only a few leaves fluttered to the moldy earth. The white men shook their heads and turned to their natives.

"Go back," Rallsy ordered of Yoongo. "No use. Have to get dogs. He got away before we were even across the river."

AS THEY departed into the tall meshes of the saw-reeds, the wood screamed, then quieted into sleep again, sleep, torpid, tropical, afternoon sleep that morphinated everything—except that cluster of leaves and boughs into which the shot had torn a moment before.

There, a giant creature, his black face wrinkled and puzzled, sat looking first at the hole in the roof of his nest, then at a burning streak of white upon a tremendous forearm. The skin of his brow twitched; his small, gray eyes, set in their black caverns, stared aimlessly. His lips were pursed far outward from his canine teeth and he uttered a queer, gurgling cry as he turned to where his drowsy mate lay, their baby suckling at her breast. The cry was echoed dully from her and she raised a hand to stroke her young. The great form of the male shifted. Beneath the black hair of his body, the hulking muscles stiffened and rounded. Cautiously he peered outward, then upward. Again he uttered the low, cooing cry. Then with what seemed to be a sudden order, he swung to a branch beneath and started to the ground. A moment of waiting and the mate followed, the brown form of her child clinging to her heavy shoulders as she swung from bough to bough and vine to vine in the descent.

In the moss-tangled roots at the foot of the tree, the male waited, moving his heavy, black head slowly from side to side, peering first toward the recesses of the wood, then toward the lighter space which told of the muales and the river. Once he straightened his long arms, with their great, black, wrinkled hands swinging slowly at his misshapen knees. Then he turned, and with a short, rumbling order, went to all fours again, and started away, his long arms, resting on their knuckles, hitching along like great crutches, his eyes set with interest and wonderment. Hurriedly he moved, and as he scrambled out of the way of a more frightened wart-hog, he looked over his shoulder, to see that his mate had stopped and with her young was feeding at the berry-bramble. Then he went on.

He hesitated at a great log where the footprints of the hunters showed for the first time, and squatting, sat there staring. Suddenly, remembering the seared spot on his forearm, he sucked at it and cooed over it a second. Then he went to his feet and his knuckles again and started once more toward the river.

But only the hippopotamus paths were to be seen, with a dim view of the river beyond. The gorilla parted the heavy reeds, almost as large as his arms, looked here and there aimlessly, fanned away the mosquitoes, which, disturbed, had swarmed around him, and finally raised himself to his feet. Long he stood there, waving his long arms about him, as though undecided whether to go back or proceed. The curiosity of the ape was strong upon him, yet in the dimness of the reed aisles there might lurk many things, and the instinct of suspicion was keenly alert. Once again he sucked at the seared place on his arm, then held it before him in wonderment. The thing that had cut its burning way across the hide had been invisible—and that puzzled him.

Suddenly it was all forgotten. From far away had come the call of his mate, the danger call, only to be drowned in the crackling of the reeds as a plunging leopard shot by and headed straight for the river. A flock of partridges whirred over him as he turned hurriedly back to the wood. The skin had furled back from his yellow teeth. A barking yowl came from his snapping jaws. His stiffened arms moving stiltlike, traveled faster and faster as he crutched himself along toward the direction from which the cry had come. The sound from the distance had been repeated.

A popping-eyed wart-hog ran blindly into him, squealed wildly as the tremendous hand of the gorilla batted him far to one side, then scampered on. All through the wood the afternoon quiet had turned to the tensest excitement. There were calls, screams, yowls, and activity. Birds fluttered here and there; a dwarf-antelope plunged into the red-blossomed foliage of the brushwood and out again. The gorilla, his heavy head low between his shoulders, his small, sharp ears twitching, the barking yowl of his voice growing louder, increased his speed. For the call of his mate had come again—and this time it was more than a call of danger, it was the gurgling, shrieking scream of distress.

A knoll—and the cause of the forest's excitement became evident. A sharp twitching pain caught the gorilla suddenly in the palm of one hand. With a quick motion he slapped it against a tree-trunk and killed the malignant form that had clung to his flesh—the advance-guard of a file of bashikouay, or ranger ants, the horror of the forest. A short distance before him there showed others, creeping along the vines and tendrils of the vegetation. A moment more and there would appear the long file of the main army, stretching for miles in their thin, winding stream, marching on their destructive way to nowhere, driving to the right and to the left every form of animal, bird and insect life in their pathway, and cleaning to the shining bones the carcass of anything that fell before them. But the gorilla hardly saw. Again and again had sounded the scream of his mate, while mingling with it there echoed a queer, high-noted trumpeting blast—the cry of an elephant in battle.

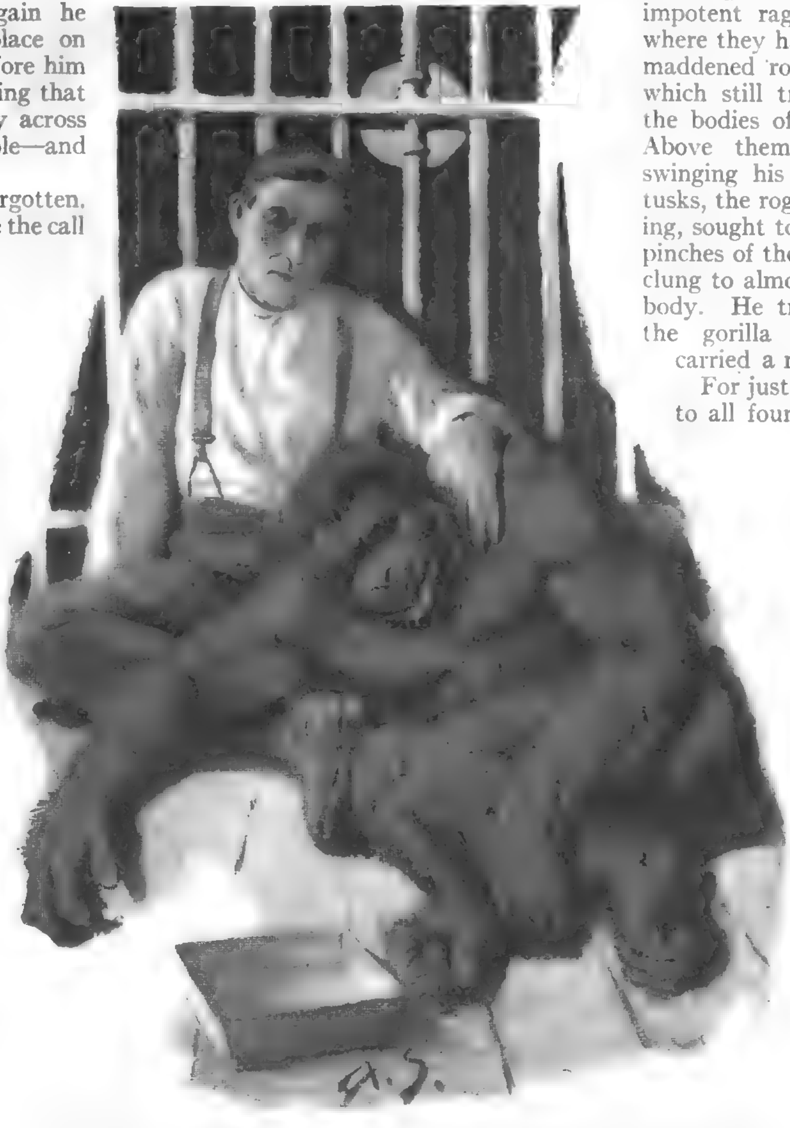
On the other side of a great, rotted stump there curved and swerved the omnivorous column of ant life; but the gorilla plunged through it blindly, and limping, fought against the stinging bites of the insects that fastened themselves upon him. Just beyond the turn, where he had left her, the calls of his mate were growing weaker. A few low boughs presented themselves and the gorilla leaped from the ground to swing from limb to limb, swifter. Then to the ground again as the cries from beyond grew fainter—a sudden plunge through the vine-strung underbrush and then——

The gorilla raised and beat his great hand against his breast in screaming, impotent rage. Before him, crushed where they had sought to pass an ant-maddened rogue or solitary elephant, which still trampled their forms, lay the bodies of his mate and his child. Above them, turning and twisting, swinging his trunk above his bloody tusks, the rogue, his beady eyes gleaming, sought to squirm from the crazing pinches of the thousands of ants which clung to almost every inch of his huge body. He trumpeted wildly—and to the gorilla every note of the call carried a maddening challenge.

For just a second the big ape sank to all fours. Then raising himself, his fists again beating drum-like at his breast, his long teeth dripping saliva, his brow moving rapidly over his reddening eyes, he advanced to the attack.

Harder and harder his hands thundered upon his resounding chest, while the bristling forelock of stiff hair above his eyes shook and twitched in unison with the jerking skin beneath. A staccato bark came into his voice, running out into a bellowing roar which seemed to shake the forest. Before him the rogue whirled, accepted the cry of battle and with trunk raised, waited for the inevitable.

The pounding of the giant's chest



TENDERLY HE DREW THE HEAD OF THE BIG APE TO HIM, STROKING AWAY THE DULL ACHE.

ceased. He swayed almost unsteadily, evaded the main file of the bashikouay as the all-devouring insects swerved their course to attack the two bodies near them, leaped to a small branch of a monkey-bread, then to a higher limb, and with a guttural, gurgling roar, plunged through the air toward the head of his opponent.

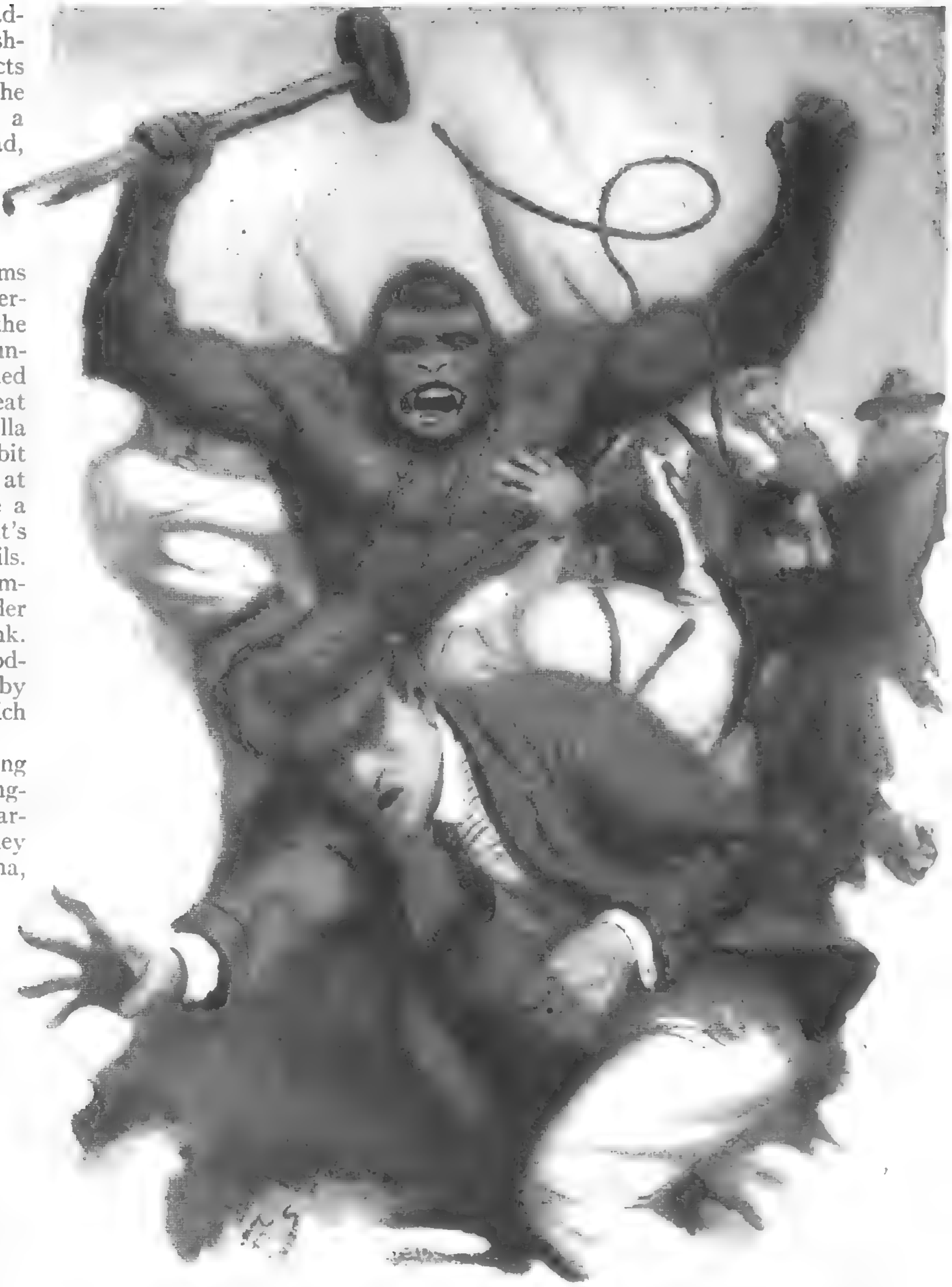
The crashing jumble of forms smashed on through the forest, veering and swaying, the great hulk of the trumpeting rogue splintering the underbrush and saplings as it stumbled blindly about, pawing with its great forehoofs at the vengeful gorilla which snagged at its eyes and bit and bellowed and tore aimlessly at anything that was flesh. Once a long hand grasped at the elephant's tongue and ripped it with its nails. Again the long fangs jagged the comparatively tender skin of the under side of the pachyderm's trunk. Savagely they fought, their blood-crazed minds maddened the more by the biting, stinging insects which swarmed upon them.

Howling, squealing, trumpeting and roaring, they swerved and banged their way through the forest, tearing the ants from them as they scraped through great webs of liana, rolling, tumbling, tossing and rocking onward and back again, plowing great furrows in the tangled vegetation, echoing their cries and roars and redoubling them.

Again and again, as they fought onward to the saw-toothed reeds of the river and back again, the trunk of the rogue curled, only to recoil at the impact of the gorilla's fangs, then to resume the attack again. At last, safe beneath the beast's armpits it went, and clutched about his muscular, twitching body. The hairy form was whirled in the air as the rogue swung swiftly about, to be followed by a crashing impact as the head of the snarling ape struck a tree trunk.

The gorilla's eyes rolled, his tongue fell between his fangs, his great hands loosened, his muscles relaxed. A second more and the elephant gave a great toss of his head and loosed his trunk, to send the limp form of his antagonist high into the crotch of a baobab, there to hang distended and seemingly lifeless, as the rogue, his mouth and trunk streaming blood, lumbered hurriedly away, while the file of the bashikouay suddenly veered to devour the gore of the contest.

An hour more and the leaves of the forest floor were clean of blood, while far back in the foliage lay the half-devoured forms of a female gorilla and its child. High up in the crotch of the baobab, the male still hung unconscious, a tiny trickle of blood dripping from its nostrils.

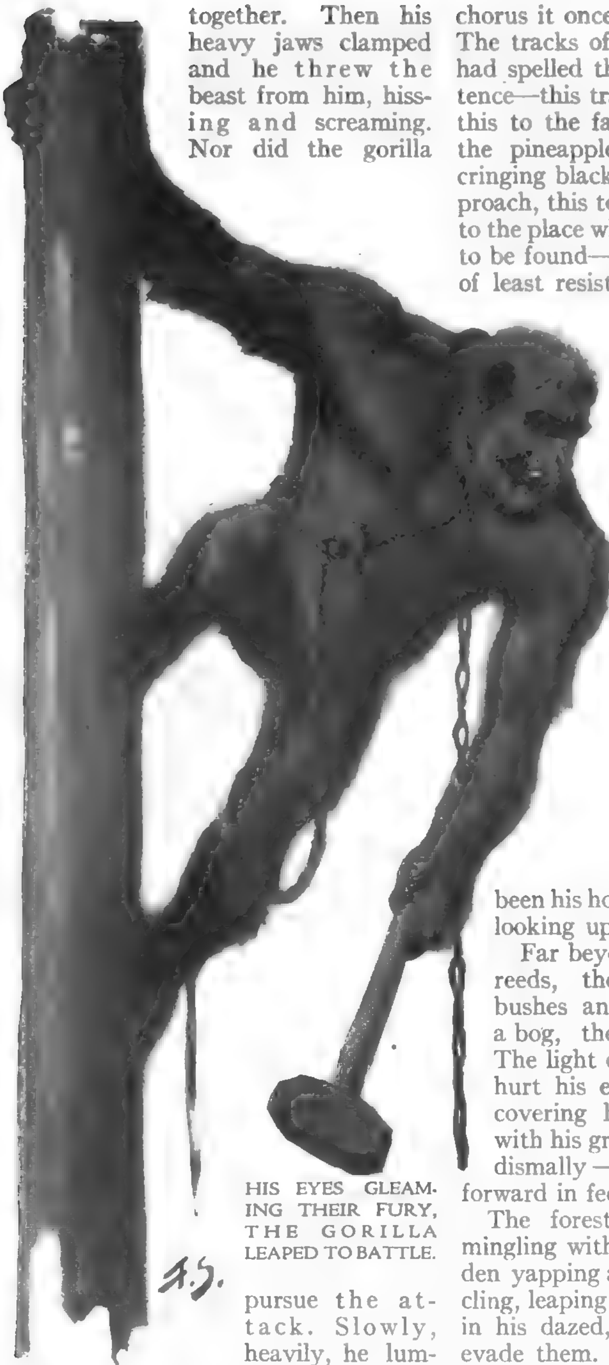


WITH ONE PULL OF HIS FREE HAND HE BROKE THE ROPE AND PLUNGED INTO THE TENT OF SCREAMING, FEAR-MADDENED PEOPLE.

IT WAS black night before the limp form in the tree stirred. The ants had gone, and the forest was whirring and chirping with the swarms of insect and bat life that awoke with the cool of darkness. Slowly, with the first movement, the form of the gorilla slid from its position and fell to the soft mattress of vegetation beneath. The fall more revived it than otherwise; a stiffened movement or two and the beast opened its bloodshot eyes to stare dully at the blackness about it. Dazedly its hands went to its head, and it howled in a whining, drooling way. The eyes seemed starting from their sockets, there was a pounding in the gorilla's head that he never before had known.

With clearer consciousness, the pain grew greater. There came the stinging sensation of the insect bites which covered his body. As he howled and drooled, his thick tongue sagged over his canine teeth, heavy and lacerated and sore. A circling bat whirred toward him and struck him in the face. It increased the aching of his drumming head and he beat his hands savagely in the air at the agony of it.

Staggering blindly, the gorilla rose and stumbled forth into the forest, as though to escape the pain which had fastened itself upon him. Now and then he squatted, and, beating his great hands together, moaned piteously. Once, as he rose, a form leaped at him, its claws digging into the flesh of his neck; instinctively his great hands seized the paws and pulled them tight



HIS EYES GLEAMING THEIR FURY, THE GORILLA LEAPED TO BATTLE.

together. Then his heavy jaws clamped and he threw the beast from him, hissing and screaming. Nor did the gorilla pursue the attack. Slowly, heavily, he lumbered on, leaving behind him the writhing, yowling form of a black-spotted leopard striving to walk on its mangled forelegs and crying its fury to the jungle.

Hours. Once the gorilla fell and lay unconscious. Again, dazed by the racking pain of his head, he reeled into the stagnant waters of the marsh and wallowed there. The coolness seemed to strengthen him. He lifted a wet hand to his face, then suddenly lowered his head to drink, but the water was bitter and he spat it out. Leeches clung to him as he struggled again to dry land. He slapped at them aimlessly, and, still whining, went on.

The quick-shifting night of the equator vanished into dawn, bringing with it the squawking, jabbering early-morning life of the forest. The gorilla, dazed and groping, heard it all only as a jumble of sounds, not as the distinctive chorus it once had represented to him. The tracks of the forest that formerly had spelled the various phases of existence—this track to the banana-grove, this to the far-away plantation where the pineapples grew and where the cringing blacks fled in terror at his approach, this to the spring and the other to the place where the juicy tondos were to be found—they were now only lines of least resistance leading nowhere in particular. That crashing blow on the head, received as the rogue elephant had whirled him about the afternoon before, had wiped out memory completely. He did not even know why his head ached and throbbed so; he passed the torn vegetation where the struggle had taken place without even a glance. The clean, white bones of his mate and child, eaten bare by the marauding bashikouay, meant nothing to him as he stared at them; he reeled past the great tree that had been his home for years without even looking up or recognizing the place.

Far beyond, he stumbled into the reeds, the creepers, the thorny bushes and stinging razor-grass of a bog, then stumbled out again. The light of day, becoming stronger hurt his eyes, and he stood erect, covering his black, wrinkled face with his great hands. He moaned, dismally — then suddenly started forward in feeble, helpless panic.

The forest was screaming, while, mingling with the noise came the sudden yapping and snarling of dogs, circling, leaping before him as he sought in his dazed, lumbering condition, to evade them. He dropped to all fours again and sought to run—the former terror of the forest suddenly turned coward. But the gray and black forms of the dogs were up before him, cutting off the retreat. Up to his feet again, sagging blindly, like a drunken man. His arms moved and he sought to beat his breast—why, he did not know—but the great shoulders were weak and the pain-racked brain failed in its commands. He slouched forward, whining faintly as more forms came into the line of his bleared vision. Shouting voices called to the dogs, things ran and jumped about him, a sinuous something circled in the air, settled over his body and pulled tight, pinioning his big arms to his sides. He struggled vainly; he jerked and pulled, while the shouts grew louder and the dogs snarled and snapped at his staggering legs. Vainly he plunged, while his brain crackled with the pain of the exertion. He coughed, in a racking, tearing manner. Then, with a gurgling moan, he fell unconscious.

IT WAS on board a rocking little vessel, bounding along in the choppy water off Cape Lopez, West Central Africa, that the gorilla came to full consciousness. For a week he had lived in a condition that lay half between sleep and death, half reviving while men jerked and pulled at him, forcing food and water between his heavy jaws, cursing him in a good-natured way, and dragging him about as they fashioned his cage and put about his neck a heavy chain.. Of all this the gorilla had been dimly cognizant, like a person between wakefulness and sleep — unresisting. But now he was fully awake, staring between the bars of the heavy steel cage which surrounded him, while, outside, a grinning, little one-eyed man stood looking in at him and talking.

"By golly, I thought for a while you was goin' t' die on us!" he chattered. "Feelin' better, Ol' Kid—eh? Think you'd like t' sink your teeth int' somethin' t' eat?"

The gorilla naturally only stared at him; but there was neither fear nor nervousness nor enmity in the look. In fact it did not feel at all strange to the big animal to be cooped up in the cage, nor to see this strange being before him, making faces and jabbering. Nothing seemed strange; the bounding motion of the ship, the sea, discernible through the porthole; in his mind were no memories, save those of fevered wanderings and barking dogs and strange shapes; and they were all too vague for discernment. There was nothing by which to make comparisons, no instinctive memory to prompt hatred or fear—they all had been wiped out by that crashing blow in the forest. And so, the gorilla neither beat his breast nor barked in defiance at his chattering, grinning visitor, but merely sat doubled on his haunches, staring with amiable curiosity at the figure before him. A sudden twinge went through his brain as he raised a hand to his head with a low whine. The little man became suddenly solicitous.

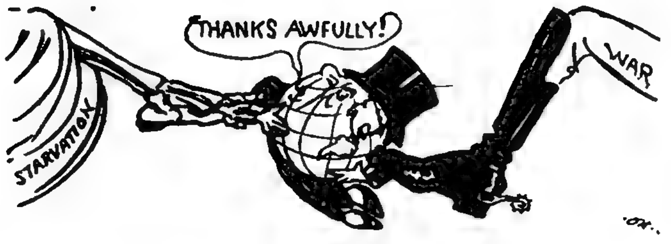
"Head hurt?" he asked, moving closer. "Don't blame us for that. You had it when we got you, Ol' Kid. We never done it. Think you could eat somethin'—huh? Ain't goin' t' cut up, are you?"

Quite cautiously he moved nearer to the cage, his eyes watching the gorilla closely, his muscles taut for a spring to safety. But the great beast behind the bars only watched curiously, and made no move. The little man extended a hand and placed it against a bar of the cage. But still no motion came from the gorilla. Slowly the freckled person touched the hide of the big beast where it pressed against the side of the cage,

(*Continued on page 136*)

PEN AND INKLINGS

By Oliver Herford



A Silent Protest

I HEREBY enter a Silent Protest against having to write about Thanksgiving on a ninety-in-the-shade day in August, even if it *doesn't* come out until November.

¡ ¡

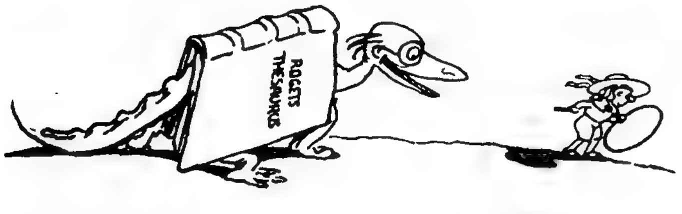
Inverted Exclamation Points, to indicate Silence, are an invention of my own. Doctor Roget, to be sure, in his well-known "Thesaurus," gives "Silence" as the antithesis of "Exclamation," but apparently it never occurred to the old Word Specialist that the typographic symbol of Silence is, therefore, the inverted Exclamation Point.

Strange what a difference it makes when one stand on one's head!

If a Duchess were to stand on her head in Trafalgar Square, few people would say she was a Duchess, and nobody would think she was a lady.

If President Wilson should stand on his head at the corner of Broadway and Forty-Second street, people might hesitate between the two Billys—Sunday and Hearst—they might even think it was Mr. Bryan, but one would have a hard time convincing them that it was Woodrow Wilson.

And these Exclamation Points—now I see them for the first time, they look no more like Exclamations than—what shall I say?—than Senator La Follette looks like a real American.



Speaking of the "Thesaurus," why does a harmless, doddering, dog-eared old Pachyderm like that go round with such a ferocious-sounding name? Long before I became proficient in Greek, Thesaurus figured in my childish brain as the name of some terrifying Prehistoric Reptile.

Nor was I so far wrong in my infant preconception. Monster it surely is, though not as yet totally extinct.

Galumphing, wallowing, snorting and splashing through synonymic swamps and metaphoric marshes, it goes its way, feeding on dead roots and derivatives, twittering anciently as may have twittered the Archeopteryx when the Earth was in its First Edition, and the first Critic (who by a happy coincidence was also the Author) pronounced it "Good."

Nevertheless, for all its "*Jabbering, Chattering, Prating, Prattling, Cackling, Clacking, Twaddling, Twattling, Rattling, Blabbering, Bibble-babbling,* and *Gibble-gabbling,*" the "Thesaurus" is a companionable old thing when tamed. I have kept one for years, and taught it many pleasing tricks, such as balancing a sugared Bromide on the end of its nose, playing "dead" and the like; but beware, gentle reader (or writer), if you be caught in a verbal quagmire, let you not hope, for all his friendly antics, that he will help you out!

Better you had never seen him; he will only push you deeper into the mire.

THE KNEE-PLUS ULTRA AT PALM BEACH

Mother, may I go out to swim?
Oh, yes, my darling daughter;
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb
And send for a reporter.

Every Stop-the-War Cloud Has a German-Silver lining.

WANTED—AN AUTHOR

(The following was sent unsigned. The Author is under suspicion, and is being watched.)

Then up spoke the King of Siam:
"For the Kaiser I don't give a damn!
No! by Allah's Gold Slipper,
I prefer Jack the Ripper!
You say I'm Pro-Alley? I AM!"

Like a shore-laden breeze to a slave of the galley
Came this Limerick Lilt of our Siamese alley.
Who wrote it? Don Marquis? Or was it O'Malley?
With Markham or Masters the style doesn't tally.
And it's much too recherché for Richard Le Gallie,
It sounds like the Don, yet it might be O'Malley,
Nothing flipsy about it, or flimp or fal-lally!
Could be sung in a Trench or a Temperance Rally.
To send it free-gratis was certainly pally;
If it wasn't Don Marquis, it *must* be O'Malley!

The Mote and the Beam

It is all very well to cut the Kaiser out of the school-books, but what about the references to John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, and other unquestionably honest gentlemen as the men who *framed* the Constitution of the United States?

Is it not possible that it was the misleading suggestion that the Constitution was framed that sowed the first seeds of distrust, now ripening into the deadly fruit of anarchy and I. W. W.-ism?

O TEMPORA! O MORRIS!

The Mid-Victorian Maiden meek,
Was shy and timid as a plover.
And should a ruffian even speak
Of hose, would blush and fly to cover.

To-day (if she has Silk Ones on)
The Maid of Nineteen-Seventeen
Will fly to dangle them upon
The Cover of a Magazine.

MUSICIAN PERCY GRAINGER, U.S.A.

By Robert Van Buren

THIS DISTINGUISHED PIANIST AND COMPOSER IS NOW MUSICIAN TO UNCLE SAM, IN THE FIFTEENTH BAND, C. A. C.

“WHO?” said the solid-looking sergeant at the gate of Fort Hamilton.

“Percy Grainger—George Percy Aldridge Grainger. He's an eminent pianist,” I repeated.

His sober gray American eye looked me over. I seemed serious—about those first names, too. Only timid, like anybody wanting to go into a real fort these days.

“Well,” rubbing his chin with a noise like sandpaper, and losing interest as two Brooklyn girls with pink parasols peered in at the gate, “try down there—that long building. That's band quarters.”

I did. The low wooden shack sagged under the weight of a great, shiny, grand piano in one corner. A long, oilcloth-covered table stretched down the length of the room. On it were arranged twenty-eight massive plates, face down, and inverted on these, as many huge cups, guarded on either side by tinny knives and forks. Tableware indeed—for the artistic temperaments of a jazz band. But for that Apollo-like, golden-haired youth whom I had heard a last winter's evening in Carnegie Hall sending out of his piano the bars of the Saint-Saëns “Concerto in G Minor,” as I had never heard them before—?

But there was no mistake. In the center of the shack were two dazzling and dangerous-looking contraptions of steel and wood. Ah, the famous “infernal machines!” The steel marimba, the marimba-xylophone, if not the nabimba itself! Grainger's here—all here, sure enough, I thought. And on a poster on the wooden wall I read:

“Percy Grainger, the eminent Australian pianist, will give a series of concerts throughout the country for the benefit of the Red Cross.”

I looked around again at the imperishable tableware, and wondered——

WHEN I found him, later, I began to understand. The flowing locks are gone; the khaki is severe and strange; but the artist, his boyish humanity, the sunny, affectionate quality that rings in his piano touch—are unchanged. A wonderful adaptability and love of life. Australians are like that. “They are like you Americans,” he says. “You are such an affectionate people. Your popular music is so hearty and affectionate. Walt Whitman is still in you. You do everything enthusiastically; and you like almost everything—but you do not prize it; you do not feel the need of keeping it—yet.”

“He, at any rate, knows how to love everything,” I thought, watching his genial blue eyes and recalling the dreadnought crockery, the marimba, and his “Gumsucker's March,” and the Liszt rhapsody I once heard him play—and the fact that he is still unmarried. He loves everything; preserves it; and is self-sufficient with it.

And I thought of his cosmopolitan life. Grainger was born in Melbourne, Victoria, thirty-five years ago, of a well-known architect and a musical mother. He began to play at five; studied music with his mother till he was ten; was educated at Frankfort-am-Main; came to London at seventeen; and since has given many hundreds of concerts in Great Britain, Holland, Scandinavia, Russia, Austria, Germany, Switzerland, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand—as many as a hundred and fifty a year. He has received several Royal Commands and performed before fourteen Royalties. A keen student of Scandinavian, Old Icelandic, Dutch and Polynesian languages. An eager collector of the folk-songs, sea chanteys and native music of British, Polynesian, African, Australian and Scandinavian peoples. A lover of and believer in the popular music of everywhere. A rare breadth of life, of work, of interest and taste.

That, then, was the key. Why, of all things and all places, that afternoon at three Percy Grainger was blowing the oboe among his messmates of the indestructible crockery, at the concert of the Fifteenth Band, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A. To your wonder at that transition he says simply: “My father was an invalid for years, and totally dependent upon me. When he died, I enlisted—here, because I love America, its generous humanitarianism, its wondrous kindliness and broad tolerance. I took out my first papers soon after I arrived, and wish to make America my home. It is only natural that, in times of trial like these, the musician should long to pass on to others, in as broad, as public, as democratic a manner as possible, that message of calm comfort, optimism and courage that is the very soul of music, whether it be of Bach or Wagner or Chopin, or of a military band playing ‘Somewhere on Broadway’ or ‘Over There.’ My life in the army here is deeply happy, and I should be content to remain here always.”

And as I listened, wondering still at this fine willingness, I thought: “There must be a mother somewhere about.”

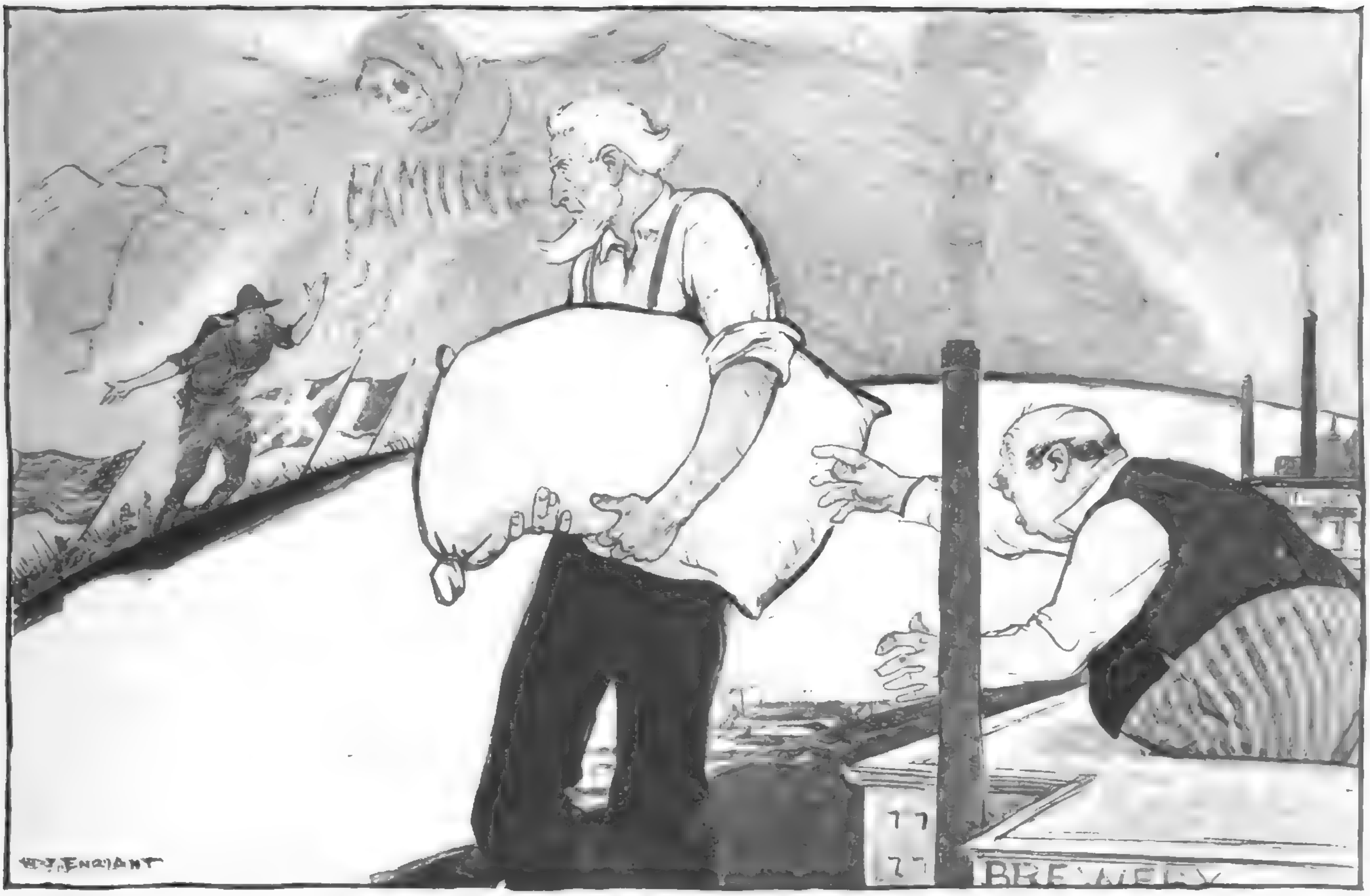
There was, and has been, always, everywhere. Even to the gates of Fort Hamilton, and within, she is near him, through the hospitality of the bandmaster Mr. Rocca Resta. And when she came in, I understood Percy Grainger, at home in khaki, playing an oboe in the Fifteenth Band, C. A. C.

It was she, in the first place, who had, as he said, made music and him inseparable and “through its strange mystery made his life joyous and satisfying,” regardless of place or circumstance. It is she, I think, who has made him, in all corners of the world, always “at home.” And it is she, of course, who by making him an Australian, made it so easy and natural for him to love America.

Yet it was she who, after he had gone, said, with a suspicion of dimness in her eyes:

“But it is all so strange. I look out of the window and see him in his uniform—and it is all so strange.”

It is, Mrs. Grainger, it is indeed.



FOOD MADE INTO DRINK IS THE MOST DRAMATIC PHASE OF WASTE IN THIS COUNTRY. IT IS WASTE OF THE BLOOD OF OUR SOLDIERS.

FOOD FOR DRINK

By Maude Radford Warren

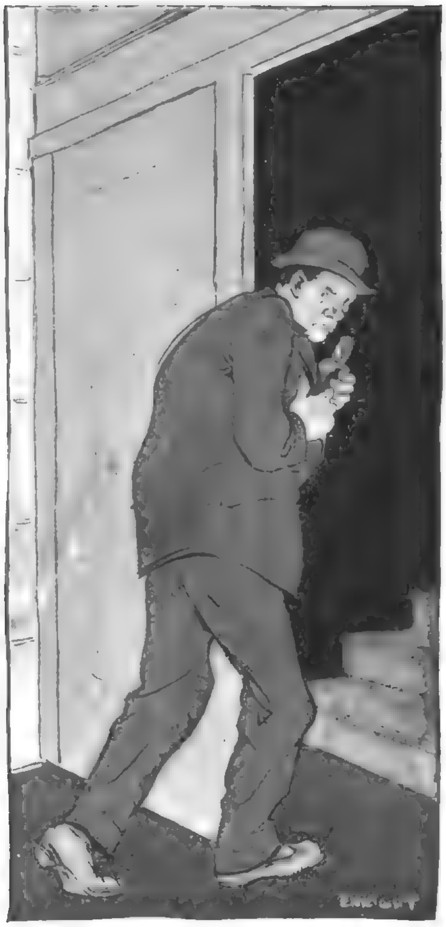
CARTOONS BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT

A SHORT time since, at 9:25 P. M. the interesting and darkened streets about Victoria Station, London, were thronged with people and vehicles. Voices were subdued a little, like the lights; not so color and bright eyes, sociability and pleasure. Joy was being snatched under the ribs of death. The one sad note was introduced by an ancient veteran of the Crimean War, clad in his Chelsea pensioner's long coat of brilliant scarlet; he drifted, rather than walked, through the crowd in khaki, with his head bent. Silence followed in his wake. He had been ready to die for his country once, and now he was an old, old man, indifferent to the greatest national crisis England had ever known. It may be that the young soldiers who looked after him reflected that it was not the worst lot for a man to die in the green strength of his youth.

The crowd was densest in front of a public house. Soldiers with a gratified thirst stood there at ease, lounging and talking. Very young, hero-worshiping girls, with no thirst at all except for glory, stood in groups, avoiding the glances of the white-badged "uplift" ladies, who were trying, by more or less silent influence, to protect them from the bitter lees which so often lie at the bottom of the beaker called Romance. The girls were waiting for the soldiers to come out of the public house, for the moment of closing was due in five minutes and that was the time groups instinctively re-formed and divided into couples. In the semi-darkness, busses and taxis sped by; constables in cloaks regulated the traffic as expertly as if it were daylight, and groups of soldiers sifted here and there—Australians with their wide hats perkily turned up at the side, maple-leafed Canadians, and Scotchmen in kilts and caps.

Presently a shouting and cursing arose at the center of the intersecting streets. People turned, peering and gaping. Streaking straight through the traffic, regardless of thundering trucks and sliding cabs and obstructing pedestrians, came a Scotchman. His eyes were glassy and staring; his kilts were flying; his knees were twinkling. On he came, straight for the public house. If he could get a hand on a glass of his national vodka by 9:29½, he was saved. Would he make it? A group of ribald Americans cheered him on, yelling at him in race-track fashion. His fellow Scotchmen silently made way for him, and some of them even pushed people out of his path. But they did not cheer; it was a matter too deep for sounds. On came Sandy; panting, glaring, he leaped through the door, and a sympathizer from over the seas who followed him reported that at 9:29¾ he had a strong Highland paw curled around three fingers of Scotch. The Early Closing Law, thanks to good sprinting, had been respected—but nevertheless, the trench had been taken and the day saved.

If Sandy had arrived at 9:31, he would not have been served with drink—no, not if he had tried to bribe the barmaid with a promise of a German helmet, a souvenir which would mean to her what a diamond tiara would to a prima donna. And if, conceivably, the barmaid had been willing to misread the clock, she would have been afraid to, for the young potboy's eyes were on it and on her. And



ENGLISH WORKMEN WERE SMUGGLING LIQUOR INTO YARDS AND FACTORIES.

supposing both employees had been willing to go astray, they would not have dared, for behind them stood the proprietor. The fine one or all three of these would have been liable to was five hundred dollars and six months' imprisonment.

Nor if Sandy had gone so far as to offer to treat one of them would they have yielded. They would not have cared to be in the position of a group from the Bell and Bird-Cage Public House who, that same day, had been sentenced in court to fines of two hundred and ninety-five dollars for breaking the anti-treating law. One Ernest Stockley, the owner, had been fined two hundred and ten dollars; Emily Wyatt, the barmaid, two and a half dollars; H. Trice, who ordered the drink, fifty dollars, and the two who were treated, two and a half dollars each. The good old art of offering the price of your children's shoes in drink to a casual acquaintance is dying out perforce.

England's Greatest Enemy

HOW did the English public, notoriously wedded to its beer, ever come to such complaisance? Because otherwise, and if drinking had continued at the rate at which it had been going, England, without doubt, would have caused the Allies to lose the war. Three of our allies, England, France and Russia, have faced and settled, perhaps permanently, their drink problem. We are facing our own, and must settle it or compromise with it for the duration of the war. Whatever disposition we make of it, the experience of England ought to be enlightening.

This is how its drink problem dawned on the British public. First, voices crying in the wilderness, from the king's voice down to humble folk in Whitechapel. The king, who like Lord Kitchener, gave up liquor in the beginning of the war, said it was largely due to drink that England was unable to secure the output of indispensable war materials, and that the continuance of such a state of things would prolong the horrors and burdens of war. Lord Roberts said that drink was prejudicial to the English chances of victory. Mr. Asquith said that from ten to fifteen per cent. of the first men enlisted were unfitted for service through drink.

Mr. Lloyd George wrote:

"We are fighting Germany, Austria and drink, and so far as I can see the greatest of these deadly foes is drink." And again:

"Drink is doing us more damage in the war than all the German submarines put together."

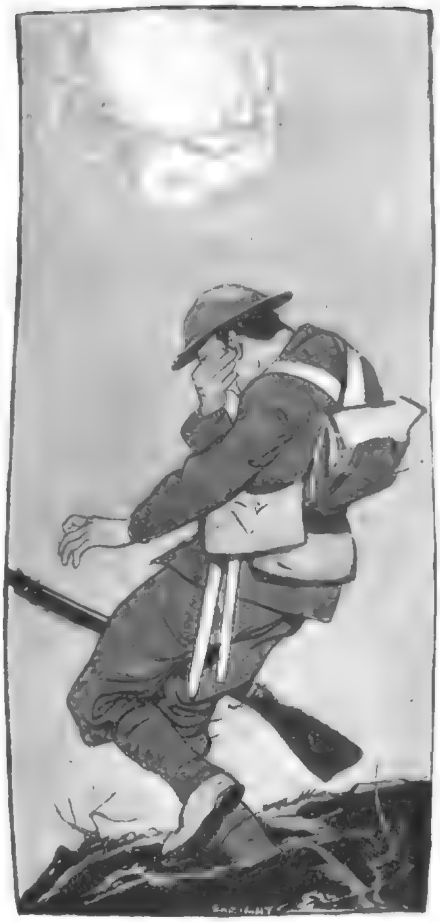
Admiral Jellicoe and Admiral Tudor stated the harm that drink was doing the sailors. Far-sighted patriots uttered tense warnings. And all the time, another kind of patriotism hounded out of business the German shopkeepers, but tolerated the more menacing enemy of drunkenness. The tolerance took for a time the extraordinary form of not allowing the wives of soldiers and sailors to be charged with drunkenness except after the first or second offense. This grotesque indulgence is about as smashing a comment as could be made on the British respect for Drink the Aristocratic Moneymaker.

The Awakening

BUT the conscience and common sense of England were at work. Parliament was flooded with memorials, and not only from temperance and religious bodies. In the beginning of 1915 deputations of employers from the north urged a change in the liquor trade; deputations of the shipbuilders even suggested total prohibition as a war emergency.

Thus the British public woke up to the fact that all their heavy losses at the front were not due to remarkably equipped Germans, to lack of munitions and to insufficient preparations. It became able to appreciate that through drink it was losing in food, munitions, shipping, transport service, money, and, above all, in the lives of the soldiers.

First, food: during the first year of the war, the English destroyed in the making of drink an average of a million and a half tons of food and feeding stuffs. I realized that somewhat when I had translated it into 37,500 freight-cars full of food, stretching from New York about two-thirds of the way to Buffalo. The land used in making the drink was a million acres.



AND ENGLISH SOLDIERS WERE DYING AT THE FRONT.

But more vital were the terrible losses through drunkenness in labor, affecting especially munitions, shipbuilding, and transport service. Here are some of the facts, all to be found either in White Papers or else given on the authority of leading officials.

The emphasis comes first on labor and transport. The work of the country received an appalling setback due to temporarily increased drinking on the part of workmen who were receiving higher wages than they had ever dreamed of. Before the war, manufacturers had not been especially impeded by drunkenness on the part of their laborers, for if one dropped out, it was easy to find a substitute. But now there were no capable substitutes. Every working hour of every laborer was needed.

Germany's Silent Ally

FOR instance, during four weeks of March, 1915, 670,000 hours were lost in the ship-building yards of the north—as if hundreds of the best men had struck for days. In one month certain shipyards on the Clyde lost time equal to that of 75,000 men idle for one day. Workmen in munition factories would absent themselves to get drunk, and whole groups would be thrown out owing to the absence of a few necessary men. There was, moreover, the constant saturation of men who never got drunk in the ordinary sense of the word and did not necessarily stay away from work, but who steadily lost their efficiency and were costly to the organization by not being able to do their bit effectively.

The Burden of Waste

ENGLISH workmen were smuggling liquor into yards and factories, and English soldiers were dying at the front. Moreover, the manufacturers, with so much more work to do, were asking for more men, and soldiers were being recalled to factories. And all this time there were hundreds of thousands of men, enough workers to populate the city of Buffalo, who were engaged in the sacred British work of making and selling liquor. Six thousand miners alone were needed to provide the coal necessary to take care of the liquor traffic—and soldiers were being sent from the front to go into the mines! Men being used thus to make the rich of England still richer, while Sir Ian Hamilton, with who knows what anguish of spirit, was making his desperate appeal for a hundred thousand men.

"If this help could be sent at once," he wrote, "we could still clear a passage for our troops to Constantinople."

Further typical facts: One thousand troops were delayed in Southampton on their way to the front owing to drunken firemen. A director of a transport wrote:

"Yesterday the crew of our transport deserted; the same thing happened the day before. The firemen go on board drunk, making it impossible to get up a full head of steam, so endangering the lives of thousands of troops by making the vessel a target for submarines."

A transport officer said that in twenty of the most critical weeks of the war twenty-six ships were delayed off the south coast resulting in the total loss of thirty-four days, and this almost entirely from drink. In the spring of 1915, the superintendent of torpedo-boat destroyers warned the government of delays through drink, and in the summer of 1916 the *Times* correspondent who saw the Jutland battle commented on the shortage of torpedo craft in action. Moreover, in twelve months of the war, 2,400,000 measurement tons of shipping, or 96,000,000 cubic feet of space was used up by the liquor traffic and a few months since was still being used at the rate of 800,000 measurement tons a year.

Visualize that in terms of a string of *Lusitanias* stretching across Queenstown Harbor. Home transport had to be provided for at least 150,000 tons of drink a week; see it in terms of 3,750 cars blocking Broadway and Fifth Avenue three or four deep. Even now, if there were full prohibition in England, it would release enough men to enable 800,000 tons of shipping to be launched every six months.

And while men were being kept from the ranks to make liquor, and drinkers were sacrificing the blood of the soldiers to their own inefficiency, and while there was not enough wheat in England at one time to provide food for six weeks, yet until the Board of Trade stopped them, the brewers bought up wheat to make beer, and the distillers bought up grain to make whisky which had to be kept in bond for three years, when there was already enough whisky to last the nation for six years. The drink trade put up the price of bread and meat and wasted the national working capacity to the tune of $2,000,000,000. Think what that last means—one-tenth of the cost of the war! In Great Britain the drink trade takes daily $2,500,000—one-sixth of the cost of the war—from the public directly, and as much more indirectly through law-courts and prisons, hospitals and workhouses.

And why, in the face of this crying need, did the British Government for so long do nothing? Partly because liquor had become a Sacred Vested Interest.

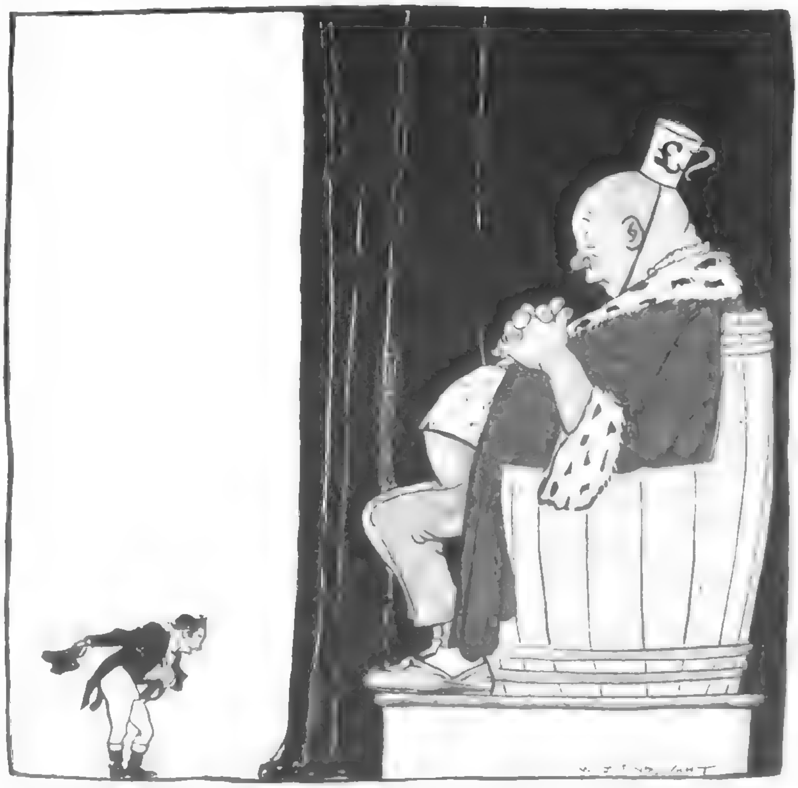
The liquor trade was an agreeable opportunity for the gentleman investor. Once given the prestige, it followed that the country was largely run for the benefit of the brewers, and despite the fairly wise taxation on liquor, the English common man was permitted to drink himself to death if he wished to. There were always plenty of good people to tell him that too much alcohol causes death or ill-health, loss of efficiency, loss of money, and great human misery. But money can be made out of liquor, and therefore it is not the convention to stop the spread of drunkenness as we stop the spread of tuberculosis or smallpox.

Despite all social changes and betterment, drunkenness had not been reduced in Great Britain for thirty or forty years. Indeed, between 1910 and 1914, the consumption of spirits and beer, and the yearly arrests considerably increased. The English workingman hugged his intemperance and the investor drew his increasing dividends. Who, then, was to bell the cat; to come between the Englishman and his beer? The Duke of Wellington tried it about 1830, and had to escape by the roof from his house in Piccadilly while a mob was smashing his windows.

Where We Stand

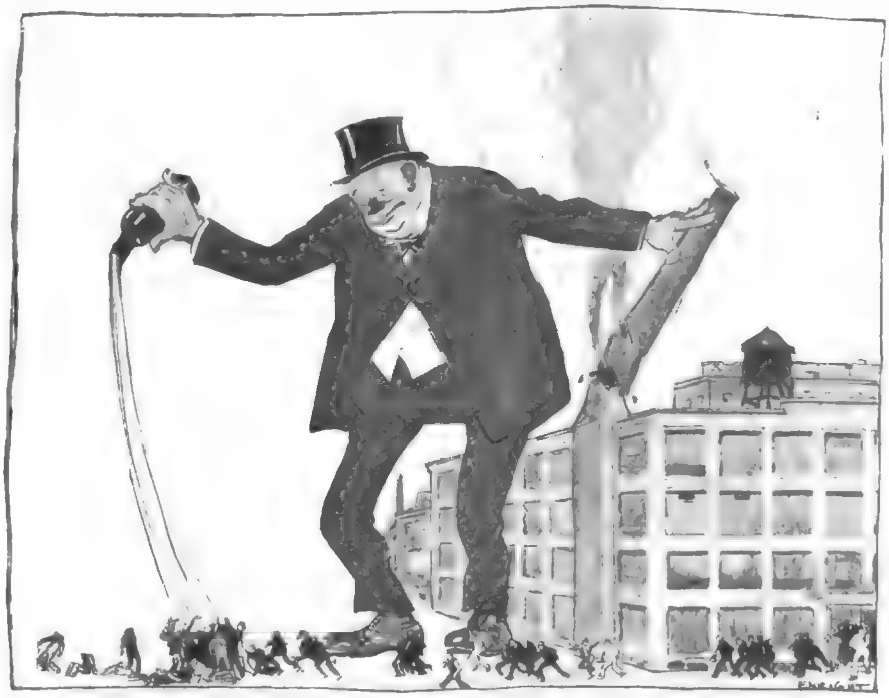
NOW, that was the state of England when she was just where we are now—that is, at the point of starting to do something about the problem. Two handicaps that England faced we shall escape. First, brewing is not here a trade to be revered because it is aristocratic; if we gave it an adjective at all, it would be "German." Second, drinking has not taken hold on our people as it has on the English masses, and we shall not have the appalling loss through drunken workmen that England had.

The main fact that must influence



OLD KING LIQUOR WAS A RESPECTABLE OLD SOUL IN MERRIE ENGLAND.
HE HAD BECOME THE GREAT SACRED VESTED INTEREST.

us in the final direction we give our solution, is that, as we are being constantly reminded, we have to feed our allies as well as ourselves. To do it, we must reduce our waste. The waste in this country is monstrous—in food, in gasoline, in woman service, in almost every product. Food made into drink is only one phase of our waste—the most dramatic phase. The more food we save, the more we help to save the blood of our soldiers.



DRINK WASTED THE NATIONAL WORKING CAPACITY TO THE TUNE OF TWO BILLION DOLLARS A YEAR.

This fact is hard to realize, because, should we partly fail in our obligation to feed our allies, it won't be our people at home who will go hungry; it will be our allies. Now, the longer the war lasts, the more of our men will die. If we can't send over enough food for our allies, their soldiers will have to leave the trenches for the farms, to produce what we fail to send, and more of our soldiers will have to go over to take the place of the withdrawn men. Or else, English and French and Italian soldiers, insufficiently fed, will not be able to do their work effectively. Either way, the war will drag on, and more and more of those gay, brave youths we send over will not come back.

So far as the relation of food and liquor is concerned, here is where we stand: Last year there were over 4,000,000 tons of foodstuff that went into the making of liquor—150,000 freight-cars full. The exact figures are these: For the making of distilled spirits, 32,000,000 bushels of corn, 3,000,000 bushels of rye, 4,500,000 bushels of malt made from barley, and 152,000,000 gallons of molasses; for the manufacture of fermented liquors, 13,000,000 bushels of corn, 54,000,000 bushels of malt, 17,000,000 bushels of barley. Mr. Hoover says that by abolishing beer alone we could save from 50 to 60 millions of bushels of the grain so badly needed by our allies. An eminent political economist says that our production of distilled and fermented liquors means in foodstuffs 22,000,000 loaves of bread a day.

Britain Tackles the Problem

THIS is the way England handled her problem—having waited until ghastly losses had made the public willing to endure a large measure of privation:

First, the government in power made some tentative efforts to solve it, and then handed it over to a Central Control Board liquor traffic, constituted under the Defense of the Realm Act by an Order in Council as a prescribed government authority. It consists of a chairman and some thirteen members. Doubtless the people did not realize it, but when Parliament, to save the war, authorized the establishment of this board, it decreed the destruction of a method and system of licensing which has persisted for about four centuries. That act contained the germs of a social revolution, the conduct of which lay in the hands of the Board.

It was given the power to deal with the liquor traffic in any munitions and transport area in such a way as to obtain complete control. It can sell or supply or control the sale of liquor in any area; can acquire by agreement or through compulsion any licensed premises or business in the area; can, without license, set up refreshment rooms with or without liquor; can change an owner into a mere manager. Its areas of regulation now include something like thirty-eight millions of the total forty millions of inhabitants. This happened logically, for not only the locality of an area had to be considered, but its boundaries. Every area must consist of some one or more considerable center of population within which war activities are carried on; about these there must be fringes wide enough to make it inconvenient for the restrictions to be broken.

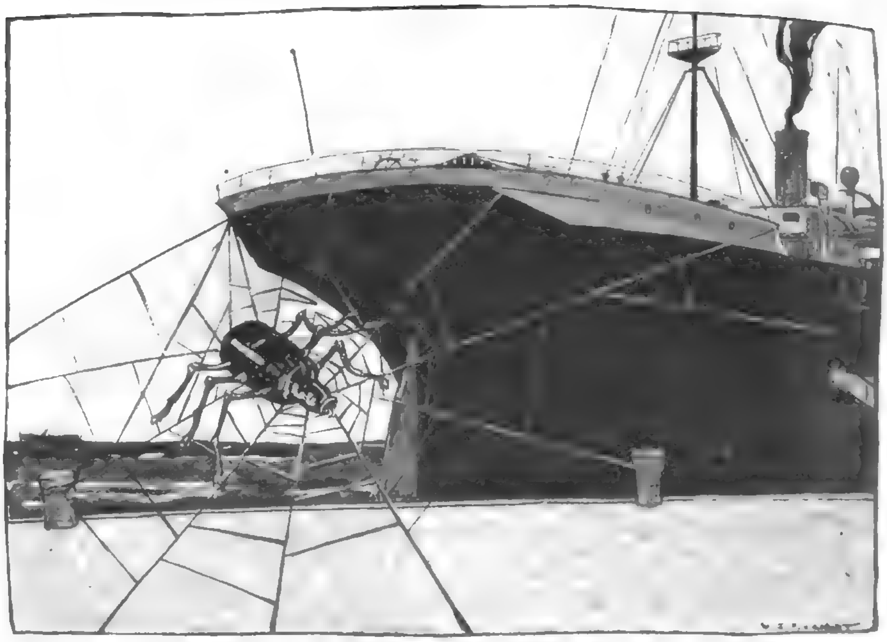
Along with the land, the Board has taken over breweries and distilleries. It has closed licensed premises or clubs. It has directed or permitted the dilution of spirits to an extent beyond that allowed under the Sale of Food and Drugs Act. Knowing that drinking is often due to the absence of facilities for good food, it has kept open licensed premises for the purpose of supplying food as early as five in the morning and all day on Sunday. It has also seen to the establishment of industrial canteens in various factories and yards and is authorized to render financial assistance in getting these started.

The Obstacles

ALL this, however, did not come about without much clamor and opposition. When the law was actually passed which deprived the Englishman of the privilege of drinking except between the hours from twelve to two-thirty, and from six-thirty to nine-thirty, and forbade him to treat his friends, and allowed him to carry off liquor in bottles only under certain rigid restrictions, there was tumult and shouting among various groups. An Englishman's home is his castle, is it not? Then why should he be obliged to return to it at nine-thirty instead of at twelve-thirty? Nothing to do but go to a cinema, or get enough sleep to be really fit for work next day.

There were those merry gentlemen, the perpetual soaks, who objected to the retardment of cirrhosis of the liver—free-born livers were they not? There were those other hard workers, who, instead of having to stick to the grind for six days, could, in view of the high wages, work three days and then lay off for a three or four day spell. And now this right was to be interfered with, and yet they sang that "Britons never, never shall be slaves! Could it be that a man used to starting the day with a pint of ale, and considering that food, would no longer be able to reply to his master when asked if he had breakfasted, "No, sir; I 'ave 'ardly 'ad a drop yet."

Men, who had never treated their wives to anything connected with drink except a bash on the head, complained that English domestic life was being threatened if a man were not allowed to pay for a drink for his own missus. Doleful pictures were drawn, with a vividness fit to move a temperance lecturer, of the vanishing joys of the Saturday-night parties when the head of the family would sit at the head of the table and deal out glasses of four 'alf or purl to his friends, while his wife divided half a pint of white satin (gin) among her friends, and the children ate Banbury cakes, absorbing lessons as to the value of true generosity.



IN ONE MONTH, SIX HUNDRED AND SEVENTY THOUSAND HOURS WERE LOST IN THE SHIP-BUILDING YARDS OF THE NORTH OF ENGLAND THROUGH DRUNKENNESS.

The Results

THE surprising fact, however, was the more or less frictionless fashion in which drinking England accepted the change in its habits. Those who had the money to spend and a rooted determination to drink, absorbed all they could in the time permitted and made the most of the "off-sales" rules. In order to lessen home-drinking, particularly week-end home drinking, which results in bad time-keeping on Mondays, the authorities forbade any one to buy a bottle of spirit to take out of the public house except between Monday and Friday at noon hours. "Off-sales" of other liquors generally stop an hour before closing-time. Moreover, payment must be made on the licensed premises, and canvassing is forbidden.

My laundress divulged to me the ingenious method for getting round the laws, devised by some unknown inventor evidently not especially keen on saving his nation.

"I don't 'old with drink; never did," she said; "but neither do I 'old with quarreling at 'ome. These new laws are good, but I can tell you, at first the women paid for 'em. There was more black eyes on our street than ever before, due to the men being sulky for want of their drink, and not willing to 'ear any remarks w'atever from their wives. I suppose if the women 'ad given any real lip to their men, they'd been done in, let alone knocked about. It was nat'ral for a man to think, 'W'at's the good of all these 'igh wages if I can't get all the beer I want?' I know one woman that mentioned a new 'at to 'er man, and it was days before she could speak plain. Lack of tack, she 'ad.

"When the men on our street found out as they couldn't buy a bottle to bring 'ome between Friday noon and Monday noon, then there was trouble. Because, you see, pay-day is mostly Friday in the evening. You can see for yourself if a man's wife keeps at 'im and at 'im to buy this and that needed for the cupboard and the 'ouse, a good deal of money will be spent, and when the next Friday noon comes, 'e won't 'ave enough left for one bottle, let alone two.

"My sister it was 'oo told me. She keeps a little pawn-shop, and w'at with bad business and no man at the front to 'elp out, she 'ad a 'ard time. When I dropped round there to get 'er little boy to 'elp me carry the clothes 'ome, fair beaming she was, and every shelf in 'er place shining with bottles. 'Struth; the men would rush into the pubs at the noon-hour on Monday and buy their bottles of whisky and rum. Then they'd pawn them till Saturday night when the pawn-shops stay open till eleven. My sister says that never but once did she 'ave a bottle left over from Saturday till Monday and that was because the man it belonged to got knocked silly by an army truck. Some of the men join together and put in sixpence each to buy the spirits, and when they get them out Saturday night, they go to some 'ouse and drink together, same as they used to. But most of the drinking people, 'cept the regular soaks, get enough under the rules. Them that don't 'old to drunkenness will tell you that if this war 'as done nothing but cut down the drunkenness, it 'as paid its way, in a manner of speaking."

Changed England

THE human percentages can not be gainsaid. The spring figures show that, in the big cities of England, drunkenness has decreased fifty per cent. The case for Scotland is not quite so good. The reduction is not to be explained by the decrease of the civil population through enlistment, for if it were, the average of female drunkenness should have remained at its former level, or should have increased to correspond with the higher wages; whereas it has lessened almost as much as male drunkenness.

Many workmen are reducing their drink allowance, not because they must, but because they think they ought to. I stood not long ago reading some impressive posters beside a British workman who had evidently known in the past what strong drink was. The one that most struck him, probably because he had been warned that the day of the war-loaf and of food tickets was approaching, was this:

> "The drink trade destroys the equivalent of one pound of food per day for every home."

He said that the following also impressed him, but, as usual, it dazed my head:

> "During the war there has been used to manufacture alcohol enough grain to make 2,000,000,000 loaves of quartern bread, and enough sugar to supply the entire army."

The soldier on leave was impressed by such an advertisement as this:

> "Enough money has been spent on drink during the war to give two pounds of money a week for life to every British home that has lost its bread-winner by the war."

"I take my tablespoonful of rum before I go over the parapet, like any one else," said a soldier on leave from the Somme. "When I get back to London, though, I don't feel it's the same place. The streets are as empty at ten as they used to be at twelve. Old soaks that I used to help carry home from the pubs, I now see walking on Sundays with their wives and children and not looking so sick over it as you'd think for. There isn't the fighting on the streets that there used to be, and the children are better taken care of in the homes. Yes, a man would like to think that after that slaughter out there is over he could come back to a country that had tried to clean itself up. Things are changing, right enough. It's not uncommon to meet a man that thinks it's beneath him to keep a pub."

It is true enough that a certain bad odor now pervades the brewing business in England, whereas once, if it had not the odor of sanctity, it had at least that of respectability. Not long since, a young officer friend told me that he was going to buy some more government bonds.

"Who has died?" I asked, thinking some relative had left him a legacy.

(*Continued on page 150*)

THE PARK REVISITED

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THIS is the place; here is the tiny gap
  Left in the hedge through which we tried to squeeze.
And here's the stretch of mall, that soft green lap
  We entered shyly, guarded by the trees.

These are the same black twigs with their strange growth
  Of brilliant yellow buds, that seem as though
They held all last year's sun. And here we both
  Paused where the path ran off, and let it run.

A moment, I remember, you stood still,
  Facing me glowing and yet gravely there—
And then you stumbled, laughing, up the hill,
  Shaking down all your tossed and yellow hair.

I caught you at the top, and as we hung
  Above the world, you trembled to the tips
Of your cool fingers. Then you turned and clung,
  No longer frightened, to my arms and lips.

In what a torrent of imperative gladness
  Love swept us there; with what a reckless glow
We challenged time and death. . . . And was this madness
  In these prim walks—only a year ago?

LUCKY BIGGS

BY FREDERICK W. PALMER

I GOT to thinking about Biggs the other day. I like the man. He is just a common sort of fellow close to middle life. But he is the sort you can see is a happy man. I was asking myself how he did it. What were the foundations and materials of Biggs's edifice of middle-age happiness? It seems to me they are in the main this:

His modest home is paid for. A ten-room house—one guest-room only. They are thinking of building on a bit, as Biggs says, "so Mrs. Biggs can take a few roomers when I'm gone."

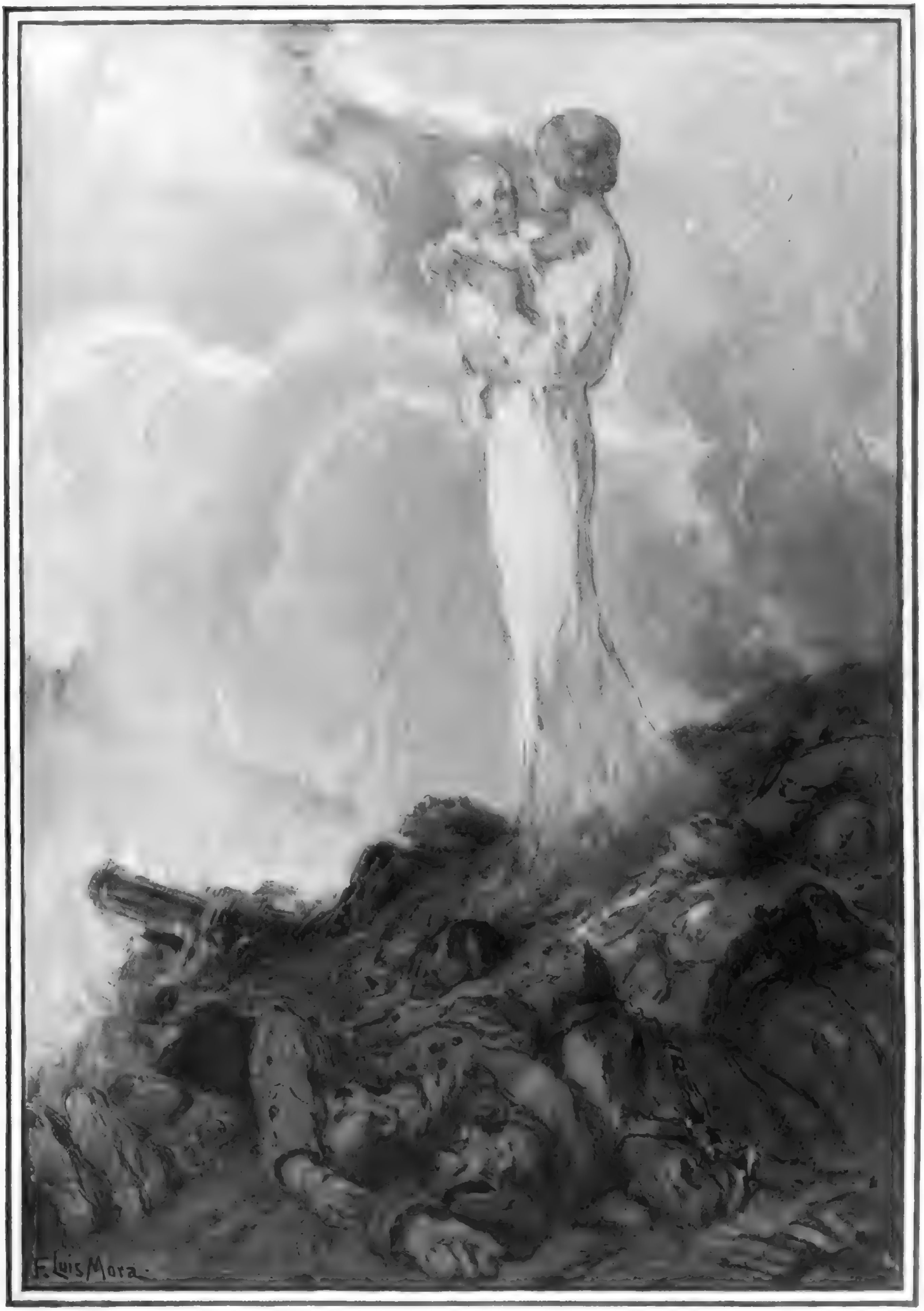
I am sure I should have mentioned her first, the sensible and good-looking wife—and the two boys, and that daughter of his. There is a picture, too, of a son that has gone, but it somehow does not make the home gloomy.

I know Biggs pretty well and I happen to know he has a safe-deposit box down at the bank. He does not need a large one. The financial world does not tremble when Biggs has occasion to go down and open it. There are a couple of insurance policies, one of them paid up, three or four modest stock certificates, and a mortgage, all told hardly, ten thousand dollars. But it is all theirs. It has been growing bit by bit. It can not grow much more now, for Helen and John are going to college next year.

In a corner of the sitting-room is a kind of alcove which Biggs calls his den, where his desk is. On the walls are a couple of fish-rods and a gun. These, to Biggs, are important tools of happiness, you might say. Along toward May he looks up at these rods quite often, and in the early fall he gets down the gun and fusses with it a while; and when a holiday comes after the season opens, Biggs is no longer a middle-aged man but a happy boy. Really, Biggs is a good deal of a boy. His old stamp collection—his and his sons' together now—it has furnished oil many a time for Biggs's lamp of happiness when the flame happened to be burning rather low.

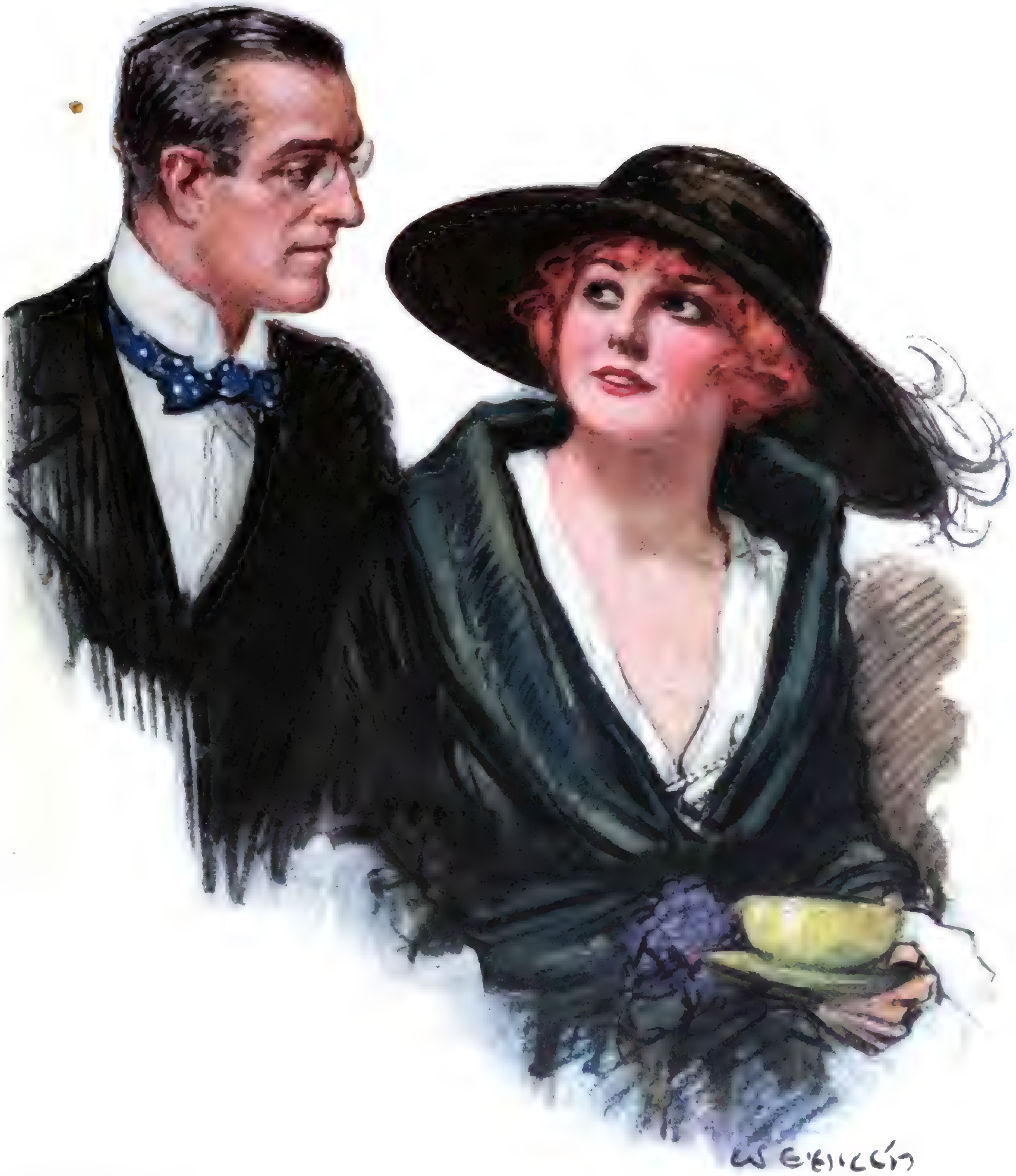
Biggs has had a Sunday-school class for some years now, down in the Presbyterian church where he belongs. He says, "It is some class!" They do a lot of things. Biggs first and last puts considerable time into it, and there is no doubt at all he gets a lot of satisfaction out of it. It makes a sort of window opening upward or a door that opens out to a good many things—things that are really happiness.

And so that is Biggs at fifty: a good deal of a boy yet, making much of his home, a real home; not rich, not on Easy Street exactly, not getting as much salary as luckier fellows; some worries, some troubles, but which somehow do not spoil his happiness. He is what we call a good deal of a worker; but he is ready to play whenever there is a chance. This has been his life. Some might call it humdrum and dull. However, you can not deny it is happy. I suspect he struck, some fifteen or twenty years ago, the gait that is most likely to bring genuine happiness. Spending a little, saving a little, loving a great deal though not very sentimentally, trying to measure up to what he believes to be right—this is Biggs.



PAINTING BY F. LUIS MORA.

"THAT THERE MAY BE PEACE AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS."



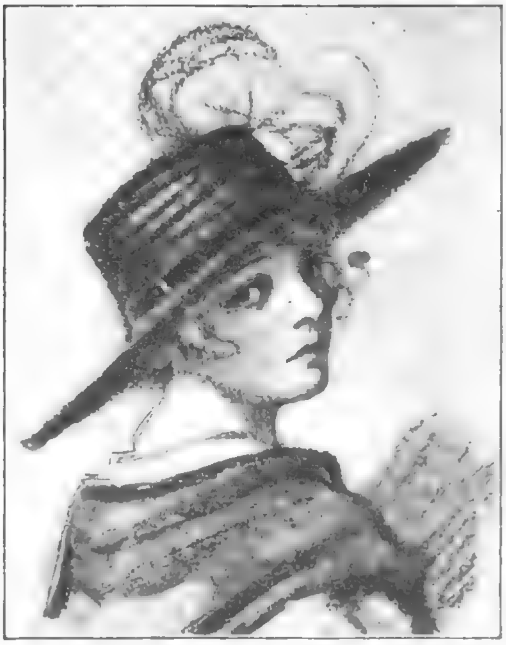
PAINTING BY W. E. HILL.

"I OUGHT TO BE VERY MUCH IN AWE OF YOU," SHE SAID,
"AND I'M NOT IN THE LEAST."

A PLAY FOR MISS DANE

By William Almon Wolff

ILLUSTRATED BY W. E. HILL



"YOU'RE COMING TO US SOON," SAID BARBARA WHEN HE SAW HER OFF.

ELLERY saw Barbara Dane with a start of anger that was utterly illogical, utterly unreasonable. She was standing, the center of an interested, listening group, near one of the windows that overlooked the park. He caught himself up sharply, frowning at his own annoyance; he knew that it was as out of place as his surprise. There was no reason in the world why Mrs. Mathey shouldn't have invited Barbara Dane to this reception; indeed, she was precisely the sort of person Mrs. Mathey would be sure to try to snare, just as he, Ellery, was. He smiled at that thought and made his way through the press toward Mrs. Mathey to make his bow. His annoyance turned upon himself; he had had no business to come. He hated functions of this sort; inevitably they got upon his nerves; bored him at first, and then enraged him to the point of making ridiculous, futile gestures of anger.

"Good of you to come, Stephen," said Mrs. Mathey, giving him a limp and nerveless hand. She was not really looking at him; her eyes, as they wandered about the enormous room in which her guests were assembled, had a fixed sort of stare. "You know Helen Carew, don't you—and Miss Cromer——?"

He was punted along in a fashion at once extraordinarily adept and, therefore, interesting to him, and extraordinarily disconcerting. The process left him limp, conscious of his own ineptitude; raging against it, the while he was, somehow, glad of it. He felt horribly out of place and was sure he looked as forlorn and as desolate as he felt—wherein he was wrong.

Certainly he was sharply differentiated from most of the few men who were about. He was correct enough so far as looks went; his tailor knew his business, if Ellery did not. It was Ellery himself who was responsible for his failure to achieve the uniformity of appearance that seemed to mark the other men. He was rather tall; loose-jointed, too. He stooped slightly from the shoulders. He had a long, thin face, and his gray eyes were masked by the thick lenses of glasses that were rimmed with shell. There was an effect of asceticism about him; it was that, probably, that made him stand out as he did in that gathering of perfectly appointed women and sleek, comfortable-looking men.

But though he was right in supposing that he was conspicuous, they were not pitying or even scornful looks that were drawn to him as he supposed. His manner was curiously diffident; there was almost a touch of humility about it. He felt apologetic. To be sure this was always only a passing phase. Presently, if he didn't make his escape, snatches of talk, coming to his ears, a certain depressing sameness about the people around him, would restore his self-esteem, make him, probably, truculent. Still, for the moment he was undeniably cast down. He wandered about aimlessly, submerged in a sea of people he had never consciously seen before; he devoutly hoped he would never see any of them again. And then, suddenly, a firm hand gripped his elbow.

"I say, old chap, come along—lady wants me to present you, you know," said the owner of the hand, guiding him skilfully through the maze.

Ellery submitted meekly enough. It was Wayne, who had really induced him to come, sacrificing a perfectly good afternoon. He knew the folly of resisting Wayne once the man's mind was made up. Had he had even an inkling of the fate in store for him, had he guessed the identity of the lady who wished to meet him. . . . But then it was done; he was bowing, in his awkward way, over the hand Barbara Dane held out to him, and Wayne had disappeared.

"You looked so unhappy, Mr. Ellery," Miss Dane was saying. "These things are rather dreadful, aren't they? And it's so very warm! But right over there is that little alcove that seems to be deserted. If you'll take me there and bring me a cup of tea——?"

The alcove was much better. He had to admit that to himself. Once there, he began rather to get hold of himself, after the ordeal of bearing tea to Miss Dane through the growing crush. He was able to see, as he made his way toward her, that she looked tired. She was sitting very still, her eyes half closed. But she opened them and smiled as he came back to her, and her whole face seemed to light up, just as if his coming was the one thing in the world that at that moment could have pleased her. Ellery had no illusions at all about that. He could have analyzed the whole process for you, exposed her technique of giving pleasure, told you just how she did it. But none the less he liked it; he was pleased, distinctly pleased.

"Thanks!" she said. "This *is* nice! I suppose one should be ashamed of running away like this and hiding. But one isn't—is one?"

"This one isn't!" said Ellery, with conviction. "He is consumed with relief and gratitude!"

She nodded, confidentially. He could appraise that trick, too. He knew what she was doing. But his knowledge did not in the least temper his enjoyment.

"Do you know, Mr. Ellery," she said in a little while, "that you have a namesake who doesn't like me at all? He would never bring me tea and help me to shirk like this! He goes out of his way to write and say quite dreadful things about me."

"That isn't so!" said Ellery, with a show of spirit rather surprising. "He admires you tremendously. It's the stupid plays you do he doesn't like——"

"Oh!" she said. For just a moment there was a hint of dismay in her blue eyes. "I—I should have guessed—but—oh—you—are you *Stephen* Ellery?"

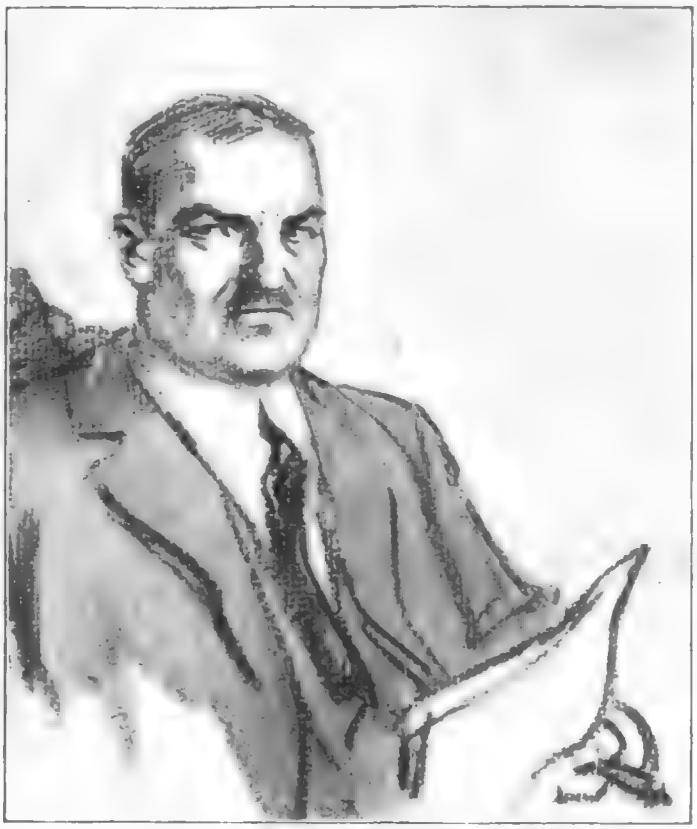
He nodded, rather gloomily. And then she laughed.

"Oh, how absurd!" she cried. "And all the time I've been thinking you were a little dried-up dyspeptic man with a mean disposition!"

Again she laughed.

"I ought to be very much in awe of you, I suppose," she said, "and I'm not in the least. And—and—you were quite right about this last play. It is—oh, dreadful! Mr. Ellery—you'll never

never know how tired I am of it!"



THERE WAS SOMETHING LIKE BLACK ANGER IN THE LOOK LEVISON BENT ON ELLERY A MOMENT LATER.

Very faintly, so faintly that to any other woman it might have been imperceptible, Ellery frowned. This wouldn't do at all, he knew. It was precisely this sort of thing that he had always avoided. He was far, very far, from being impervious to her charm; it had been so always. He had recognized it, proclaimed it, when he had known only its dilution, coming across the footlights, shared with a thousand others. He had been prepared for this accentuation of it in an intimate revelation. And it was just this that he must shun, must continue to fight shy of, as he had always done. The detachment of the critic, his rather austere attitude toward the theatre, might not survive many such encounters as this.

"I was furious—oh, simply furious!—the first time I read something you had written about me," said Miss Dane. She didn't seem to mind his silence, and indeed, it was a silence, eloquent, flattering. "It seemed to me it was unfair for you to take a pretty, trifling thing like 'Meg' so seriously. You wanted it to be full of meaning and significance, and it was just a dainty thing that was meant to make people happier and to amuse them for a little while——"

"But it wasn't true, you know!" She dragged that from him. "That was what spoiled it! It was so—so—deliberately untrue——"

"You made me see that." She nodded. "It was only at first that I was angry. Afterward I began to see how nice you'd been to me, even if you didn't like the poor little play. And—oh, it was amusing, you know, to think that you, the famous Professor Ellery, were actually writing and lecturing about me! It made me feel tremendously important and rather—oh, insufferable, I'm afraid!"

"I don't believe that!" said Ellery. He cast discretion to the winds. "I've always had to distinguish between you and your plays. Season after season I've hoped that they would give you a play that would give you a real chance. Ever since 'Meg' I've said that you might be one of the great figures of the American theatre. And so——"

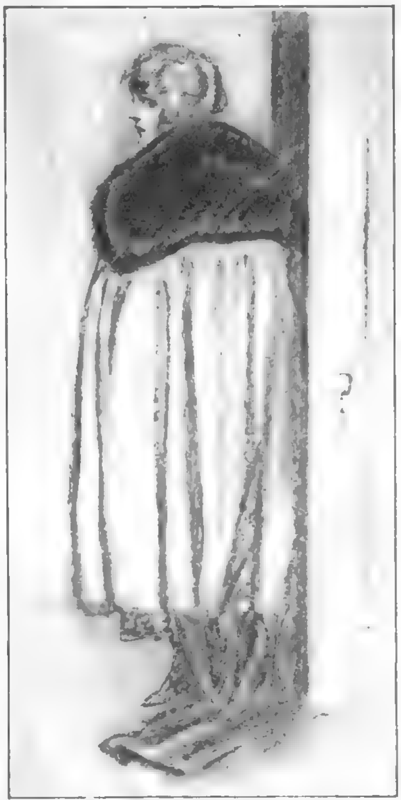
She clapped her hands suddenly and leaned forward, her eyes shining.

"Oh!" she cried. "You must have had Levison's letter! Mr. Ellery—are you going to do it?"

He scowled fiercely for a moment. And then a slow, reluctant grin banished the threatening scowl completely.

"I'd forgotten it!" he said. "How can I do it, Miss Dane? I'm a critic, a student of the drama, not a playwright."

"But—you know how to write plays," she said. "I think you must have written plays before you were a critic. And you've trained men in your courses who have done good plays. They learned the way from you. Why—it's just because you're not just a theorist that we're all so afraid of you. And now—you have this chance——"



"MOTHER," SAID BARBARA, IN THE DOOR, "I WON'T HAVE YOU EXPOSING THE SECRETS OF MY LIFE."

He looked at her suspiciously. It seemed brutal to impute guile to this girl with pleading eyes and lips that were parted in the most appealing of smiles. And yet he couldn't help wondering if she hadn't planned this meeting, their whole conversation, down to its last detail; if from the very beginning she had not known perfectly well who he was. . . .

The infernal thing, though, was that it didn't matter even if that were so! He had been trapped, really, from the moment when he had read her manager's letter. It had been a clever letter. He had been reproaching Miss Dane and her management for the caliber of the plays in which she appeared: stupid, worthless, untrue plays, catering only to the demand for sugary sweetness. Very well. Great efforts had been made in vain to find a worthier vehicle for Miss Dane. Would he, Ellery, lend his erudition, his taste, his vast knowledge of the theatre to the task of equipping the actress whom he pronounced the most promising on the American stage with a play fit to put her to the test? If he would consent he might name his own terms; he might be assured of an absolutely free hand.

The idea had seized upon his imagination instantly. He had resented the trickiness of the offer; he was sufficiently conversant with the practical side of the theatre to see the value, as a means of getting publicity, of the effort to secure a play from him. But, in a measure, he had dug with his own hands the pit into which he had fallen when he read that letter.

He hadn't realized it, but for a long time he had been giving an altogether disproportionate amount of his attention to Barbara Dane and her plays. It had not, perhaps, been fair that he should single her out among so many shining marks. He remembered, ruefully, certain purely rhetorical flights, passages in which he had hinted scornfully that any one, even he himself, could turn out a better play than "Meg," for example, or Miss Dane's latest comedy. He hadn't, to be sure, supposed that such statements would be taken literally. But he could not very well set up that defense.

"Oh, I know," he said, in answer to her, at last. "It's infinitely tempting. But it's a decision that requires thought. It means, for me, all sorts of readjustments. And, after all, I can't drop my work and turn to writing, all in a moment——"

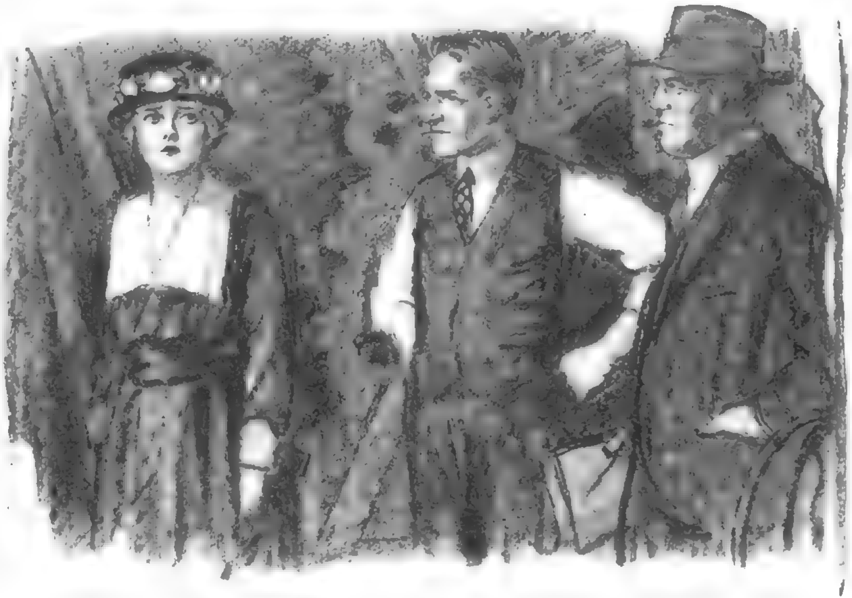
"It will be summer soon," she said. "There's no college work in the summer. I do hope you're going to do it, Mr. Ellery. Levison—oh, I know what you've been thinking! And, of course, he couldn't help seeing there was publicity in the idea! But—he really wants you to do it, Mr. Ellery! There's more in Levison than you imagine. I have known him to spend enormous sums on a hopeless production just because he thought a play ought to be produced——"

"I'll tell you this much, Miss Dane," he said suddenly interrupting her—and now there was something boyish about his manner—"I feel as if I'd been dared to do something——"

"Ah!" she cried. "I'm so glad! Now I know you'll do it! Won't you—won't you?"

"I'm not going to answer you now, Miss Dane," he said, rather soberly. "What I am going to do, if you don't mind, is to get away, and walk across the park and think this out. I'll write to Levison—and to you, of course, too—to-night."

She made no effort at all to hold him. She let him go at once, with only a smile for farewell. As he went out she sat quite still, looking after his tall figure as it made its way through the crowded room. She was amused, and she was, too, a little touched with mischief.



"THE MANAGER HAD BEEN SO BRUTAL" . . "BUT THE VERY NEXT DAY THEY TOLD HER SHE WAS DOING WELL."

ELLERY strode across a park that was ablaze with the fire of spring. His head was up; he drank in great drafts of the spring air that had in it yet, somehow, the sparkle of winter. On either side the new grass was springing up green; through the brown aisles of trees that were just opening their buds there were ravishing glimpses of other greens. Here and there were dogwoods or magnolias, all in bloom; as the light wind stirred the air it shook the sweet, heavy smell of blossoms.

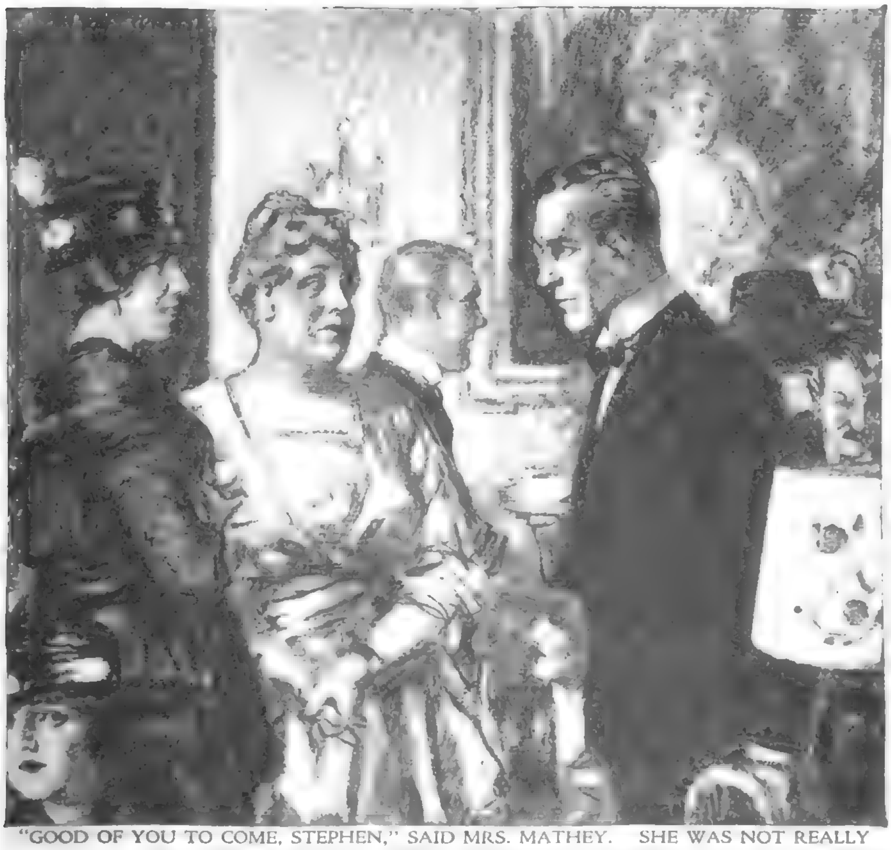
He didn't want to write a play. Yet, damnably, he did. . . .

In him the creative impulse had been deliberately repressed. He had sacrificed the emotional qualities, implicit in such work as the writing of plays, upon the altar of his development of that high, austere critical faculty of his. But he had not traveled to its end that road of repression; had not come near, even, to its end. It was precisely his ability to abandon, upon occasion, his detached and intellectual attitude that had filled his class-rooms and created the vogue that had made him an always welcome contributor to reviews and more or less learned magazines that did not quite despair of the theatre. If one knew the man at all, one hoped always to come upon him at the height of a purely emotional reaction, a reaction often, almost always, indeed, to some stimulus delightfully obscure. At such moments a cosmic rage seemed to possess him; his words became tongues of searing flame; he scaled the peaks of rhetoric.

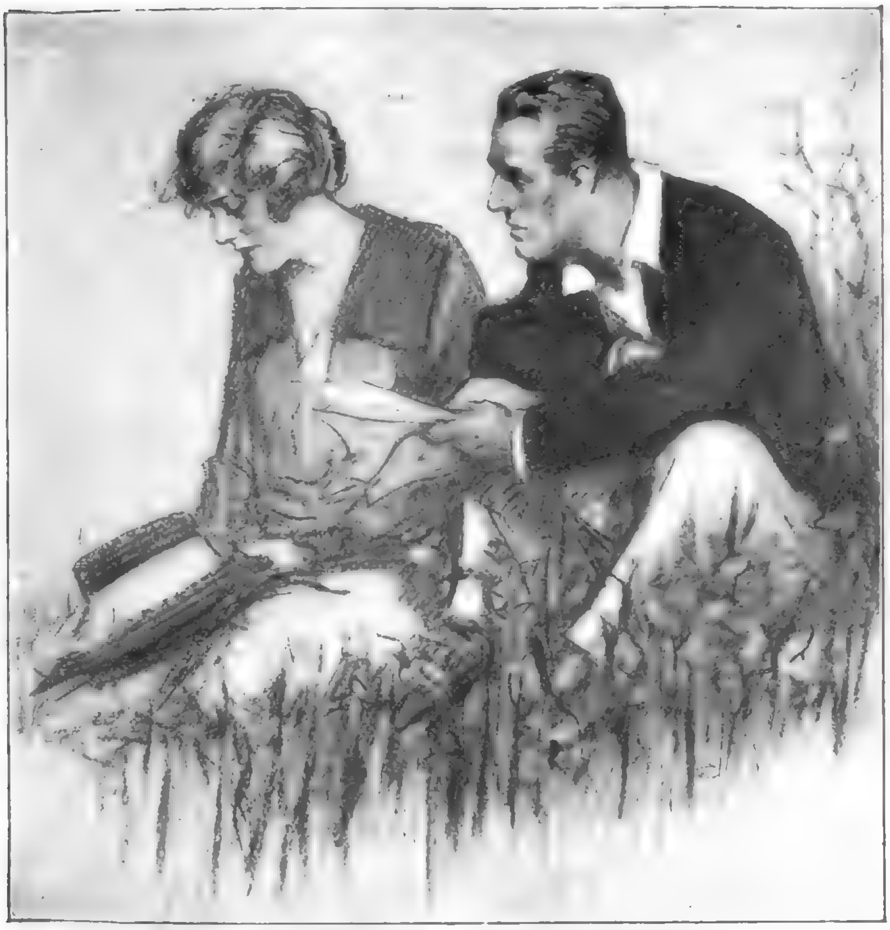
His eyes were not closed to the risks that lay in the acceptance of Levison's offer, an offer he still believed to have been made half mockingly. It was true that if he declined Levison's bait, or ignored it, all sorts of people would be free to put their own construction upon his evasion. On the other hand, if he tried, and failed, his standing would be irrevocably affected. A critic may, indeed, he must, ignore the taunt of those who reproach him with pointing out to others a way he has not himself the skill to follow; the same taunt can neither be ignored nor defied when it has been barbed with truth.

Yet in the end it came to this: should he let the heavy risks of failure frighten him into incurring the certain regrets that refusal would bring?

He wrote to Levison, curtly enough,



"GOOD OF YOU TO COME, STEPHEN," SAID MRS. MATHEY. SHE WAS NOT REALLY LOOKING AT HIM; HER EYES, AS THEY WANDERED ABOUT THE ENORMOUS ROOM, HAD A FIXED SORT OF STARE.



"A HAPPY ENDING—" SHE REPEATED, HER VOICE SO LOW THAT IT WAS ONLY A WHISPER HE MUST BEND HIS HEAD TO HEAR. "OH, STEPHEN, WAS THERE EVER YET A HAPPY ENDING?"

that night; in the same post he sent a little note of laughing surrender to Miss Dane.

One other factor there had been in his decision—a subconscious one, perhaps. He was, or had been, before he had entered definitely upon his career as a teacher and a critic, sufficiently human to have begun two or three times to write a play. And of these plays of his, still-born though they were, there was one that had had a certain hardiness; it had survived in his mind, so that all the time he had known that, should he decide to write the play, his fable would be ready to hand.

So when he began his task, he had to work with a little more than his vast knowledge of the theatre: he had, not a play, but the stuff of which a play might be wrought. But there were obstacles in his path; obstacles that had been vaguely in his mind when he had talked with Barbara Dane.

He was a little remote from life, a little out of touch with every day. He had obstacles to contend with inherent in the academic life he had been leading. Of late he had seen life through a screen that had distorted it somewhat. His atmosphere had been a little rare; about his whole environment there had been a sort of dessication. And he could see now that Levison and Barbara Dane had probably saved him from sinking into a morass from which, in a year or two more, there might have been no escape for him. He had talked to Barbara Dane of the need of readjustments; he had been very far from suspecting the urgency of that need.

AND so in the month that followed this meeting with Miss Dane, he turned his life upside down. He shirked his work shamelessly. He got out an old uniform and practised with the university baseball team; he formed a habit of evading meetings and functions that had a real claim upon him, and playing truant at a moving-picture theatre, a vaudeville show, even a burlesque house. And . . . he was seeing Barbara Dane.

Twice, in the beginning, on warm Sundays, she telephoned to him, and insisted upon carrying him off in her motor for a long ride. Each time they dined alone, and he played host to her in some distant road-house. They talked little of the play; indeed, they seemed disposed, both of them, to avoid the theatre.

"Soon I'll be up in Maine," she said rather wistfully one night. "Every year about this time, I'm all on fire with longing for my holiday. I lie awake and hear the waves breaking against the rocks, and I can close my eyes and see those great schooners outlined against the sky.

"Oh, I'm like a child when I'm up there! Day after day, after it really begins to grow warm, I go down on the beach and take off my shoes and stockings and paddle, and try to make myself believe that the next day it will be warm enough really to bathe! And then, one day, it is! And much too soon there's Levison, driving up in his great car, and I know my holiday is over."

"You're only a girl, after all," he said, mockingly. "You make thousands of people laugh and cry and love you in a season—and yet, all the time, you're only a girl, like any one of those sitting up in the balcony, munching their chocolates, and splitting their gloves to clap you when you come out and make that funny, jerky, little bow!"

"No!" she said, and caught her breath. She stared at him with frightened eyes, gone dark and somber suddenly. Her voice was low; so faint she scarcely heard it. "Oh, no—not like them—you don't know——"

"Oh, but I do!" he said, gently scoffing. "I know you through and through, Barbara Dane—great actress and little, little girl."

They had come swiftly to an intimacy, odd and delightful. They had much in common; they could quarrel wonderfully, too. Often, when she was tired, she sent for him, and he went, at tea-time, to her little apartment high up above the river. It was his duty, he told himself, to see her in the setting of her home, study her there. But the truth was, and well he knew it, that he liked to go there just because he liked her.

And with her mother he fell in love, promptly and irrevocably, as soon as he saw her. One did that. Mrs. Dane had all of her daughter's tender, wistful, impalpable charm. She was a small, delicate creature, who had faded evenly and beautifully. The lines in her face were soft and kindly; her hair must have whitened swiftly, so that there was the oddest kinship between its silver and Barbara's spun gold. But Ellery's greatest joy in her was in the naive surprise with which she accepted Barbara's astonishing success. She was inordinately proud of Barbara and her fame, but she was always a little deprecatory, too, and a little afraid that some day they would wake up and find that it had been all a dream, and had vanished after the manner of dreams.

"All this!"——she said to Ellery one day, when Barbara was late. She looked about the lovely room that Barbara had made. "Were you ever poor, Mr. Ellery? We were—after my husband died. I was foolish. And then she—some one said she might succeed on the stage. And she, the darling——"

"Mother!" said Barbara, in the door,

(Continued on page 58)

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A PLAY FOR MISS DANE

(*Continued from page 56*)

[won't have you exɔsing the secrets of my 'e——!"

"But yes!" said Ellery, ughing. "It's too late › stop her——"

He listened to Mrs. ane, but he watched arbara now.

"It seemed so strange," Irs. Dane's low voice went on, pleasıtly. "She was so sure that she had ıiled! She came home in tears one day. he manager—oh, not Mr. Levison!—ad been so brutal. She couldn't try, ven, again. She'd given up. And e were at the very lowest point of overty——"

"Mother!" said Barbara, and Ellery arted at the suffering in her voice.

"But the very next day they told her ie was doing well!" said Mrs. Dane, trimphantly. "She did go back, you e, Mr. Ellery—for my sake! And er courage had its reward." . . .

T WAS not until Barbara had gone to Maine that he even bean to sort his ideas and plan the ructure of his play. With Levison e had had one or two talks—talks ıat had come to little. Levison ad shrugged his shoulders and niled. He was in Ellery's hands. was plain enough that he was eptical; and yet Ellery felt, curious-, that Levison wanted him to sued, even though he had complete- discounted failure.

"You're coming to us—soon?" said arbara, when he saw her off. "We'll ave a room for you——"

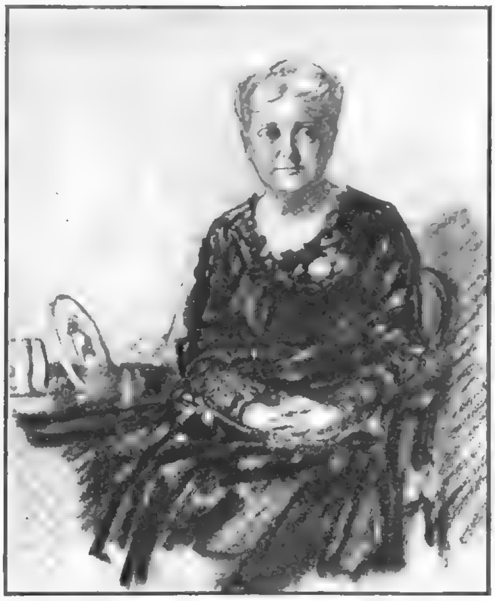
"I don't know how soon," he said. Not until I can bring you the first raft, at least, of your play."

She would not urge him. She nly nodded, rather gravely.

"Yes," she said. "But, Stephen—urry! I wonder if you know how much m counting on you and the play?"

His mood was strange as he walked ome that night. It was hot; it was ot the sort of night one would choose r a long walk through city streets. et he could not have borne the connement of any vehicle. He carried ith him the memory of Barbara's red, eager eyes; of the sudden, meangless touch of her hand upon his arm. hose gestures of hers, those quick, itimate contacts, had a curious power stir him; he was conscious, when ey came, of half-forgotten pulses aping into throbbing life. And he as sure that to her they meant nothig and less than nothing; he knew that, new it resentfully, almost sullenly.

A hot wind was stirring when he eached his rooms; he leaned from his indow to gaze out at lowering clouds, hrough which jagged, forked tongues f lightning played. A little later, hen the storm had come, he sat at his esk, his head in his hands, caught in the grip and the heat of one of those terrible, disconcerting fevers of sterile creative energy. The will, the desire to write, consumed him like a flame, but no words came. He went to bed at last, and lay tossing through the wretched night. Morning found him, unrefreshed, looking from his windows over the trees, to a river that gleamed dull under the haze the hot sun was beginning to scatter. A hot wind from the south fanned his discontent; he found himself abruptly translating that discontent, that restlessness that held him, for the first time into an incomprehensible, unreasoning longing to see Barbara, for whom he had not longed at all while he had known that by peering down toward the south he could see the great, distant bulk of the house in which she lived.



MRS. DANE HAD ALL OF HER DAUGHTER'S TENDER, WISTFUL, IMPALPABLE CHARM.

He turned from the window with a savage gesture. Later he emerged from the cold stream of his bath curiously appeased, ravenously hungry. And after his breakfast he telephoned some lame excuse that freed him from his morning tasks, and plunged, all the fine ardor of the mood of overnight tamed, somehow, and disciplined, into the actual writing of his play—Barbara Dane's play. All morning he worked swiftly, with a cool, sure touch, and felt the living structure growing beneath his hands, taking shape and form, glowing with the strange, transmuted color of himself.

For the first time, now, since he had begun his work as teacher and as critic, Ellery knew a fierce resentment against the bonds he had imposed upon himself. The routine of his daily work, even in the short time that remained of the college year, became almost unbearable, since it took him from the lonely hours at his desk. He chafed against a daily intercourse with men who had become, suddenly, sterile and stale, instead of the good comrades they had seemed to be. It was with a boy's joy in a holiday that he turned his back upon his work at last, and knew himself free to finish this new task that had ceased to be a task at all and had become a joyous, irresponsible game.

For a space he heard nothing at all from Barbara. Then notes began to come to him from her almost daily: intimate, ingenuous little notes, bidding him come and play with her. Twice, late at night, the telephone bell rang out, and her voice came to him, thin, oddly transformed. She was lonely; she bade him, imperiously, to come to her, and finish his play in Maine. And he would not.

Never, when he might see her every day, had she been so close to him, so friendly, as she seemed now. Then, with all that she had given him of a light, a charming intimacy, there had been about her always something remote. Her spirit had been elusive; it had seemed always on the point of taking flight should he attempt to prison it. And even when she had been most tender, there had been the lurking mockery in her eyes, the upward turn of the corners of her mouth, or else, and worst of all, that sudden somberness that settled down upon her, sometimes, seeming to crush her, so that all the sparkle, all the gaiety, died within her; so that she wilted as a flower does when it falls apart, petal by petal.

He stayed on and on in the city, while the summer crouched and gathered its strength. To a cool, sweet June there succeeded a July in which a raging sun beat down upon the town, and heat-waves danced below him as he looked from his window in the mornings. The city lay, stunned and pallid, panting, exhausted, under that withering, tropical heat.

But Ellery, undaunted, gave himself utterly to the task that Barbara Dane had imposed upon him. All the devils of weariness and of ineptitude beset him while he struggled with his last act; all his inhibitions seemed to return, with strength renewed. But somehow he conquered them, even though, for a space, when things were

(*Continued on page 60*)

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A PLAY FOR MISS DANE

(*Continued from page 58*)

at their worst, there were no more notes from Barbara, and she was infinitely far from him.

He read his play to her while they lay on the crest of a wind-swept hill that looked out over the sea, and over islands that stood out, clear-cut, as if they had been etched against the sky. The murmur of the surf as it beat against the rocks far below them was an accompaniment to his low voice. She lay back, her head pillowed upon her hands, and she looked like a little girl in her short white skirt and her fleecy sweater.

He read badly in the beginning. But as he went on his voice grew more flexible; he began to interpret as well as to read. Slowly, as if she were being drawn by some strange influence, Barbara drew herself up until she faced him, looking at him with eager, wondering eyes, her hands clasped about her knees, her head bent forward that she might hear the better. Suddenly she was up and snatched the pages from his hand.

"You don't know!" she cried. "Oh, you can't feel the beauty of your own thought——!"

And now she began to read in the golden cadences of her own lovely voice, responsive, sensitive to every shade of emotion. And Ellery listened, yielding himself to the spell of its witchery, entranced, incredulous. Sometimes he knew she was deliberately distorting his meaning, but always her changes, her omissions, her additions, reenforced, in some subtle way, some thought of his. And then, suddenly, she was silenced. She stared, dumb, incredulous, at the leaf that shook in her hand. And then she cried out, and her cry was like the sound that comes when the string of a violin snaps as the bow is drawn across it at the end of a wailing, tear-filled note.

"Oh!" she cried. And: "No—no! Stephen—you can't—you can't be so cruel to them!"

"I must," he said. "Dear—" and never knew that he had called her so, until long afterward she told him—"it is so that it would be. It is true, it is real——"

"But it's so cruel!" she cried, her wide eyes filled with tears. "And there's so much in life that's cruel and harsh and pitiless! You made these people—must you hurt them so?"

"It's life that hurts them," he said. "It's life, not I, that bruises them and wounds them and——"

"Throws them aside to die—without tasting the happiness it dangled before them!" she cried vehemently. "Must you be as cruel as life?"

He stared at her, bewildered, a little helpless. How was he to answer—he, who called himself a realist, prided himself upon the austerity with which he kept his place as chronicler, dispassionate, indifferent?

"I wonder—I wonder if you understand?" he said, slowly. "Here are these people, tossed upon the sea of life. It buffets them—life, not I! What can I do? Make them puppets instead of living, breathing people? Pull strings, as though they were marionettes? For the sake of a happy ending——?"

Again that strange, somber look came into her eyes.

"A happy ending—!" she repeated, her voice so low that it was only a whisper he must bend to hear. "Oh, Stephen—I don't know! Was there ever yet a happy ending?" And then her voice rang out, suddenly: "Yes—a happy ending, if you want to call it that! Stephen—think of the people you will hurt! The people who will see themselves in me and in the others on the stage! For you've done that—oh, how you've done that! You'll sweep them up, you'll carry them along—and then, think of those whom you will hurt at the end—who will go out stunned, crushed, knowing there can be no hope for them?"

"But what am I to do?" he cried. There was pain in his voice, and pity for her pity. "The man can't stultify himself! Once he knows—and he must know—he has to cast her off!"

She seemed to shrink before his eyes.

"I think you know best, after all," she said. And there was no life in her voice; all its golden cadences were stilled and gone; it was a monotone, flat, drab. "He—your man—is such a man as you——?"

"Oh, I don't know that!" he cried. "But there are hundreds of such men—and—yes—I do know them! I'm right—believe me, Barbara——"

THE shadows lay long about them when they made their slow way along the path that led to her tiny house, set high upon a cliff. Her eyes still held the hurt wonder of a child that can not understand the cruelty of life, and she was very still. She broke her silence only once.

"Let's say no more about the play, Stephen," she said. "You must be right—oh, you are right! I'm sorry, and I'm hurt, but I'll try—I'll try to do my part. And now that you have come, we'll play together for a little while, and talk no more of things that hurt—"

"Ah, Barbara!" he said, and made to take her hand. But with a swift, graceful movement she eluded him; her clear, light laugh came back to him as she slipped away.

In that moment, in that laugh, she sounded the key-note of their intercourse in the days that followed. Long, happy days they were, that saw them rising with the sun, to idle away the golden hours swimming, walking, riding, playing together like two children freed from school. Yet always the ghost of the play seemed to stalk between them; ever and again when some chance word brought it up, the same hurt look was in her eyes, and she stared at him, wondering, searching. . . .

And as for him, although he knew, now that he had her again, that he must have loved her from the very first, he could never feel that the moment had come when he might tell her so. Day after day, after nights in which he had lain awake, living over the memory of all her exquisite revelations of herself, hot with longing for her, and desire, he sought for the opportunity that never came.

AND then one day, when they had tramped far inland, and had come back laughing in the dusk, with the chirp of katydids warning them of the waning of their playtime, and the yellow weight of the goldenrod was heavy upon the rioting stalks, Barbara caught her breath and stopped at the turn in the soft dirt road that gave them the first glimpse of her house. Following her eyes, Ellery saw the great motor-car that stood there waiting.

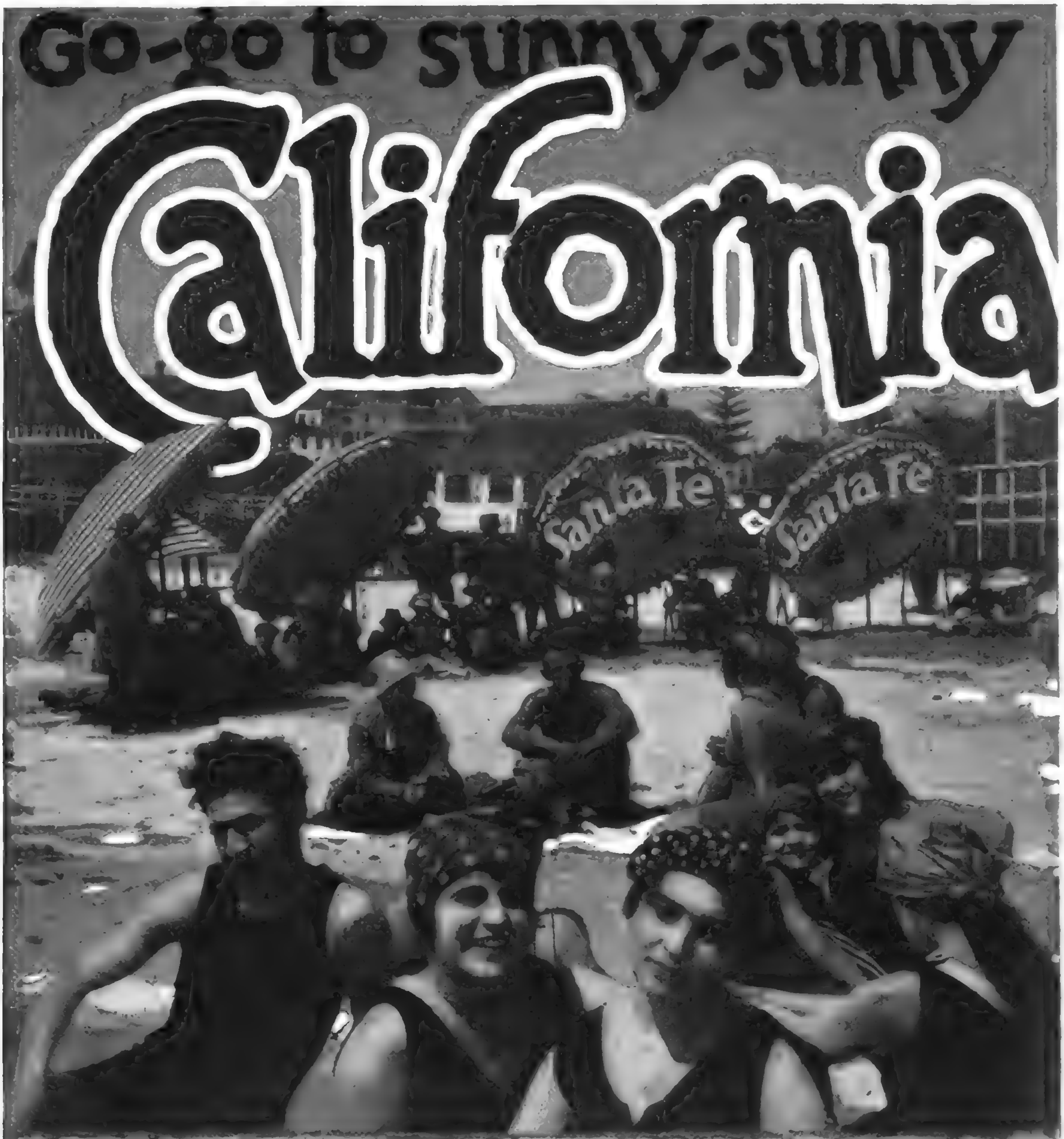
"It's Levison!" said Barbara. "He comes so, every year. He never warns me—he says he wants me to have my holiday whole, up to the very last."

They went on soberly. And, she was very close to him, so that Ellery dared to take her hand, and she did not withdraw it, and they walked on together, hand in hand, like children who had played too late and were coming home together, each leaning upon the other. They went through the house and came to the porch that looked out over the somber sea, with the harbor lights flashing in the distance, red, white, white, red. And there Levison sat, neat, immaculate, stunted, somehow, and petty, beside Mrs. Dane, who looked up at them and smiled.

It seemed to Ellery again that Barbara drooped, like a wilting flower, as she gave her hand to Levison. . . .

Levison had had already the first draft of Ellery's play, a copy of the play that he and Barbara had read. And that night he read Ellery's corrected, completed version. Not once

(*Continued on page 62*)



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A PLAY FOR MISS DANE

(*Continued from page 60*)

during his reading did he give an inkling of his thoughts, either by word, or look, or gesture. At the end he turned to Ellery small eyes from which every trace of feeling seemed to have been banished.

"So!" he said. "Next week we can begin rehearsals, then. We will open—tcht! That is to be decided later. For the cast——"

He named quietly, almost contemptuously, a list of players that sent Ellery's eyebrows shooting upward. And Barbara cried out.

"Oh!" she cried. "Stephen! Do you see how generous he is? No play could fail with such a cast!"

"That is what I want to be sure of," said Levison, steadily.

"But—you haven't said you liked the play!" cried Ellery. The words were torn from him; few people had ever baffled him as Levison did.

"It is no part of our agreement that you should write a play that I should like," said Levison, impassively. "But, I will say this to you, Mr. Ellery. In many ways I consider your play the finest ever produced by an American."

"The last act—?" said Ellery, slowly. "Miss Dane——"

For just a moment the mask seemed to be torn from Levison's face. He shot a swift look at Barbara, who had turned away. And there was something like black anger in the look he bent on Ellery a moment later. But then the mask was back.

"Miss Dane," he said, "has only to play the part you have given her, as I have only to produce the play as you have written it. It is so that I understand our agreement, Mr. Ellery."

"But—" said Barbara, and then was silent abruptly, as she met Levison's eyes. The manager rose and took Barbara's hand.

"You will be ready for us then, next week?" he said. "On Wednesday—so? I shall sleep in Portland to-night. It has been my holiday, this ride up here in my machine. I shall go back by train in the morning."

Summer took wings in that night, while Ellery lay sleepless. He was up at dawn, looking out over a gray sea, lashed by a rising wind. Wraiths of fog swirled up from the surf-beaten rocks below; through lowering clouds a blood-red sun was struggling to rise out of the sea. He stood for long minutes looking out over the wild expanse. And when he turned, there was Barbara, pale and tired and wan, with deep circles under her eyes. In the gray light of dawn all the sheen was gone from her hair. He saw the manuscript of his play in her hands, and tears in her eyes.

"Barbara!" he said. And his voice broke on her name. "Oh, my dear—give me the play! I'll change it—I'll do anything for you! My dear—my dear—I love you—ever since I came I've tried to tell you so——"

She straightened up. All at once there was a glory in her eyes, and about her a light that came from within herself. She stood swaying, holding out her hands, and he caught them, and drew her to him, murmuring, inarticulate. . . .

But then she drew away, and even while he held her hands and sought to bring her back into his arms, she lifted her eyes, somber again, to his:

"No—wait—I,—" she said. "Stephen—how is it that you can change your play now? Have you found out that you were wrong?"

She waited for his answer. And as she waited, hope died in her, and she shrank away from him, stricken.

"Oh, my dear!" he said. "No—no—I'm right! But what does it matter? I can't let you be hurt! I can't make you suffer, as you must suffer if you play the part unchanged."

She stared at him. And then she sank down slowly into a chair, and her head sank into her white arms.

"Dear God!" she said. "I thought he knew!"

Aghast, incredulous, racked by her grief, her shame, he stared down at her. He could not speak; he could only make low, murmuring, ineffectual, pitying sounds. And at last she lifted her eyes bravely and serenely, to meet his.

"I thought you knew!" she said. "All the time I thought you knew—and that you were only being kind! Every one knew—and I let my mother tell you, even you! She didn't know—but you—you who know life so well—how could you fail to understand her when she told you how I went back, because I could not fail?"

He cried out then and would have spoken, but she stopped him.

"I thought you knew!" she said, again. "Every one knew, I thought—every one like you! Levison—it was Levison who saved me, gave me back my life. He told me, oh, too late to save me wholly, how that other—that other—beast—had cheated—how he had lied to me when he told me I was bound to fail, could only succeed if I—if I—And, oh, Stephen—you know my mother! Could I let her suffer——?"

"Barbara!" he said. "Oh, my dear! I told you I knew life—and you did not. . . . And I wrote of a man in a play who loved a woman—and let anything in this world send him from her!"

He stared at her. She was still sobbing. His eyes fell on the manuscript of his play. They lighted up, and he snatched the pile of loosely gathered sheets. Barbara started up wide-eyed at the sound of tearing paper.

"Stephen!" she cried. "What are you doing?"

He laughed as the torn sheets floated to the floor.

"You mustn't," she said.

"I know life now!" he said. "Life—and love! And you shall see them in your play—as I can write it now."

For a moment she stared at him. And then, with a sigh like a tired child come home, she went to him. . . .

NEXT YEAR

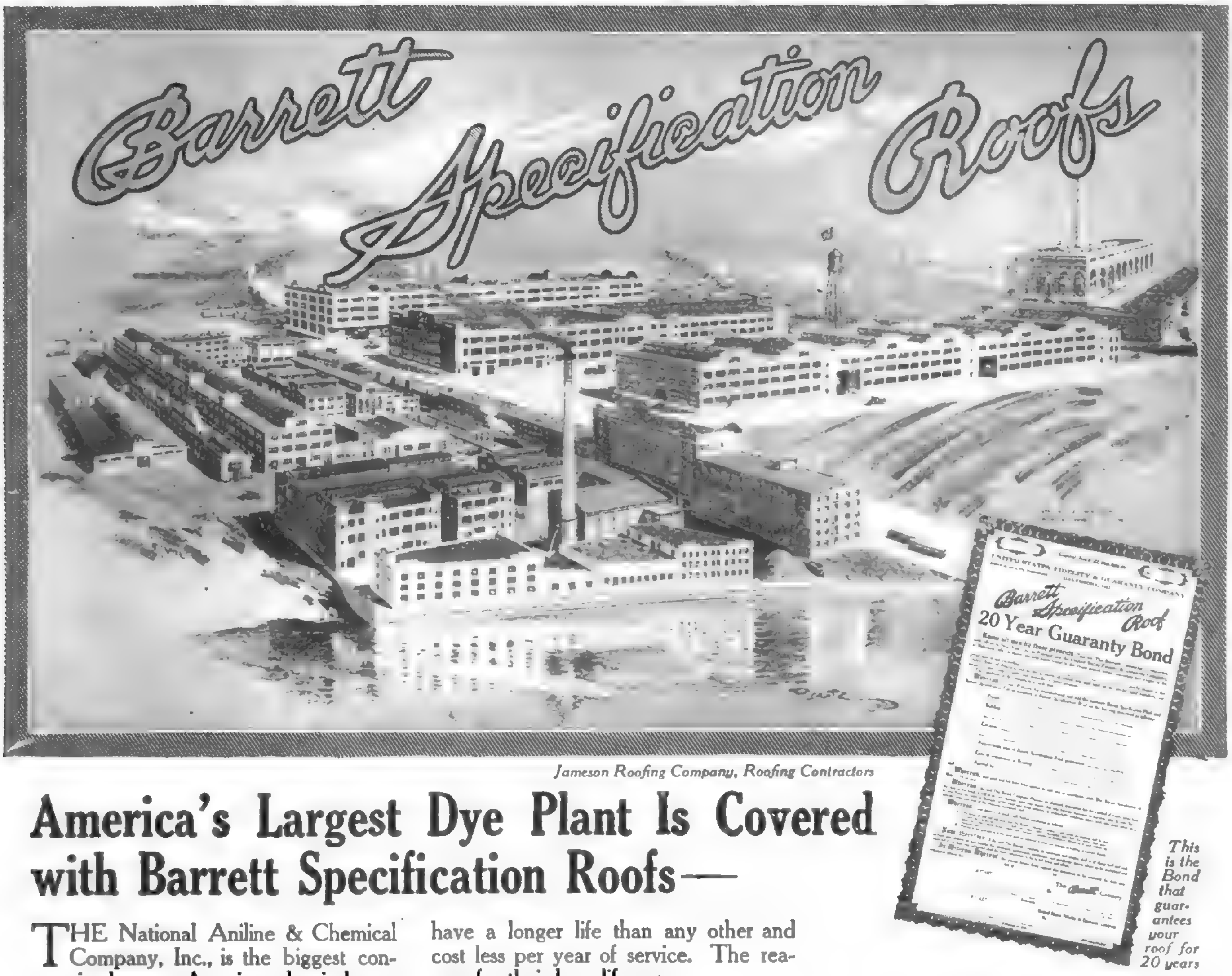
BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

UP AND down the street I know,
Now that there is Grief and War
All day long the people go
As they went before;

But when now the lads go by—
Careless look and careless glance—
My heart wonders—"*Which shall lie
Still next year in France?*"

When the girls go fluttering—
Flushing cheek and tossing head—
My heart says "*Next year shall bring
Which a lover dead?*"

Lord, let Peace be kind and fleet—
Put an end to Grief and War;
Let them walk the little street
Careless as before!



Jameson Roofing Company, Roofing Contractors

This is the Bond that guarantees your roof for 20 years

America's Largest Dye Plant Is Covered with Barrett Specification Roofs—

THE National Aniline & Chemical Company, Inc., is the biggest concern in the new American dye industry.

It has plants in various parts of the country and today is turning out dyes equal in every way to those formerly produced in Germany.

Its most important plant is the Schoellkopf Works located at Buffalo, N. Y., illustrated herewith.

This plant was designed and constructed by the John W. Cowper Company, one of the largest firms of engineers in this country, and it represents the very best in building construction.

Quite naturally Barrett Specification Roofs were chosen to cover the various buildings in preference to any other type because the experience of many years has demonstrated that these roofs have a longer life than any other and cost less per year of service. The reasons for their long life are:

First,
because they are constructed of Barrett Specification Pitch and Felt, *the greatest waterproofing materials known.*

Second,
because a *greater amount* of waterproofing is used in Barrett Specification Roofs than in any other kind of roof-covering, and the amount of waterproofing material in the roof largely determines its life.

Third,
because under the 20-Year Guaranty Plan the roofs must be constructed *under the supervision of our inspectors,* and we know, therefore, that they will be constructed right.

In view of all this, do you wonder that Barrett Specification Roofs are more popular than any other type for use on permanent buildings of all kinds?

The 20-Year Guaranty Bond

We are now prepared to give a 20-Year Surety Bond on all Barrett Specification Roofs of fifty squares and over, in all towns in the United States and Canada with a population of 25,000 and over, and *in smaller places where our Inspection Service is available.*

Our only requirements are that The Barrett Specification dated May 1, 1916, shall be strictly followed and that the roofing contractor shall be approved by us.

Copies of The Barrett 20-Year Specification, with roofing diagrams, mailed free on request.

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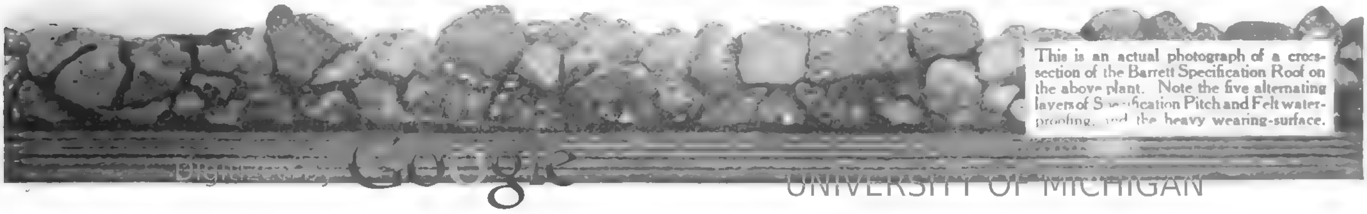
Detroit Birmingham Kansas City Minneapolis Salt Lake City Nashville Seattle Peoria
THE PATERSON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Limited
Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

TRADE B MARK



This is an actual photograph of a cross-section of the Barrett Specification Roof on the above plant. Note the five alternating layers of Specification Pitch and Felt waterproofing, and the heavy wearing-surface.

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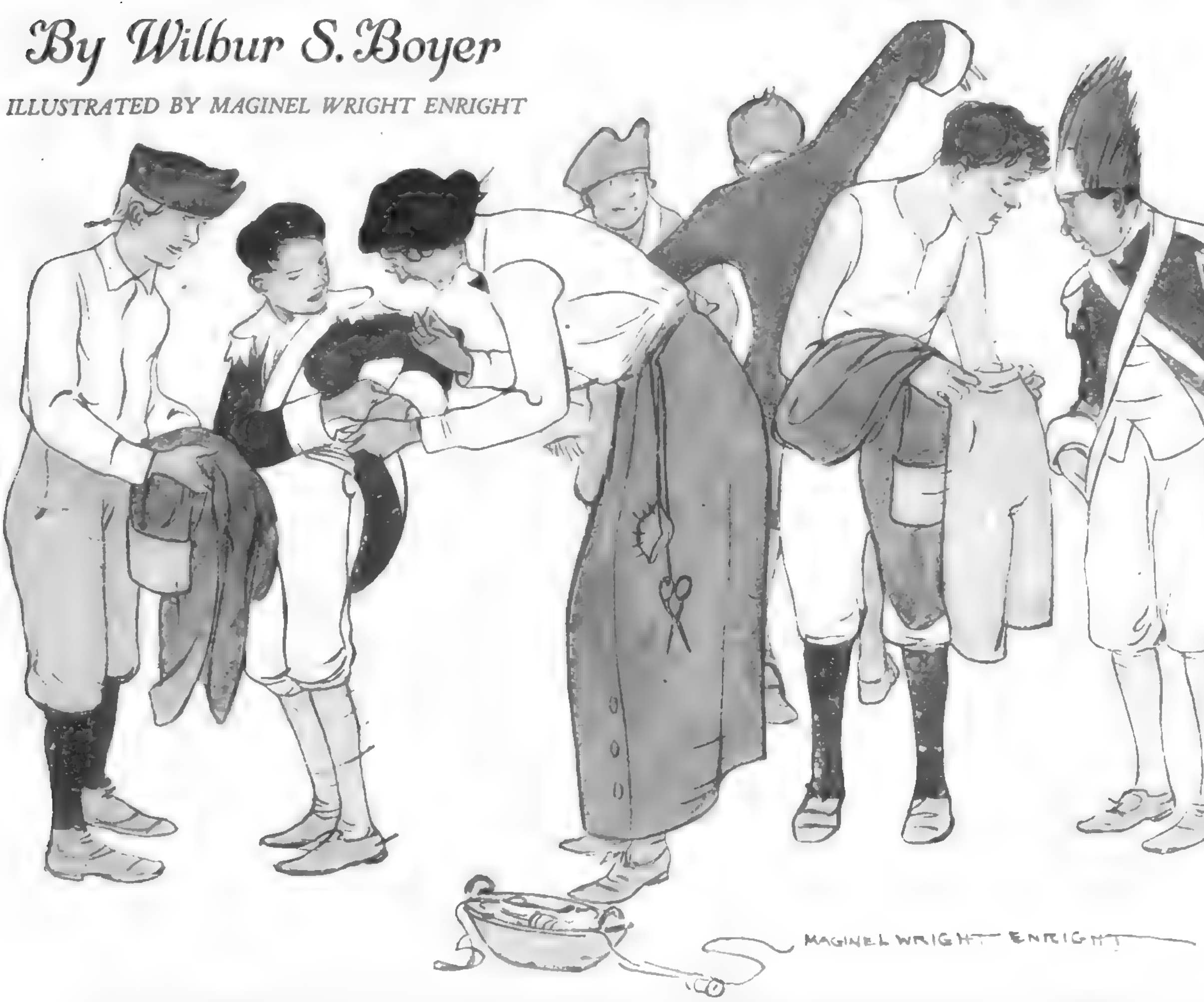
THERE'S MANY A SLIP

By Wilbur S. Boyer

ILLUSTRATED BY MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT



THE SEWING-TEACHER, WHO WAS ANXIOUS THAT HER COSTUMES SHOULD HOLD TOGETHER, FLUTTERED AND CLUCKED ABOUT, AS EXCITED AS A HEN WITH A BROOD OF DUCKS.

HALF-WAY down the center aisle of the school assembly-room, Johnnie Kelly and the rest of the British army walking inside the pasteboard troop-ship stopped to look back at the end of Manhattan Island—the principal's platform. Mr. Parks, the teacher in charge of the rehearsal, was too busy with the action on the stage to note this dramatic lapse. They set down the vessel—which resembled a deep bathtub with no bottom—and looked over the waist-high gunwales to observe their own humiliation in the last scene of the evacuation of New York.

There on the Battery flagpole, reaching close to the ceiling, was nailed the British flag. Bad enough had Johnnie felt when Mr. Parks, author, director, stage-manager, dressed the red-headed son of Erin in the hated British uniform; but for the teacher to assign to Johnnie the task of putting up that flag and knocking off the stepping-cleats from the pole, was heart-breaking.

As the Continental Army marched in through a doorway to the platform, all four of them in perfect step, the glum-faced Johnnie raised the ship's spanker-boom and held it against the mast to keep the sail from interfering with his vision.

Around the base of the pole were gathered a mob of six citizens, shaking their fists alternately at the British ship and at the cross of St. George above their heads.

"Halt!" shouted George Washington, *alias* Jack Van Zarn. "They have pulled down the pole, slushed the halyards, and——"

"For Heaven's sake!" protested Mr. Parks. "If you make that break tomorrow night, Jack, I'll sink through the floor."

George Washington apologized and corrected his speech.

"A mean trick, indeed," he went on. "Five pounds to the man who will climb that pole and put up the Stars and Stripes!"

Eleven-year-old Max Schuler strutted out.

"Ah!" said Washington, "my good man, what is your name?"

"John Van Arsdale," squeaked Max. "I am a sailor. I want no money for the job; but I'll climb that pole in spite of all the Tories from here to—from here to—to——"

The Continentals laughed. So did the citizens and the British army down the bay.

"Oh, oh!" groaned Mr. Parks—perhaps he said something more vehement under his breath—"from here to *Staten Island*."

Johnnie Kelly gloated openly.

"Max'll gum der whole show if Mr. Parks lets him be der hero," he predicted to his shipmates.

Max overheard it. He was unnerved. But winding his legs and arms around the pole, he started to make good his boast. Half-way up, he slowed, slipped, struggled back with a desperate effort, began to glide once more, slowly at first, then, gathering momentum, landed with a bump on the supports toed into the flagstaff near its base.

A yell of irony from the redcoats greeted the performance.

"Zing!" shouted Kelly, pantomiming with both hands the crash of bass drum and cymbals upon the fall of the comedian. "Pipe der hero!"

Mr. Parks ignored Johnnie's hilarity, for Max's failure was too portentous.

"Max, you are no good. Get out of here."

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Your Comfort Madam

suggests that you use care in selecting hose supporters. Learn the delightful ease afforded by the

Velvet Grip

HOSE SUPPORTER

It is identified by the

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on each clasp, which is a distinctive and exclusive feature. "Velvet Grips" will not "start" threads of the stocking. They give positive and dependable security and insure neat and trim ankles.

Buy corsets having the hose supporters with the Oblong Rubber Button.

Sample set of four "Sew-ons" for women and misses, 50 cents. Sample pair of "Pin-ons" for children, 15 cents (give age). Sample pair of "Baby Midgets" for infants—lisle, 10 cents; silk, 15 cents, postpaid.

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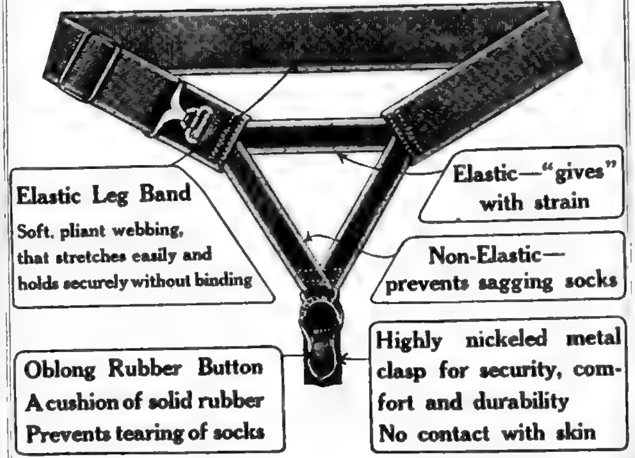
NEVERBIND

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip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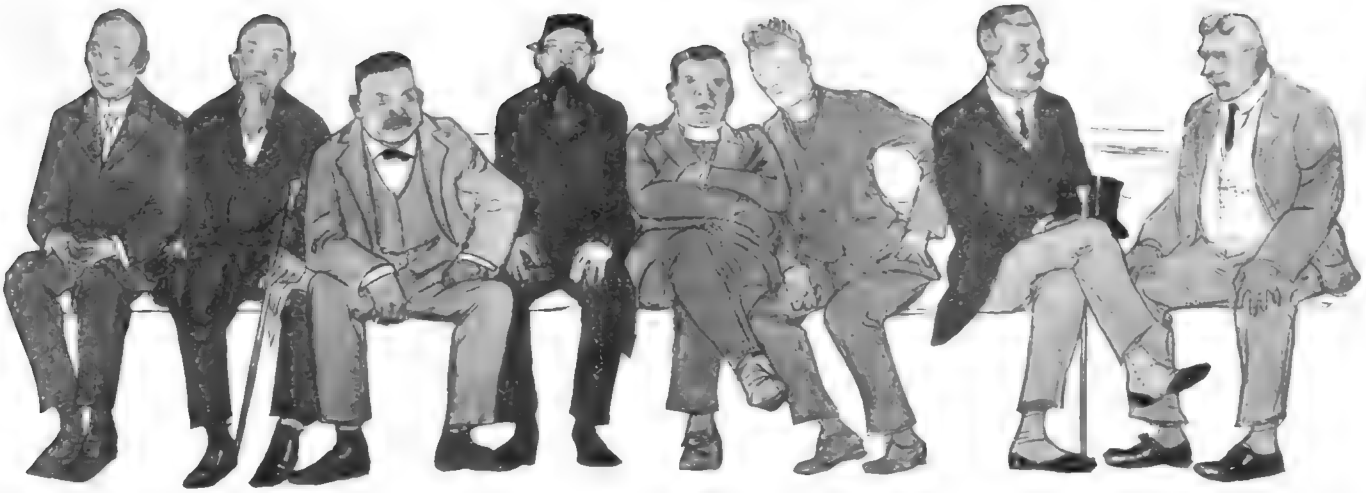


THE LINE OF NOTABLES PERCHED ON THE LONG SETTEE AT THE BACK OF THE PLATFORM WERE AS SOBER AS A ROW OF WET FOWLS ON A FENCE-RAIL.

"But I always done it before," wailed the fallen star.

"We can't trust to chance, young man. This play is too important. But I'll let you be the next highest actor—the one who slushes down the pole."

Max lost his head.

"'Tain't fair," he whined. "My fader, he's president of the Parents' 'Sociation—he give a whole pail of liquid soap to wash off the theayter paint from our faces."

Johnnie's nose wrinkled with disgust. "He's cuttin' me out, and still he ain't satisfied. Ain't that the Dutch?" he demanded of his fellow-voyagers; "hear him brag about his father and that saloon soap what didn't cost him nothin'! His father only gave it so Max could be the main guy in the show."

Mr. Parks made no attempt to conceal his anger at Max.

"Young man," he snapped, "I don't care who your father is. Make up your mind within thirty seconds whether you'll be a British soldier, or I'll send you and your liquid soap out for good and all."

Tears appeared in poor John Van Arsdale's eyes as he slunk grumbling away from the pole, a dejected, discredited hero.

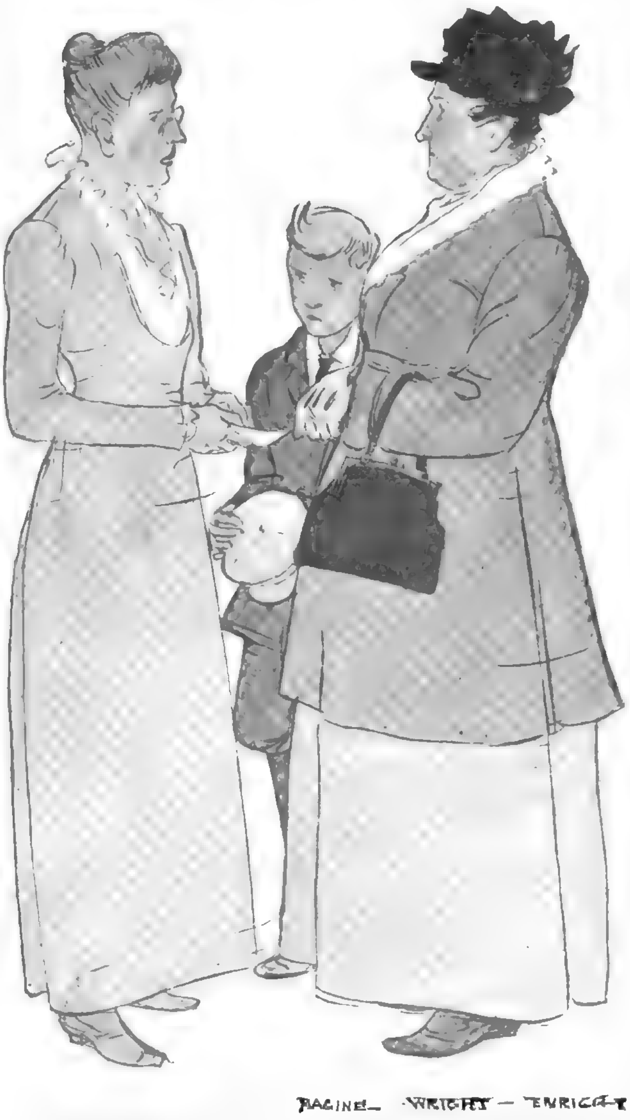
The stage-manager gave every man in the American Army, including George Washington, a chance to climb the pole and become John Van Arsdale, but none did it to his satisfaction.

"Kelly!"

At the sound of his name, Johnnie dived out of the ship, head first, and sprawled on the surface of the bay. He was on his feet in an instant and dashed over the harbor toward New York with a grin that threatened to make the top of his head an island.

"Shin up that pole," commanded the teacher.

No unprincipled rascal ever turned traitor to a cause so willingly as Johnnie Kelly, wearer of his Majesty's uniform. He swarmed up the pole as if it were a forbidden cherry-tree. Little cared he that his white-paper belt and cross-belts were torn to shreds. What mattered it that King George's red coat split up the back and the king's paper-muslin trousers gave way in the seat? The enemy's flag was at the top, and down it must come.



A DEJECTED BOY AND HIS TIGHT-LIPPED MOTHER WERE ATTENDING TO THE REMARKS OF SALLY PRINTON.

"Careful! Leave it there," cautioned Mr. Parks. "Don't tear it to pieces—we'll need it to-morrow night. All right, Johnnie, come down. You'll be John Van Arsdale."

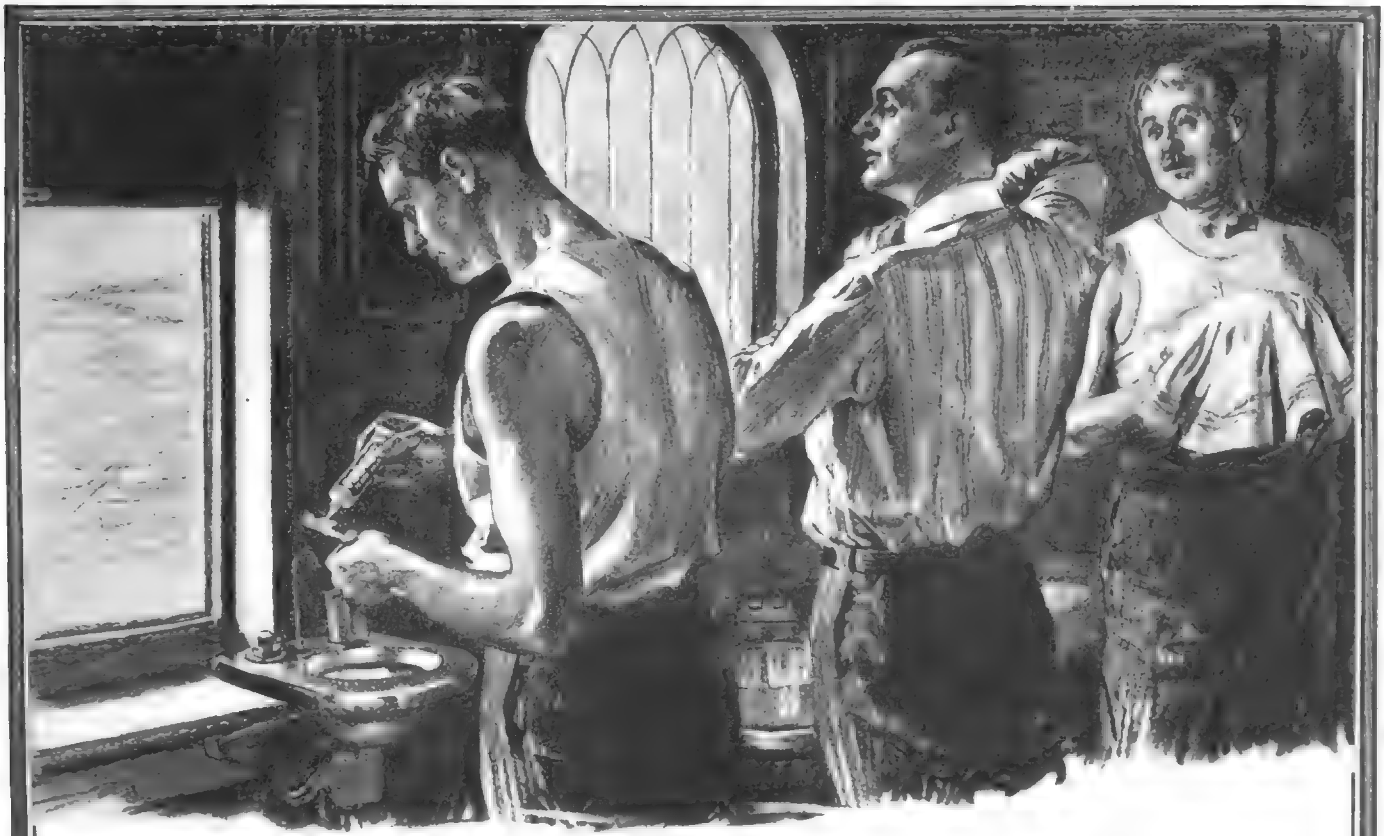
From his lofty perch the rechristened one smiled superiorly toward the envious, displaced Max.

"He can't learn all my part so quick," whined Max. "He'll spoil it all. 'Tain't fair. I bet he spoils it all. He'll make everybody laugh. He always does. See if he don't. 'Tain't fair. My fader——"

He stopped. There was a determined look in Mr. Parks's eye.

When the new Van Arsdale descended and came forward to receive instructions, it was with the full swagger of a stage star. He was in his favorite position—the center of the limelight. He was to carry upon his shoulders the climax of the whole play. And the success of the play meant much to Public School 199.

After years of agitation, and years of snail-like progress in building, a new auditorium and an annex of several class-rooms were to be dedicated with fitting ceremonies. Never before in the history of the school had it been able to accommodate at its functions more than a handful of visitors. Here was the first



Watching Him Use Pebeco Won't Save *Your* Teeth

There are just two ways to avoid a toothless old age. One way is to take proper care of your teeth.

The other way is to die young.

Picture in your mind the old man (or woman) that will some day be left of what you are now.

With sound teeth you will be able to eat the food you crave and need. With poor teeth, or no teeth, your diet will be—*must be*—pap.

Teeth are important, and a little knowledge of how to protect them, though it sounds like dull reading, is knowledge worth having.

You brush your teeth for two reasons—to make them look and feel clean, and to prevent certain invisible forces from hastening their decay.

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Pebeco polishes your teeth and sweetens your breath—as a matter of course. Its *real* work is to counteract what we call "Acid-Mouth."

"Acid-Mouth" is a short, quick term for describing a condition which works ceaselessly to destroy the protecting enamel of your teeth.

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Trial Tube of Pebeco and Acid Test Papers Mailed Free

We send you several little blue test papers. Moisten one with your tongue. If it dries out a pinkish color, it indicates the presence of acid. Then scrub your teeth with Pebeco Tooth Paste from the Trial Tube. Make a test with another paper and it remains blue. You get no acid reaction.

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opportunity to let the élite of the neighborhood and the big bugs of the city and the school system see what School 199 could do in the line of entertainment. The fact that 199 was the school of the veteran Mr. Hartley, the Grand Old Man of the system, had stirred several big newspapers to detail special reporters to be on hand. The affair was to be featured in the Sunday editions.

And since the school was built on ground made historic in Revolutionary times, the program provided for the début was to be Revolutionary in character. Regular lessons had gone by the board for a month during the excitement of getting ready. The school shop had become a property-room, the sewing-room was a costumer's, Mr. Parks's class were tired of being scattered around in various rooms while the stage-director rehearsed the lucky actors in the auditorium. And strongly did that director impress upon his company the awful disgrace of failure.

The change of characters necessitated extra work upon the part of every one connected with the production. What was left of Kelly's British uniform had to be made over in the sewing-room to fit a reluctant Max Schuler; but Schuler's sailor suit could by no stretch of cloth or imagination be made to accommodate the lanky Van Arsdale. A new one had to be fitted post haste.

Meanwhile, many times through their paces went the theatrical company. It was hard work, especially for Kelly, to climb that pole again and again. And if he hesitated, if he took a little longer to get up, Max was ready to gloat and croak.

Max himself knocked off foot-cleats with a degree of skill; but his pretense of slushing down the pole with a dry brush and an empty pail was most unconvincing.

"Do it as if you really had something on the brush," persisted Mr. Parks. "Don't wave it at the pole on one side and let it go at that."

The trouble was, Max was sulking; and Mr. Parks, realizing the boy's feelings, was doing his best not to notice the disaffection.

At length Max's face lit up.

"I know," he cried. "Suppose I use some plain water. It won't really make it slippery, but it'll look dandy and shiny and real, and——"

"No, no," objected Mr. Parks.

But Johnnie held up a deprecating hand.

"Let 'im do it, Mr. Parks, let 'im do it. I could climb dat pole no matter what he done. And he's right—it 'ud look swell."

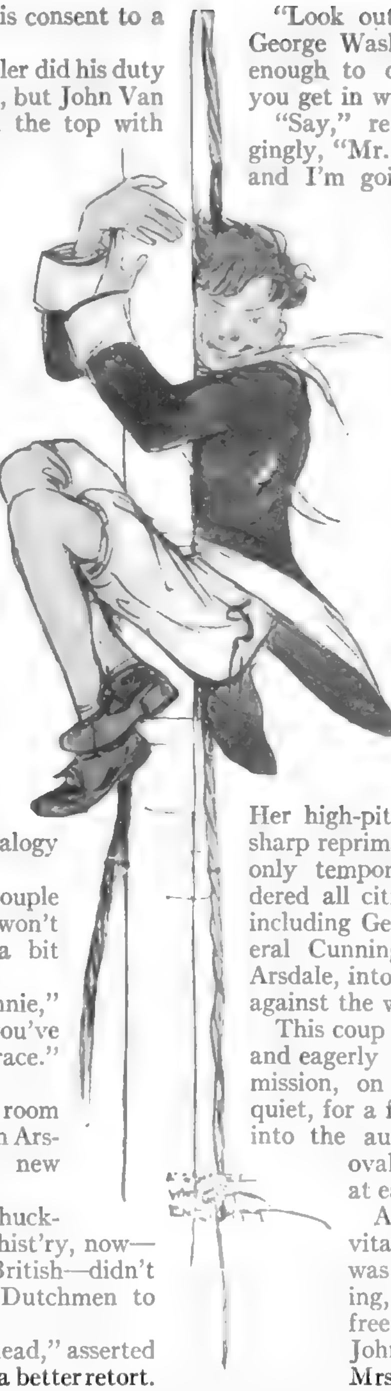
It took considerable argument to convince the teacher; when, however, George Washington, the Continentals, and the British army joined in the appeal, he gave his consent to a trial.

This time Max Schuler did his duty well for Great Britain, but John Van Arsdale Kelly reached the top with surprising ease. Mr. Parks was obliged to confess that this touch of realism was a big improvement.

"But, Johnnie, if there is any danger of this water causing you trouble in your climb, I'd rather cut it out. This is the grand climax of the whole performance. It represents the happy conclusion of the long Revolutionary struggle; and we want people to see how it is appropriate to this occasion. The opening of this auditorium, you see, is the happy ending to *our* long struggle. If the last scene is a failure the whole analogy falls down."

"Can't we put in a couple o' more braces so it won't fall down? It *is* a bit shaky."

"Never mind, Johnnie," laughed the teacher, "you've got to be the main brace."



IN THE dressing-room after rehearsal, Van Arsdale grinned at the new British private.

"Say, Max," he chuckled, "it's jist like real hist'ry, now—your fightin' for the British—didn't dey go hire a lot o' Dutchmen to fight us?"

"You got a swelled head," asserted Max hotly, for want of a better retort. But the foretaste of revenge was sweet.

"Little Hessian," persisted the turncoat, "t'ought you'd put one over on me, didn't you? But I'm a real pole-climber, not a slippery slider like the Dutch."

"It ain't fair," Max came back to his old protest. "My mudder thinks I'm going to be the hero, and fader gives a lot o' paper towels—and—and—liquid soap."

"Ah! take your old soap!" said Johnnie. Into the pail he dipped, and wiped a handful across Max's mouth just as Max opened his jaws to make further comments.

The saloon-keeper's son coughed soap-bubbles for several minutes, and left school that afternoon declaring he would give as much as five cents if Johnnie would only go to pieces in the great scene.

"Look out, Johnnie," cautioned George Washington, "he'll be mad enough to do anything to make you get in wrong."

"Say," retorted the hero braggingly, "Mr. Parks counts on me, and I'm goin' to make dis show a go, or bust somethin'."

TO THE theatrical company of Public School 199, it was a long, long day between sunrise next morning and the great hour. The whole troupe were in full regalia by half-past seven, skylarking and carrying-on behind the scenes; while the sewing-teacher, who was anxious that her costumes should hold together, fluttered and clucked about as excited as a hen with a brood of ducks. Her high-pitched scoldings and the sharp reprimands of Mr. Parks had only temporary effect; so he ordered all citizens and both armies, including George Washington, General Cunningham and John Van Arsdale, into limbo on a long bench against the wall.

This coup had a sobering effect; and eagerly was accepted the permission, on promise of absolute quiet, for a few at a time to peak into the auditorium through the oval windows in the doors at each side of the platform.

Admission being by invitation only, the audience was no ordinary gathering, such as turns out for free evening lectures. Johnnie's first view was of Mrs. Schuler in a front seat; and judging by her face, he knew she would be an extremely cynical critic of the new Van Arsdale.

In a back corner of the auditorium, a bevy of gaily dressed young lady-teachers—supposed to be ushers—flitted and tittered around a young man-teacher, in response, no doubt, to his clever remarks, while to their seats, unushered, wended papas and mamas and other members of the Parents' Association who had never been papas and mamas, but who took such a prominent part in school matters that none dare be refused tickets.

At one side, a number of the alumni, graduated long, long ago last June, were talking or listening like sober old men to the bald-headed first assistant, who now and then turned aside to answer the greeting of some sedate young lady whose hair had been done up for

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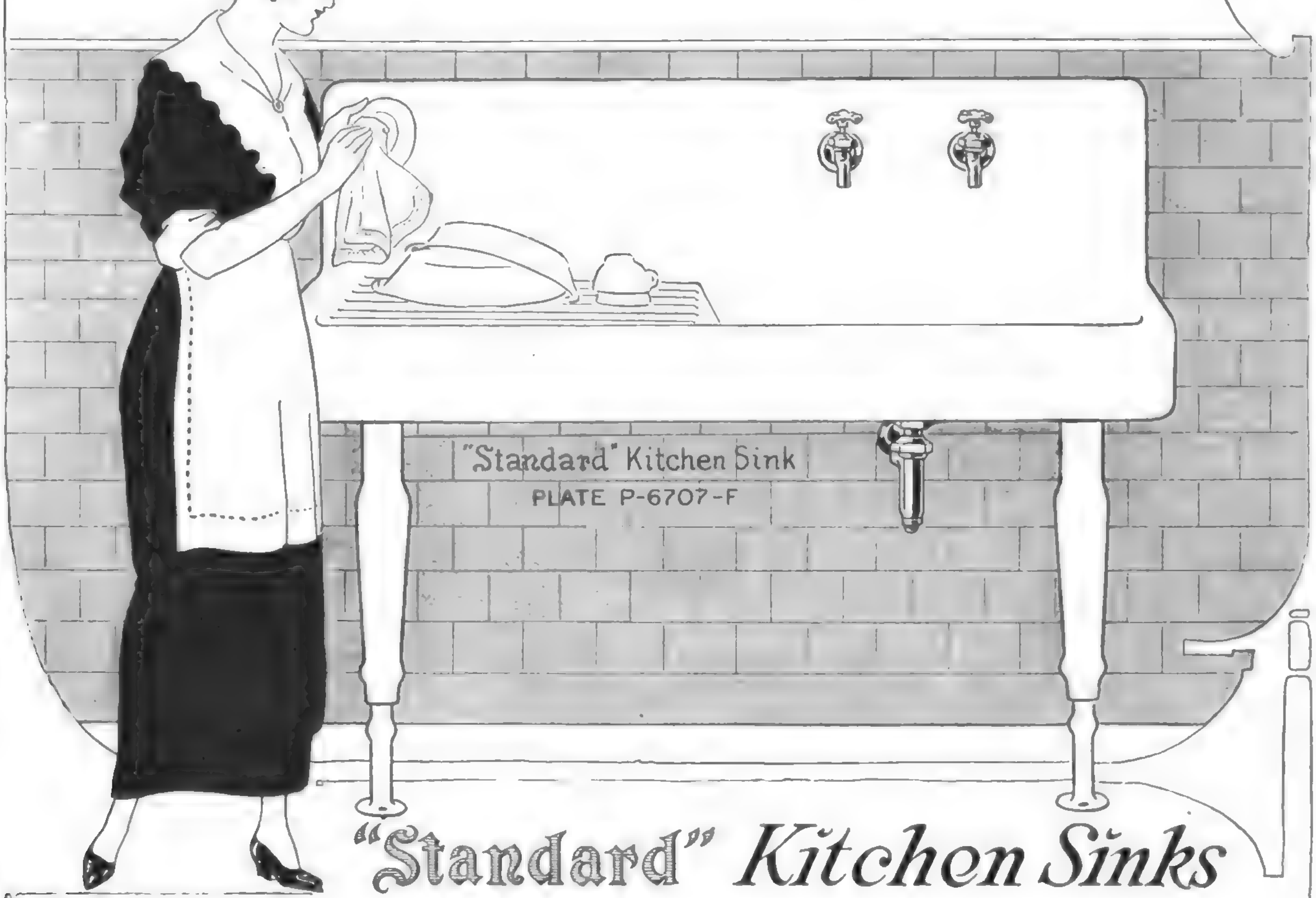
by working over a Kitchen Sink set too low. Have installed a "Standard" One-Piece Sink which can be adjusted in height from 30 to 36 in. from floor.



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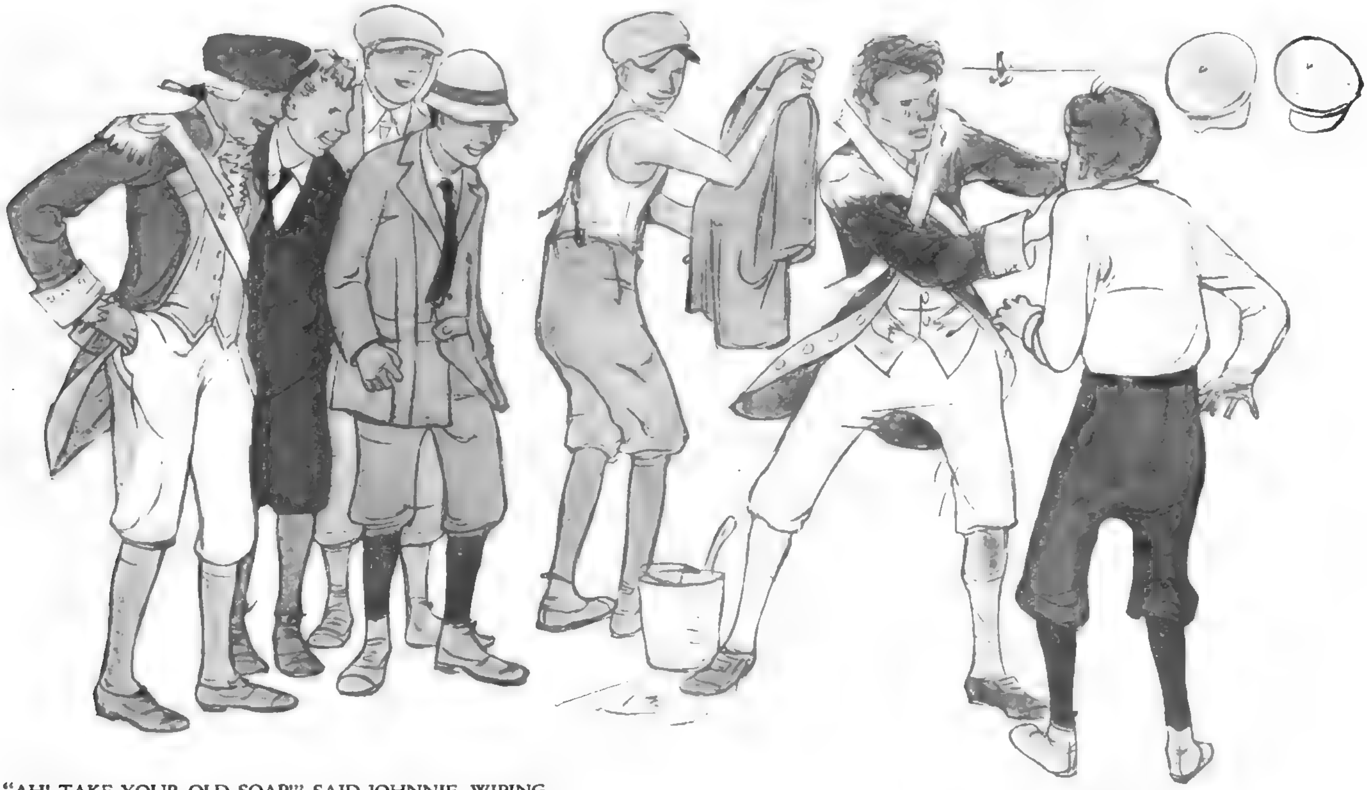
CHICAGO OFFICE	KARPEN BLDG.

fully a year, or whose face had been done up afresh within the hour.

Within hearing distance of Johnnie, a dejected boy and his tight-lipped mother were attending to the remarks of serious-faced Sally Printon, who had taught for thirty years and never before had such a bad boy in her class.

"Gee whiz!" muttered Kelly, "betcher *he* knows what's comin' to him when he gits home! And dat's what's comin' to me if I don't make good to-night."

Half a dozen rough-appearing seventeen-year-olds were standing together in the rear, peering about with such studied unconcern that Johnnie quickly spotted them.



"AH! TAKE YOUR OLD SOAP!" SAID JOHNNIE, WIPING A HANDFUL ACROSS MAX'S MOUTH.

"Huh!" he grunted, "wonder what winder that gang crawled through."

He breathed easier when the janitor got his eyes on the bunch and cleared them out with scant courtesy.

"I don't mind the old grads," muttered the leading man to General Cunningham, the British commander, "because dey'll only look wise and stick up their noses a bit; but dat gang o' rough-necks only come in jest to queer us actors. I'm glad dey're fired."

The hero's last survey was of the line of notables perched on the long settee at the back of the platform, as sober as a row of wet fowls on a fence-rail. There, with Mr. Hartley, sat the president of the Board of Education, the district superintendent, and the whole local school board. Congressman Van Zarn was hobnobbing with Alderman McGinnis; while in the midst of four ministers, two priests and a rabbi, sat beefy Mr. Schuler, president of the Parents' Association of Number 199, and owner of the famous Café Flossie.

"Boys," observed Mr. Parks solemnly, "this is the most select, high-class audience that ever got together in this neighborhood. We must impress them with the thoroughness and perfection of our work. Don't lose your heads, don't try to be smart; but act, *act, ACT!*"

"Leave it to me! leave it to me!" boasted Van Arsdale.

At length the ceremonies commenced. There were speeches before, and speeches between the acts of, the great drama, but to these the actors were oblivious. Speeches were only there to give time for the performers to get ready for the next act. Who cared how Number 199 came to get an auditorium? Surely not the fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers and distant relations of the theatrical company. As for Johnnie, he was sure that more than two-thirds of the audience were more anxious to see him climb that pole than they were to hear the superintendent, the alderman, the congressman, and President Schuler each relate how *he* came to get this grand addition to the school.

When it came time for the minute men to fortify Bunker Hill, the principal and his honored guests had to desert the mound and crowd into seats with the common herd, the district superintendent, himself, cheek by jowl with the superintendent of the Rosevale Apartments.

The American Army lay intrenched behind a desk. On came the redcoats. Up on the earthwork stepped a shaky General Warren to recite, "Stand! thegrounsyourownmurbraves!"

His voice indicated that he wasn't quite sure whether or not his braves would stand; and Johnnie, who crouched in the trench behind him, was afraid that Warren's legs, if they shook much more, would also refuse to stand.

With wooden guns made in the school work-shop, the British stormed the hill and with historic accuracy took it on the third attempt, and the British flag was unfurled on Bunker Hill.

The act was generously applauded; but Kelly received a reprimand for too strenuous acting.

"It was not necessary, Johnnie," said Mr. Parks, "to knock Schuler down the hill and under the piano."

Scene two, Valley Forge—George Washington Van Zarn stood before a tent wrapped in a great-coat, while Johnnie Kelly and other Continentals sweated over an electric-lighted campfire, and an elongated young lady in the highest class, whose mother presented a singing-prize every graduation time, wabbled through a song that told the story.

Before the evening was over, Master Kelly had been present at Burgoyne's surrender; he had helped thrash the Hessians with considerable gusto at Trenton, and stood at the head of the American Army when Lord Cornwallis's forces laid down their arms at Yorktown.

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THERE'S MANY A SLIP

(Continued from page 70)

In every case when Max and Johnnie came together there were manifest attempts on the part of each to outdo the other; but Johnnie, being much the larger, had the advantage in physical combat. Max was bayoneted three times, tied hand and foot twice, and wounded half a dozen times before the war was over; yet he grinned so good-naturedly that Johnnie began to lose interest in the game.

It took ten minutes and the united efforts of both armies to set up the pole at the end of Manhattan Island for the last act. When the curtain was drawn aside, it revealed the citizens of New York groaning under the yoke of British rule.

As the act progressed, it was quite evident that there was not a citizen of New York who was not a noble, unselfish hero, and not a redcoat in the whole army of occupation who was not a deep-dyed villain worthy to be hanged.

BUT virtue must always be rewarded, and now the city had to be evacuated.

General Cunningham, the provost marshal, *alias* Carson, waved his tin sword.

"No rebel flag shall go up that staff in sight of King George's men," he proclaimed. "Come, lively, now! Nail the colors to the mast! Unreeve the halyards, quick! Slush down the pole, knock off the stepping-cleats!"

Max Schuler advanced with brush and pail and a broad grin. He mounted the cleats to the top. Had the pail contained dynamite he could not have carried it more carefully. The red flag of Great Britain was thumb-tacked to the pole, down came the rope, and the little soldier proceeded to slush the pole with a dripping brush.

A slow, thorough job he made of it; slower than at rehearsal. So particular was he to touch every inch of the pole that Mr. Parks showed signs of uneasiness—the scene might drag.

"Hurry, Max!" he urged in a stage-whisper from his post behind the curtain at one side; but Max made an artistic job of it.

He set the pail down at the bottom of the staff, then climbed up again and knocked off the cleats.

"The pole is slushed, sir," he reported, saluting General Cunningham. "Now, let them run up their flag if they can!"

Johnnie behind the scenes caught the triumphant grin of the diminutive redcoat, and expressed his contempt by putting a thumb in each ear and wiggling, with great vigor, his extended fingers.

"Huh!" he sneered to George Washington, "he's tryin' to show off! And pipe the phiz on his mother!"

Mrs. Schuler's hands were clasped contentedly on her capacious lap, and she was smirking right and left to catch any stray glances of admiration for her hopeful's fine acting.

The British Army dropped into the troop-ship moored to the edge of the platform, cast off the lines, picked the vessel up by the gunwales, and walked it up the aisle.

Rat-a-tat-tat! A drum beat a lively rattle and out marched the Continental Army, in fine order, followed by the city fathers and mothers. They halted near the pole.

Washington shaded his eyes dramatically.

"They have nailed up their colors, pulled down the halyards, the cleats are gone, and the pole is slushed!" he exclaimed indignantly. "A mean trick, indeed! Five pounds to the man who will climb that pole and unfurl to the breeze the Stars and Stripes!"

It was Johnnie Kelly's cue. He swaggered forward to announce himself John Van Arsdale.

"I want no money for der job," said he with a curl of the lip, "I'll climb dat pole in spite o' all der Hessians from here to Coney Island!"

He heard Mr. Parks gasp; he heard a titter throughout the audience, but took it as a compliment.

TO THE pole he strutted and threw off his coat. His eyes swept over the audience to drink in the thrill of it. All eyes were upon him. Even sophisticated old grads were interested. The honored guests were most gratifyingly attentive; while the young man-teacher and his lady friends actually condescended to turn toward the stage and cease their chatter.

Johnnie rubbed his hands on the seat of his trousers. He jumped, grasped the pole in his hands, wound his legs around it—and shot down to the bottom with a jolt that made his teeth click.

He could not hide the surprise in his face.

He tried again with the same result. Probably the audience thought it most realistic, but Mr. Parks wore a look of chagrin as though he thought Johnnie was over-acting.

Johnnie did not want his teacher to believe that.

"No fen slips!" said the annoyed Van Arsdale, crossing two fingers of his right hand and holding them up to his teacher's view.

There was a short, surprised laugh from the American Army, and, in the audience, from every man who remembered playing marbles back in his boyhood days.

Johnnie sprang to his feet with determination. He spit on his hands and made a flying leap for the pole. It swayed dangerously, and down it the climbing star slid like a fireman at a third alarm.

The British troop-ship down the harbor rocked with joy. Max Schuler was hopping up and down to the immediate danger of wrecking the craft, his face lit up with glee. Mrs. Schuler's smile was like that of the cat that had eaten the canary.

The audience sat up and craned their necks with intense interest, every face beaming appreciatively. Only the notables, squeezed into the best seats in the front row, looked serious, as became scholars who understood historical accuracy.

"That's enough, Johnnie!" clipped Mr. Parks from behind the scenes, as loud as he dared, in the tense silence of the room, "you're spoiling it all. Get to the top this time, surely."

It was do or die for John Van Arsdale. His hands were frothy. He knew there was something wrong, but Mr. Parks had given orders, the play must be saved—the top of that pole must be reached. Johnnie ran halfway across the stage, turned, and sprinted for the pole, leaping as high as he could. He hit it amidships, and down came the British flag, pole, hero, and all.

As Van Arsdale slid and fell to the floor, one foot encountered the "slush" pail, overturning it, and the hero landed flat in its contents as the liquid spread over the floor.

He scrambled to his feet and surveyed his hands and clothing.

His eyes opened wide in surprise and disgust.

"Gee whiz!" he exploded, "the little Hessian's gone and used liquid soap!"

A roar of delight swept over the audience. Old grads, parents, great and near-great, seethed with merriment. Alderman McGinnis and Congressman Van Zarn were in stitches. President Schuler was gasping for air. The clergy were far from funereal; while the superintendent of the Rosevale Apartments in his exuberance cracked the district superintendent so hard between the shoulder-blades that the school official bit a laugh completely in two.

Mr. Parks mercifully drew the curtain.

Johnnie's last glimpse was of Mrs. Schuler waddling down New York Harbor toward the troop-ship and the overjoyed pole-slusher, wringing her hands and wailing above the merriment of the audience:

"Vat made you done it, Max? I say, Vat made you done it?"

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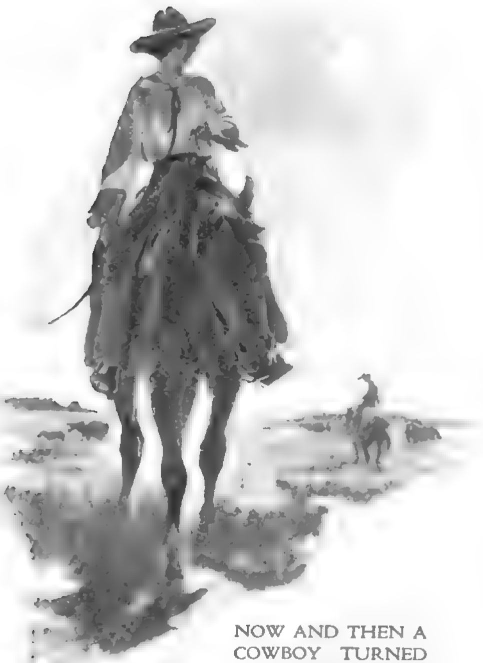
JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

By Jackson Gregory

AUTHOR OF "UNDER HANDICAP," "THE OUTLAW," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. HERBERT DUNTON



NOW AND THEN A COWBOY TURNED IN HIS SADDLE TO WONDER AT HER.

BLUE LAKE RANCH, with its sweep of ten thousand acres of cattle and horse-range, dairy farms and olive groves, was acquired and built up by the energy and forcefulness of Luke Sanford. It should be a prosperous establishment, but, on Sanford's death, it fell into the hands of three part-owners: Sanford's daughter, Judith; Pollock Hampton, a young spender; and a third person, who does not appear in the story. Its management is entrusted by them to Bayne Trevors, who has been deliberately planning to ruin the ranch so that it might fall cheaply into the hands of the Western Lumber Company, owners of a neighboring estate, for whom Trevors is secretly working.

The few old employees of Sanford who have not been replaced by men pliant to Trevors's purpose, are aware of this plot, and one of these, Bud Lee, the horse-foreman, threatens, as the story opens, to leave the ranch if Trevors insists upon selling to the Western Lumber Company a number of fine horses at a ridiculous price, on pretense of a peremptory demand from Pollock Hampton for money.

Judith Sanford, who has been educating herself to fill her father's place and has just acquired a second share of ownership in the ranch, unexpectedly appears on the scene, and in discharging Trevors at pistol point, slightly wounds him in self-defense. She assumes charge, impresses the men with her capability by riding the most intractable bronco of the ranch, on the challenge of one of Trevors's henchmen, and, preparing for Trevors's revenge, she sounds the loyalty of the other employees.

CHAPTER FOUR

Judith on the Job

"AND now," said Judith Sanford to the stillness about her—she was alone in the big ranch-house—"not being constructed of iron, I'm going to take a snooze."

She yawned, stretched her supple young body luxuriously, and passed slowly through the empty rooms which, at her command, José had opened to the sweet morning air. Through the great living-room, library and music-room, where the grand piano stood dejectedly in its mantle of dust, she came to her own chambers at the southwest corner of the building. Her bed was made, the sheets clean and fresh and inviting, dressing gown and slippers were upon the window-seat, and from her little table a big vase of glorious roses sent out its welcoming perfume.

"Good old José," she smiled.

Vivid blossom that she was upon the tough, hardy stalk of her pioneer ancestry, creature of ardent flame and passion which her blood and her life in the open had made her, she was not devoid of the understanding of the limit of physical endurance. Last night, through the late moonlight and later starlight, through the thick darkness which lay across the mountain trails before the coming of day, on into the dawn, she had ridden the forty miles from the railroad at Rocky Bend. Certain of treachery on the part of Bayne Trevors, she had arrived only to find him plotting another blow at her interests. She had ridden a mad brute of a horse whose rebellious struggle against her authority had taxed her to the last ounce of her strength. She had shot a man in the right shoulder and the left forearm.

And now, with no one to see her, she was pale and shaking a little, suddenly faint from the heavy beating of her own heart. She had had virtually no sleep last night. She was glad of it now. For now she would sleep, sleep.

"I am not to be called, no matter what happens," she said to José, who came trotting to the tinkle of her bell. "Thank you for the roses, José."

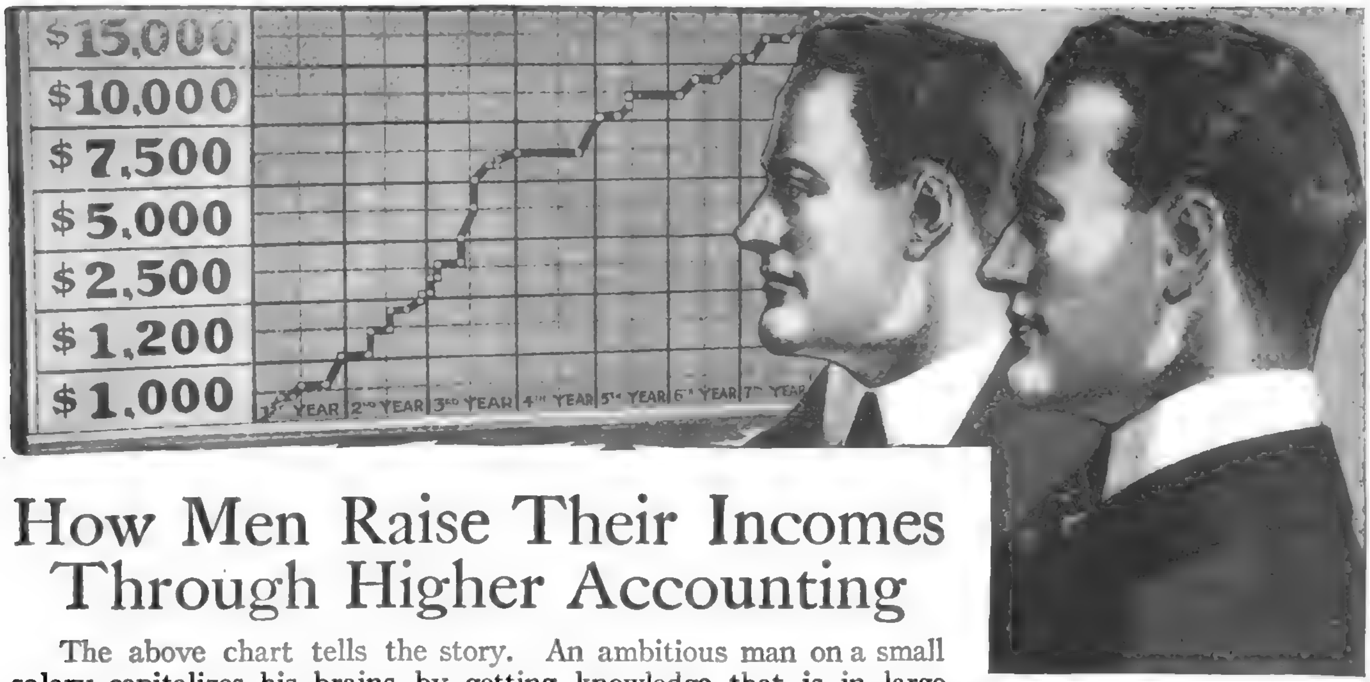
Slipping out of her clothes, she drew the sheet up to her throat—and tossed for a wretched hour before sleep came to her. A restless sleep, filled with the broken bits of unpleasant dreams.

AT TWO o'clock, swiftly dressing after a leisurely bath, she went out into the courtyard where she found José making a pretense of gardening, when in truth, for a matter of hours, he had done little but watch for her coming.

"José," she said, as he swept off his wide hat and made her the bow reserved for *la señorita* and *la señorita* alone, "you will have to be lady's maid and errand boy for me until I get things running right. I am going to telephone into town this minute for a woman to do my cooking, housekeeping and be a nuisance around generally. While I do that, will you scare up something for me to eat and then saddle a horse for me? And don't make a fire, either; just something cold out of a can, you know."

She went to the office, arranged over the wire with Mrs. Simpson of Rocky Bend to come out on the following day, and then spent fifteen minutes studying the pay-roll taken from the safe, which, fortunately, Trevors had left open. As José came in with a big tray she was running through a file of reports made at the month-end, two weeks ago, by certain of the ranch foremen.

"Put it down on the table, José. Thank you," and she found time for a smile at her devoted servitor. "Now, have a horse ready, will you?" And without waiting for José's answer, taking up the telephone, she asked for the office at the Lower End, as the rich valley land of the western portion of the ranch was commonly known.



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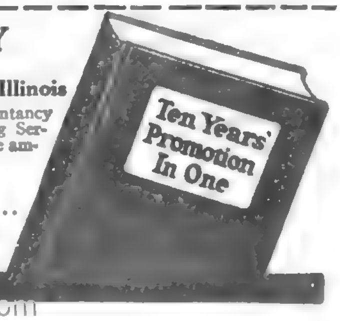

Ten Years' Promotion In One

Briefly making herself known to the owner of the boyish voice which answered, she asked for "Doc" Tripp and was informed that the ranch veterinarian was no longer with the outfit. Judith frowned.

"Where is he?"

"Rocky Bend, I think."

"When did he leave us?"

"Three days ago."

"Why?"

"Fired. Mr. Trevors let him go."

"Hm!" said Judith. "Who have we in his place?"

"Bill Crowdy is sort of acting vet, right now."

"Thanks," she said, and, clicking off, she put in a call for "Doc" Tripp in Rocky Bend. "Get him for me as quick as you can, will you, please?" she asked of the operator in town.

For five minutes before she got in communication with the discharged Tripp, she munched at a sandwich and pored over the papers before her, dealing with this or that of the many interests of the big ranch. When at last her telephone bell rang she found that it was Tripp.

"Hello, Doc," she said cordially. "I haven't seen you for so long I almost have forgotten how you comb your hair!" Tripp laughed with her at that; across the miles she could picture him running his big hand through the rebellious shock of hair. "Yes, I'm back to stay, and from the looks of it I didn't come any too soon. Yes, Doc, we do miss him," and her voice softened wonderfully to Tripp's mention of the man who had been more than father to her, more than friend to him. "But we are going to buck up and show folks that he *knew*. He would have made a go of the thing; we are going to do it. What was the trouble with you and Trevors?"

Tripp explained succinctly. He and the general manager had disagreed openly and frequently about that part of the work in which, until the coming of Trevors, the veterinarian had been entirely unhampered. Two months ago Trevors had reduced Tripp's wages and had threatened another cut.

"Just to make me quit, you know," he added. "And I would have quit if it had been any other outfit in the world."

"I know," she said, and she did understand. "Go on. What was the excuse for canning you?"

"Case of lungworms," he told her, "Some of the calves, I don't know just how many yet. He insisted on my treating them the old way."

"Slaked lime? Or sulfur fumes?" she said quickly. "And you insisted on chloroform?"

"You've hit it!" he exclaimed wonderingly. "How'd you know?"

"I haven't been loafing on the job the last six months," she laughed. "I've been at the school at Davis and hobnobbing with some of the university men at Berkeley. They're doing some great work there. Doc, I'll want to talk to you about it. You're going down there, expenses paid, to brush up with a course or two this year. Now, how soon can you get back here?—Trevors? Oh, Trevors is fired. I'm running the ranch myself. And, Doc, I need a few men like you! Can you come early to-morrow?—To-night? You're a God-blessed brick! Yes, I'll stop that murderous sulfur treatment if it isn't too late. Good-by."

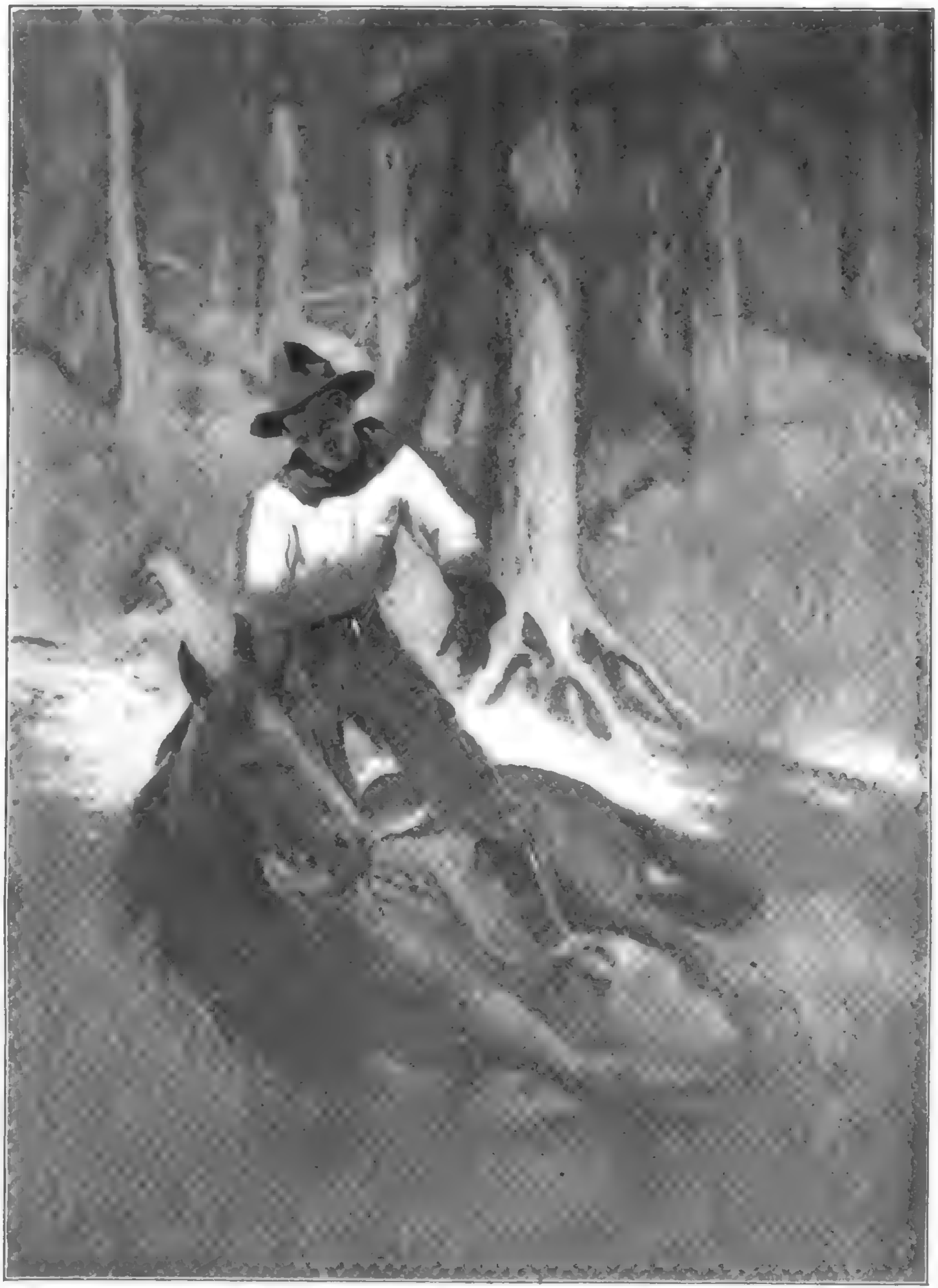
She lost no time in calling for Bill Crowdy, the man whom Trevors had put into Tripp's place.

"By the way," she said when the man with the voice which had sounded so boyish in her ears answered again, "who are you?"

"Ed Masters," he told her. "Electrician, you know."

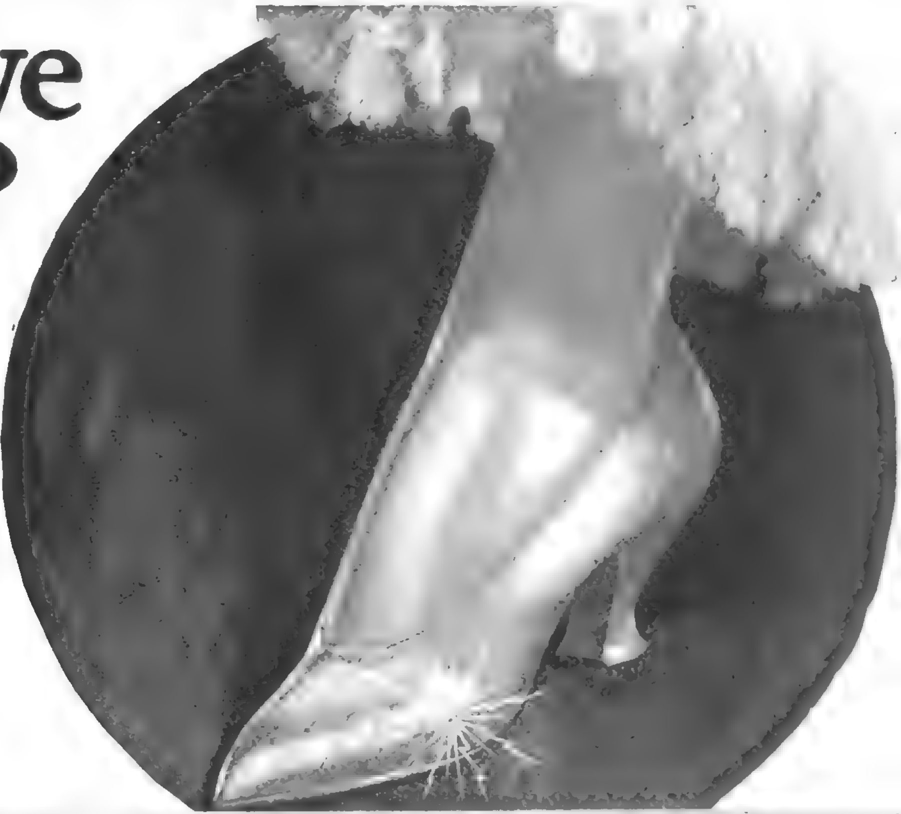
A glance at the pay-roll in front of her showed that Edward Masters, general electrician, was a new man and was drawing eighty-five dollars monthly.

"What are you doing this afternoon?" she demanded sharply—"just



SUDDENLY HIS HORSE SCREAMED, STAGGERED, AND, WITH A LOW MOAN, COLLAPSED UNDER HIM.

Why Have a Corn?



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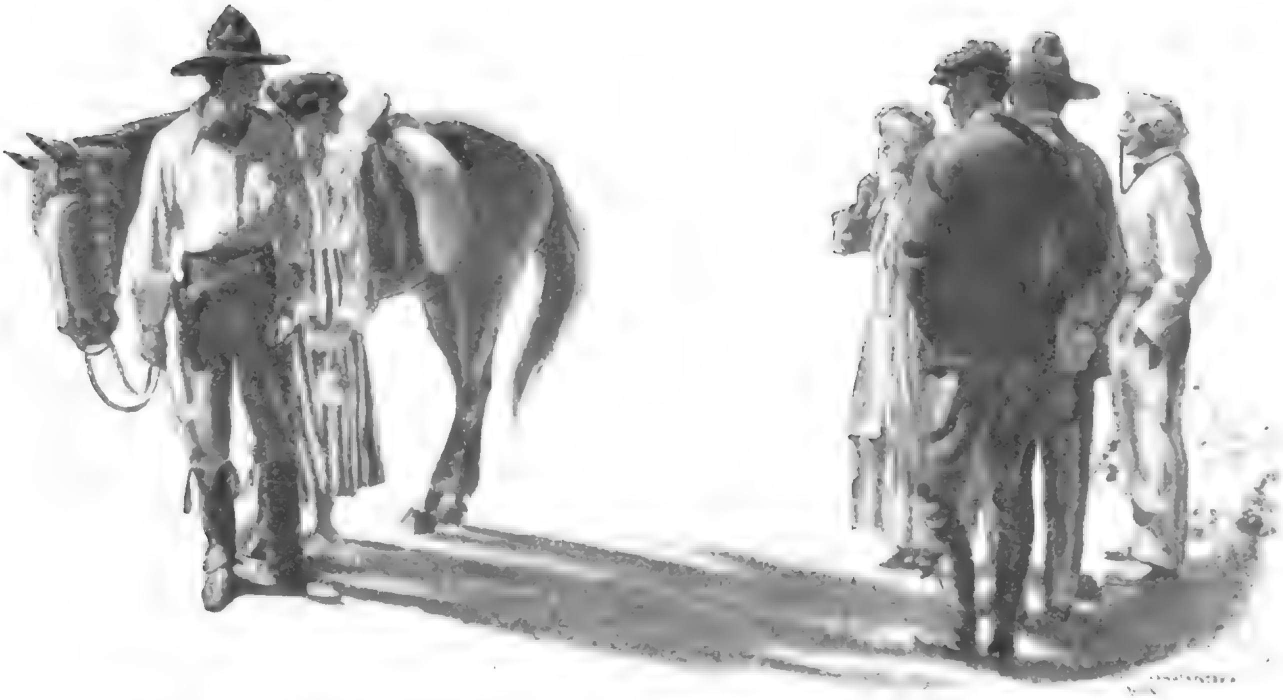


"A MAN KILLED A HORSE FOR ME TO-DAY," HE SAID GENTLY, AND HIS EYES RESTED STEADILY ON TREVORS. "IF I EVER GET HIM OR THE MAN WHO PUT HIM UP TO IT, I'M GOING TO GET HIM RIGHT."

hanging around the office? Is that the way you earn your eighty-five dollars?"

"Not always. But Trevors told me to be on hand to-day to take some orders."

"What work?"

"Don't know," he said frankly. "He didn't say."

"Well," said Judith, "I'll tell you one thing, Ed Masters. If you are one of the loaf-around kind you'd better call for your time to-night. If there's anything for you to do, go do it. Don't wait for Trevors. He's gone. Yes, for good. You can report to me here the first thing in the morning. Now send me Crowdy."

"He's down in the hospital, and the hospital phone is out of order."

"And you're an electrician, hanging around for orders! That's your first job. Send the first man you can get your hands on to tell Crowdy I say not to touch one of those calves with the lungworm. And not to do anything else but get ready to talk with me. I'll be down in half an hour."

She clicked up the receiver, drank a cup of lukewarm coffee, noting subconsciously that José must have had a fire ready against the time of her awakening, and again consulted the files before her. Then again she used the telephone, ringing the Lower End office. This time it was another voice answering her.

"Where's Masters?" she asked.

"Gone down to the cow hospital," was the answer.

"Where's Johnson, the irrigation foreman?"

"Out in the south fields."

"And Dennings?"

"Went to look the olives over."

"Send out for both of them. I'm coming right down as fast as a horse will carry me and I want to talk with them. Wait a minute—I'll tell you when I'm through with you. Who are you, anyway?"

"Williams, the ranch carpenter."

"What are *you* doing to-day? Repairs needed at the office where you are?"

"No. You see——"

"You bet I see!" she cried warmly. "The first thing I see is that I've got more men on this job than I need. If there's no work for you to do, call to-night for your time. If you've got anything to do, go do it."

She clicked off again, waited a brief second and rang three for the dairy. After she had rung several times and got no answer, she murmured to herself:

"There's some one too busy on the ranch to be just hanging round after all, it seems."

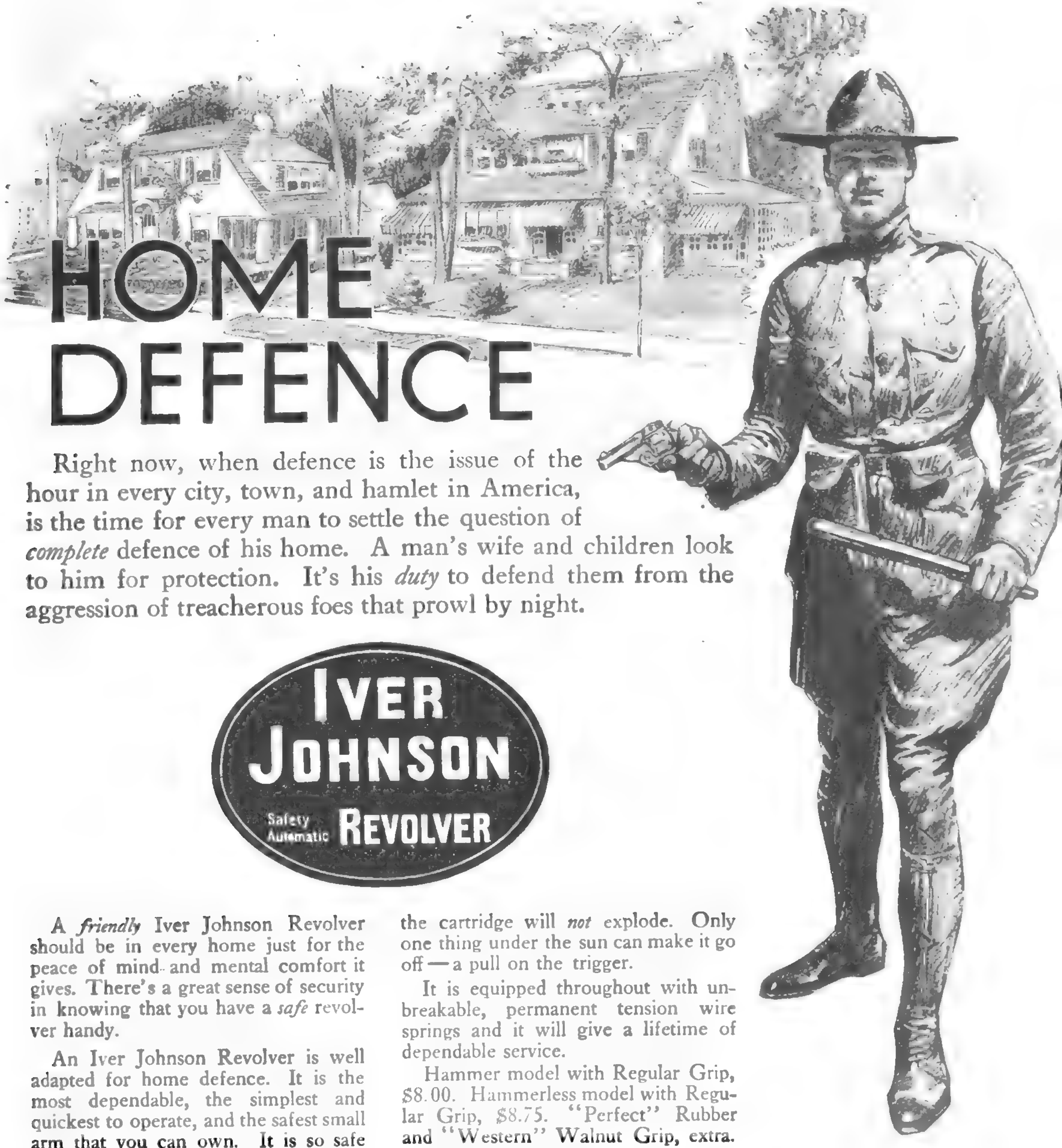
And she went out to José and the waiting horse.

AS SHE rode the five miles down to the office at the Lower End, her thoughts were constantly charged with an appreciation of the wonders which had been worked about her everywhere since that day, ten years ago, when she had first come with Luke Sanford to the original Blue Lake ranch. Then there had been only a wild cattle range, ten thousand acres of brush, timber and uncultivated open spaces. Nowhere would one find rougher, wilder stock land in California. But Luke Sanford had seen possibilities and had bought the whole ten thousand acres, counting, from the first sight of it, upon acquiring as soon as might be those other thousands of acres which now made Blue Lake ranch one of the biggest of Western ventures.

It was late May, and the afternoon air was sweet and warm with the passing of spring. The girl's eager eyes traveled the length of the sky-seeking cliff almost at the back door of the ranch-house, which stood like some mighty barricade thrown up in that mythical day given over to the colossal struggle of a contending race of giants, and she found that there, alone, time had shown no change. Elsewhere, improvements at every turn were living monuments to the tireless brain of her father. Stock corrals, sturdily built, outhouses spotless in their gleaming whitewash, monster barns, fenced-off fields, bridges across the narrow chasm of the frothing river, telephone poles with their wires binding into one sheaf the numerous activities of the ranch, a broad, graded road over which she and her father had come here the last time together in the big touring car.

Here the valley was only a mile across, shut in on both sides by cliff and steep, rocky mountain, walled by cliffs at the upper end, where the river from three-mile-distant Blue Lake came down in flashing waterfalls.

But, as she rode, the valley widened, changed in character. At first, wandering herds of beef cattle, with now and then a riding cowboy turning in his saddle to wonder at her; then a gate to be opened as she stooped forward from her own saddle, and wide fields where the grass stood tall and untrodden, and blooded Jersey cows looked up in mild interest; yonder a small pasture in which were five Guernseys, kept in religious seclusion, under ideal conditions, to further certain investigations into the ratios of five different kinds of fodder to the amount of butter-fat produced; across a green meadow a pure-blooded Jersey



HOME DEFENCE

Right now, when defence is the issue of the hour in every city, town, and hamlet in America, is the time for every man to settle the question of *complete* defence of his home. A man's wife and children look to him for protection. It's his *duty* to defend them from the aggression of treacherous foes that prowl by night.

IVER JOHNSON
Safety Automatic **REVOLVER**

A *friendly* Iver Johnson Revolver should be in every home just for the peace of mind and mental comfort it gives. There's a great sense of security in knowing that you have a *safe* revolver handy.

An Iver Johnson Revolver is well adapted for home defence. It is the most dependable, the simplest and quickest to operate, and the safest small arm that you can own. It is so safe that you can drop it, throw it against a wall, or "Hammer the Hammer"—the cartridge will *not* explode. Only one thing under the sun can make it go off—a pull on the trigger.

It is equipped throughout with unbreakable, permanent tension wire springs and it will give a lifetime of dependable service.

Hammer model with Regular Grip, $8.00. Hammerless model with Regular Grip, $8.75. "Perfect" Rubber and "Western" Walnut Grip, extra.

At all hardware and sporting goods stores everywhere.

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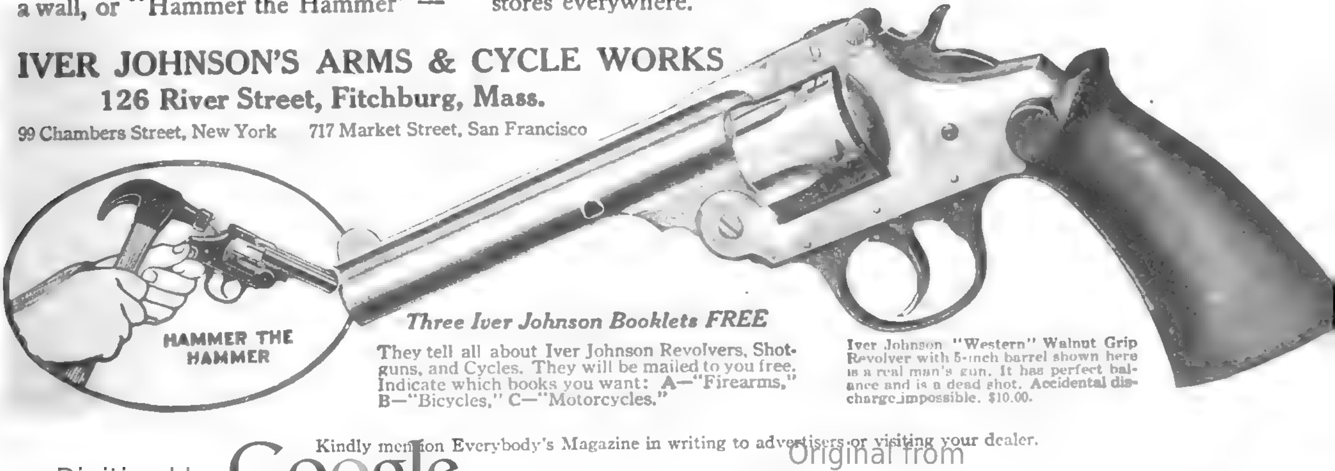


Three Iver Johnson Booklets FREE

They tell all about Iver Johnson Revolvers, Shotguns, and Cycles. They will be mailed to you free. Indicate which books you want: A—"Firearms," B—"Bicycles," C—"Motorcycles."

Iver Johnson "Western" Walnut Grip Revolver with 5-inch barrel shown here is a real man's gun. It has perfect balance and is a dead shot. Accidental discharge impossible. $10.00.

bull whose mellow bellowings drew Judith's eyes to the clean line of his perfect back, over which, with pawing hoofs, he was throwing much trampled earth; in a more distant pen, accepting the trumpeted challenge and challenging back, a beautiful specimen of careful breeding in Ayrshire.

The road wound on, following generally the line of the river, which began a generous broadening out, flowing more evenly through level fields. Looking down the valley Judith could see the whitewashed clump of buildings where were the second office, the store and the blacksmith shop, the tiny cottages. And beyond, the barns, the dairy, the tall silos standing like lookout towers, the alfalfa fields crisscrossed with irrigating ditches, and still farther on, the pasture lands where the big herd of cows was grazing.

Here the valley was spread out until from side to side it measured something more than four miles. The bordering mountains, like the river had grown into a softer mood; rolling hills scantily timbered, rich in grass, were dotted with herds, cattle and horses, or fenced off here and there, reserved for later pasturage.

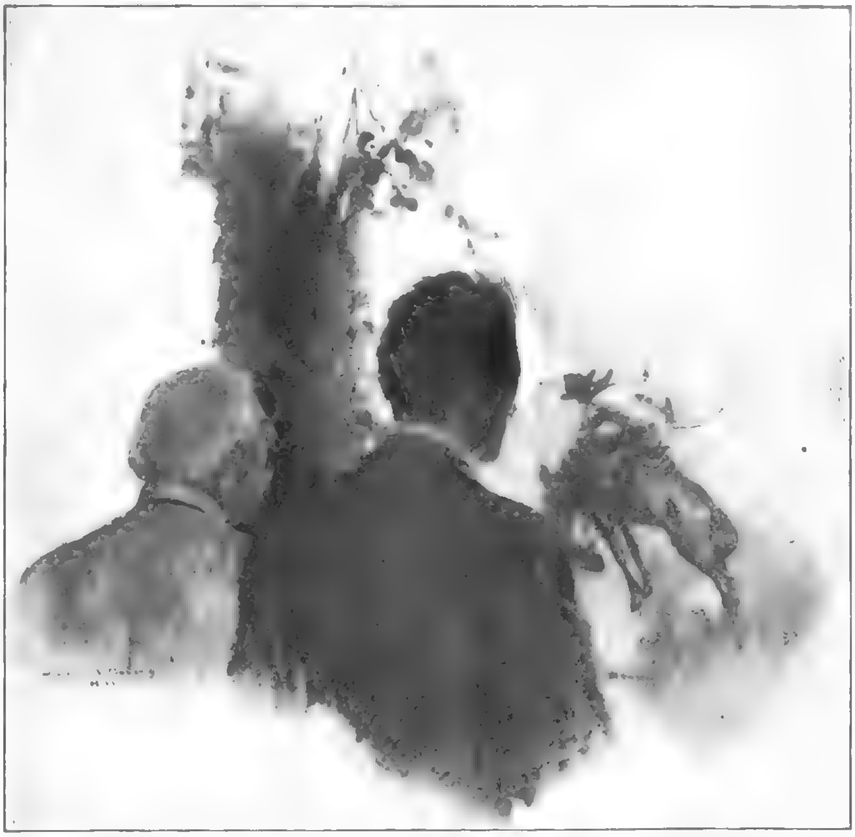
Across the river, to the south, Judith marked the wandering calves, offspring of the herd; to the north, along the foothillls, the subdued green of the olive orchards.

"It's a big, big thing!" she whispered, and her eyes were very bright with it all, her cheeks flushed. "Big!"

Passing one of the great barns, she heard the trumpet call of a stallion and, turning, saw in the corral one of those glorious brutes which Bud Lee had spoken of to Trevors as "clean spirit." From the instant her eyes filled to the massive beauty of him, she knew who he was: Night Shade, sprung from the union of Mountain King and Black Empress; regal-blooded, ebon black from silken fetlock to flowing mane; a splendid four-year-old destined to tread his proud way to a first prize at the coming state fair at Sacramento, a horse whom many stock fanciers had coveted.

She stopped and marveled afresh at him, paid him his due of unstinted admiration, and then spurred on to the little clump of buildings marking the lower ranch headquarters. At the store, where a ten-by-ten room was partitioned off to serve as office, she swung down from the saddle and, leaving her horse with dragging reins, went in.

"Hello, Charlie. You're still left to us, are you?" she said, as she stepped forward to shake hands with Miller, the storekeeper and general utility man of the settlement. "I'm glad to see you."



"GLORY TO BE!" HAMPTON EXCLAIMED, "WATCH THAT MAN RIDE!"

"So'm I, Miss Judy," grinned Charlie, looking the part. "Howdy."

"I wanted to see Johnson and Dennings. Are they here yet?"

"No," answered Miller. "Johnson, the ditch man, you mean? He's up somewhere at the Upper End. Has got a crew of men up there making a new dam or somethin' or other. Been at it purty near a week, now, I guess. They camp up there."

"How many men are with him?" she asked quickly.

"About a dozen," and he looked hard at her. Judith frowned. But instead of saying what she might be thinking, she inquired where Dennings was.

"Out in the olive orchards, I guess." He paused, filled a pipe he had neither desire nor intention of smoking, and said abruptly: "What's this I hear about Trevors? Canned him?"

"Yes."

"Um!" said Miller. "Well, Miss Judy, I ain't sayin' it wasn't purty near time he got the hooks. But, lemme tell you somethin'. While you're ridin' around this afternoon, if I was you I'd pike over to the milkin' corrals. There's somethin' up over there that don't smell jus' nice and fresh."

She looked at him sharply.

"What is it, Charlie?"

"You jus' ride over," said Miller. "It ain't more'n a step an' I'll jus' shet up store an' mosey along after you."

As Judith went back to her horse she saw that Charlie, following her, had in much seeming carelessness taken up a new pick-handle which he had been fitting as she came in.

Vaguely uneasy because of Charlie Miller's manner, Judith swung up into the saddle and galloped down toward the four corrals where the cows were milked. From a distance she saw that there were a number of men, ten or twelve of them, standing in a close-packed group. She wondered what it was that had drawn them from their work at this time of day; what that big, bull-voiced man was saying to them. She heard the muttering rumble of his words before the words themselves meant anything to her. A quick glance over her shoulder showed her Charlie Miller hastening behind her, pick-handle in hand.

Her way carried her by a long, narrow building standing out like a great capital E, the cow hospital. She thought of Bill Crowdy and the sick calves as she drew near, but was passing on to the men at the milk corrals, when the breeze blowing lightly from the west brought to her nostrils a whiff of sulfur.

A quick tide of red ran into her cheeks; that fool, Ed Masters, had not told Crowdy to refrain from the old-fashioned, deadly treatment!

Almost before her horse had set his four feet at the command of a quick touch upon the reins, the girl was down and hurrying into the middle door of the three, calling out as she went:

"Crowdy! Oh, Crowdy!"

She came into a small whitewashed room where were a table, two chairs and a telephone; passed through this into the calf yard. Here were several compartments with doors which allowed of making them almost air-tight. And here she was met by a stronger smell of sulfur fumes.

"Crowdy!" she called again. "Where are you?"

(*Continued on page 82*)

Selfishness

Good Children for Bad

How to Overcome the Vexing Little Faults of Every Day

By Elizabeth Tabor Butler

Disrespect

WE do not like to admit the faults of our children, but occasionally, when we are very honest, alone with ourselves perhaps, we confess that Elizabeth is not so obedient as she might be, that Caroline has a bad temper, that the baby does cry and fret more than he should, and that James does sometimes get into mischief, as shown by the fact that only the other day he was actually discovered by a neighbor smoking a cigarette.

The question is how to get the better of these bad habits, of little consequence in themselves, but containing such dangerous possibilities.

Character is really nothing more than an established set of *good* habits. Your child may become a force for tremendous good in society or he may become a criminal, an enemy of law and order, a source of contamination and corruption wherever he goes. It may be more difficult to guide some children than others, it is true, but the responsibility still lies upon every parent to train his child "in the way he should go." You will be to blame if your boy does not grow up to noble manhood, your girl to noble womanhood.

Common Faults for Which A Positive Cure is Named

Bashfulness
Disobedience
Bad Temper
Quarrelsomeness
Stubbornness
Sensitiveness
Impatience
Fretfulness
Carelessness
Laziness
Cigarette-Smoking
Disrespect
Fear
Forgetfulness
Untidiness
Extravagance
Sex Abuse
Tardiness
Jealousy
Irresponsibility
Impoliteness
Vulgarity
Impertinence
Secretiveness
Coaxing
Obstinacy
Dishonesty
Lying

"Sow an act and you reap a habit.
Sow a habit and you reap a character.
Sow a character and you reap a destiny."

THOMAS HUXLEY.

The Parent, Not the Child, Responsible

The trouble with most of us is that we have not entered parenthood *as a profession.* As Mr. Cleveland Moffett says in a recent article, the American father "is intensely practical; if he buys an automobile, he learns to run it; if he takes up golf, or billiards, or politics, he spares no effort to master the game. But when infinitely precious lives are put into his keeping, he seems to think himself qualified to guide these lives, and to make all decisions, without competence or preparation."

Fear

And yet a half hour a day—or less—devoted to real study of the situation, would soon bring results—amazing results provided the right help were at hand.

After all, it is the parent and not the child who is responsible for the child's early conduct, and indeed for most of his entire conduct through life. The child is being taught good and bad continually by those about him. From his environment come all his impressions of religion, morality, conduct, fear, profanity, sex, etc. If we could have each child see and hear only the desirable things the problem of child training would be very much simplified, but there are always the undesirable things that cannot be shut out.

All we as parents can do is to make the impressions received at home of the right sort and make them so vivid that others will not count. Nature assists us in this, for the receptive powers of a young child are so great and his powers of resistance so small that first impressions are much more lasting than later ones.

No Child Too Young

The sooner, therefore, that right methods of dealing with children are adopted, the better. If you begin when your child is ten years old it is better than if he were fifteen; if you begin when he is five, it is better than if he were ten; and if you begin while he is still in his cradle, you may hope for results that are really phenomenal.

No bad habit, however, is too difficult to be uprooted, according to Ray C. Beery, A.B., M.A., who has worked out a new and highly successful system of child training based on confidence—a system which enables you to substitute good habits for bad ones. Happily the day when all children were looked upon as inherently bad with demoniacal tendencies to be overcome and stubborn wills to be "broken" is long since past, and Professor Beery is one of the big progressive leaders in the new movement that seeks a real understanding and interpretation of child character.

Harnessing the Law of Habit

Professor Beery has written a Course in *Practical Child Training* for fathers and mothers—a sort of chart and compass on the sea of parental difficulty. He bases his whole practice (for his work is everywhere *practice* and not *theory*) upon the law of habit. This law, he claims, will do one of two things in relation to child training. It will be either a hindrance or a great help. Which it shall be depends upon the parent. For example, if a mother were to neglect to teach truthfulness to a child, or much *worse*, if she were to punish him in the wrong way for telling a falsehood, habit would lead the child to greater and greater deception; but if the mother were to use a correct method, she could count upon the same law to make the sense of truthfulness permanent.

It is of especial importance, Professor Beery claims, in finding the correct methods of curing different habits to know their *cause*. You must know why Elizabeth does not obey you, why John sometimes tells a falsehood. The reason for many failures, he says, is that the child has not first learned the simple lesson of obedience. And thousands of parents, he asserts, are unconsciously teaching their children to disobey. For instance, if your boy is sleepy and hard to get out of bed in the morning, and you follow your command with the words, "Right away," you are actually teaching disobedience, because the chances are a hundred to one that in his sleepy condition he will not immediately obey.

Nothing Else Like It

The Course in Practical Child Training covers all importan phases of physical, mental and moral development. It discusse habits, good and bad. It differs from anything else ever written i point of exactness. It shows precisely how to teach desirable trait —exactly what to say and do and what not to say and do wit children of different ages. All that is necessary is to take up the book treating the particular trait, turn to the lesson for the child' particular age, and apply it. Results are assured.

"I believe I can see," writes one mother, "why my children, afte so much training, have failed in emergencies to measure up to my expectations. I am so glad that the younger children are going to have a better start."

An Invitation

There is help for your particular problem, n matter what, in the Course in *Practical Chil Training.* These books are sent for free exam ination to any one who applies for membershi in the Parents' Association, and an invitatio is at present being extended to parents every where to become life members. You canno join too soon, for it is the earliest years o childhood that are the most impressionable and your children will never be any younger But there is help for you no matter whether you child is in the cradle or is eighteen years old.

In addition to the regular course, life mem bership in the Parents' Association entitles you to the following privileges:

First: Unlimited free use of the Association's advisory service in the solution of perplexing problems in child training.

Second: Mail service which will consist of Special Bulletins to be issued from time to time, containing the newest findings of the Association's Board of Experts, and relating the experiences in child training of other members of the Association, thus keeping each member informed as to the progress being made in this important and far-reaching work.

Temper

Third: Authoritative advice as to children's books, schools, camps, and all matters pertaining to educational methods.

Fourth: Unlimited free use of the Association's Purchase Service Bureau, through whom all educational books, whethe school text-books, or books on the mental, physical or moral developmen and training of children can be purchased. This service will be free, an members availing themselves of it will find by comparison of prices tha they secure the benefit of publishers' trade discounts.

Send No Money

Here is the offer the Association is making for a limited time: You ar privileged to examine the four-volume Course in *Practical Child Trainin* without the slightest obligation, and without even making a deposit, i order that you may be sure that the work of the Association is along the line of which you approve, and that the course contains exactly what you wan

If you will fill out and mail the application form printed below, or sen a postal card or letter, without any money, the complete Course in *Prac tical Child Training* will be shipped to you immediately on five day approval. Examine it carefully and then, if you feel you can affor to be without it, send it back and you will owe nothing. If, on the othe hand, you are as well pleased as the thousands of other fathers an mothers who are turning to it each day for guidance—send $2 after fiv days and $2 a month for four months—only $10 in all. On receipt of th first payment you will be enrolled as a member of the Association and wi receive a certificate of membership.

If you are truly anxious to make the greatest possible success of you children's lives, you owe it to them at least to look at this course, whic you may do, in accordance with this offer, without risking a cent. Yo must act promptly, however, as this offer may never be made here agai

APPLICATION BLANK (No Money Required

THE PARENTS' ASSOCIATION, Inc.,
Dept 711, 449 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.

You may send me, carrying charges prepaid, your complete four-volume Course i **Practical Child Training,** by Ray C. Beery, A.B., M.A., for five days' free trial. I it meets with my approval and I decide to become a member, I will either send yo $2 five days after delivery of the Course, and $2 a month for four consecutive mont in full payment for Membership and Course, or will remit $9 at the end of the five-da trial period, deducting 10% cash discount from the regular price. If I do not care t subscribe, I will return the books within five days after their receipt. It is agreed th when I make the first payment you will at once send me a life-membership certifica and that the $10.00 is payment in full, and there are no additional dues or assessmen whatever.

Name ....

Address ....

Note: Professor Beery has also prepared a course of special helps for teachers. I formation will be gladly furnished to either you or your friends.

JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

(*Continued from page 80*)

BILL CROWDY, a heavy, squat figure of a man, shifty-eyed, with hard mouth and a nervous, restless air, came down a long hallway, smoking a cigaret. His eyes rested with no uncertain dislike upon Judith's eager face.

"I'm Crowdy," he said. "Want me?"

"I told Masters to tell you to stop the sulfur treatment for the lungworm calves. Hasn't he told you?"

"Mr. Trevors said I was to give it to them," growled Crowdy. "I can't be takin' orders off'n every hop-o'-my-thumb like that college kid."

"Then Masters did tell you?"

"Sure he told me," said Crowdy in surly defiance. "But if I was to listen to everything the likes of him says——"

Judith's eyes were fairly snapping.

"You'll listen to the likes of me, Bill Crowdy!" she cried passionately, a small fist clenched. "You get those calves out into some fresh air just as quick as the Lord will let you! Into a pen by themselves. Doc Tripp will attend to them in the morning."

"Tripp's gone."

"He's on his way back, right now! And you're on your way off the ranch. Understand? You can come to the office for your pay to-night."

Crowdy shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

"If I'm fired," he growled in that ugly voice which was so fitting a companion to that ugly mouth of his, "I quit right now. Get some of your other Willies to turn your calves out."

For a moment, in the heat of her anger, Judith's quirt was lifted as though she would strike him. Then she turned instead and ran to do her own bidding. A moment later Miller was with her. The two of them got the calves—there were seven of them—out of the sulfur-laden air and into the corral from which they originally had been brought. The poor brutes, coughing softly in paroxysms, some of them frothing at the mouth, two of them falling repeatedly and rising slowly upon trembling legs, filed by in a pitiful string. One of the youngest lay still in the hospital, dead.

"He would have killed them all," said Judith, her teeth set as she looked at the living calves in the corral where, with necks thrust far out, they fought for each breath. "And Bayne Trevors ordered a treatment that he knows has gone into the discard! Charlie, that man has gone farther than I thought he had the nerve to go."

"Crowdy did somethin' else that don't look jus' right," said Miller, gazing with eyes of longing after the burly, departing figure. "I saw him do it just after Masters carried him your message. He drove three of the sick calves—there's a dozen or more got the worms, you know—out into the calf pasture with the well calves."

Judith didn't answer. She looked at Miller a moment as though she thought this must be some wretched jest of his. And when she read in his eyes the earnestness in his heart, there rose within her the question: "How far has Bayne Trevors gone?"

She went before Miller back to her horse.

"Charlie," she said finally, "I want you to close store for the rest of the day. Get some one to help you and cut the sick calves out from the bunch. Haze them back here into the detention corral. Tripp will attend to them all in the morning. Now, tell me—what's wrong down at the milk corrals? What are all of those men up to?"

"We're goin' to see, me an' you," answered Miller. "I don't jus' know. But I do know there's a big guy down there that come onto the ranch a coupla hours ago an' that don't belong here. He's that guy talkin'. Name of Nelson. He ain't done any talkin' to me, but from a word or two I picked up from one of the milkers I got a hunch he's been sent over by Trevors."

Nelson, the big emissary for Trevors—for he admitted the fact openly and pleasantly—took off his hat to Judith and said he guessed he'd be going. And the men with whom he had been talking, including all of the milkers and all of the other workmen upon whom Nelson could get his meddlesome hands at short notice, all men whom Trevors had placed here, made known in hesitant speech or awkward silence that they were going with Nelson. There were good jobs open with the lumber company, it seemed. Nelson even expressed the hope that the quitting of these men wouldn't work any hardship to the Blue Lake ranch.

Judith, her eyes flashing, asked no man of them to remain, seeing that thus she would but humiliate herself fruitlessly, and turned away. And yet, with the great herds of cows with bursting bags soon ready for the nightly milking, she watched the men move away, her heart bitter with anger.

"They've got to be milked, Charlie," was all that she said. "Who will milk them until I can get a new crew?"

"I'll tuck in an' help," answered Miller ruefully. "I hate it worse'n poison, an' I can't milk more'n ten cows, workin' twenty-four-hour shifts. I'll try an' scare up some of the other boys that can milk." But he shook his head and looked regretfully at the pick-handle. "Good milkers is scarce as gold eggs," he muttered. "And the separator men has quit with the rest."

"Get Masters, the electrician, on the job. Get anybody you can. I'm going back to the ranch-house pretty soon and I'll try to send some one from there."

"Cowboys can't milk," said Miller positively. "An' besides, they won't. But somehow we'll make out for a day or so."

"We've got to make out!" exclaimed Judith. "We've got to beat that man Trevors, Charlie, and do it quick. If he'll try to keep us short-handed, if he'll spend money to do it, if he'll do a trick like giving sulfur for lungworm and then send infected stock out into the herds, I don't know just where he will stop—unless we stop him."

In spite of her intentions, it was nearing the time of dusk when she came to the ranch-house. As she came up the knoll from the barn, she saw for the first time a thin line of bluish smoke rising from the north ridge. Saw and understood the new menace.

For that way had Benny, the discharged cook, gone!

CHAPTER FIVE

A Friend in Need

JUDITH anxiously, perhaps even feverishly, awaited the coming of Doc Tripp. He had said that he would arrive to-night; therefore, she knew that she could talk with him before she slept again. She had done all that she could and she told herself that she had accomplished little more than to develop a growing fear.

Trained as she had been by Luke Sanford to the life and demands of a petty kingdom, given over to diversified interests and always intended by Luke to become hers to have and to hold in the full ripeness of time, she asked herself, now, how she was fitted to do the work she fully meant to go on with.

Small indeed must have been her comprehension, gigantic her conceit, had she not realized in its fullest significance the fact that she, personally, could not in years to come have a perfect knowledge of all those matters which must be treated expertly. She must have men about her who were specialists, who had given time and labor and study to the mastery of their various branches of endeavor—men whom she could trust to the last ditch. Her first shadowy misapprehension, finding her tired physically, grew in the dimming twilight while she waited for Tripp.

It was after eight o'clock when he rode in on a sweat-wet horse. Judith met

(*Continued on page 84*)

SOUTHERN PINE SERVICE ASSOCIATION

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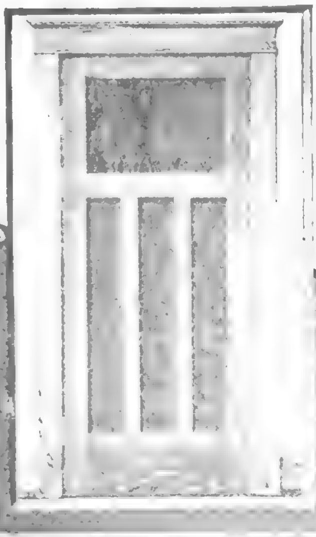

Curtis Millwork Co. Design.

Southern Pine not only is exceptionally workable and durable, but it has a wonderfully varied and pleasing grain; and it takes and holds stains perfectly, making possible a wide range of color and tone effects in floors, standing trim and all interior woodwork. Furthermore, it costs less than any other high-class building wood, and it may be had anywhere east of the Rocky Mountains.

It will pay you to send for the new booklets, "The Interior of Your Home" and "Beauty Plus Service In Floors." They are Free. Please address Department G-52.

Southern Pine Association

New Orleans, La.

JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

(Continued from page 82)

him in the court-yard, giving him her two hands impulsively.

"I'm so glad you've come, Doc!" she cried softly. "Oh, you don't know how glad—yet."

She called José to take Tripp's mount and then led the way into the great living-room where deep cushions and leather chairs made for comfort.

"I'll give you time to draw a second breath," she told him, her tone forcing her into a lightness which she did not quite feel, even though a surge of satisfaction had warmed her at the first thud of his horse's hoofs. "Then we'll talk."

She switched on the lights as they went in and then turned to look at Tripp. He was the same little, old Doc Tripp, she noted. His wiry body scarcely bigger than a boy's of fourteen, a man of fifty whose face, like his body, suggested the boy with bright, eager eyes and a frank, friendly smile.

"Prettier than ever, eh, Judy?" Tripp cocked his head to one side and gave his unqualified approval of the slim, supple body, the superb carriage of a girl of the mountains, the vivid, vital beauty of the rosy face. "Been driving those cow-college boys down at Berkeley crazy, I'll bet a prize colt!"

Judith laughed at him, saw his slight form disappear in the wide arms of a chair which seemed fairly to smother him in its embrace. Then from her own nook by the fireplace she opened her heart to him.

"It's not just that Trevors has crippled me by taking all of my milkers away; not just that he has come near doing I don't know how much harm in having Crowdy turn those calves with the lungworm out into the fields with the others; not just that during the last few months, he has lost money for us right and left; not just that Benny, the cook, has tried to fire the range."

"What's that last?" said Tripp quickly. "Tried to smoke you out, huh?"

She told him briefly. How she had first seen the smoke as she came back to the ranch-house; how she had sent José on the run to get some of the other hands to see that the fire did not spread; how, a little while ago, Carson, the cattle foreman, had come in and assured her that the damage was negligible.

"It was just a brush fire," said Judith. "Thank Heaven things are pretty green yet. Carson says it might have been started by Benny, who, it seems, is one of Trevors's hirelings and not above this sort of thing; or it might have been accidentally started by some careless hunter. Anyway, and that's enough for me, the fire was started close to the trail that Benny traveled on his way to the Western Lumber camp. But it isn't just these things which have set me to wondering, Doc. What I want to know is this: in how many other, still undiscovered ways, has Trevors been knifing us? And what else will he have ready to spring on us now?"

"Just what do you mean?" Tripp looked at her keenly.

"This case of lungworm, to begin with: where did it come from?"

"Imported," said Tripp. "Trevors bought those calves, or at least four of the sick ones, last month. Brought them in from somewhere down the river. Smuggled 'em in, so far as I am concerned. Never gave me a chance to look them over." He paused a second. "Specially imported, I might say."

"I knew it!" cried Judith. "That's the sort of thing I am afraid of. If he has gone to the limit of introducing one disease among our stock, what other plagues has he brought to the ranch? Has he imported any other outside stock?"

"No. He's been busier selling at a sacrifice than buying, just as I wrote you. Never another head has he bought lately—unless," and Tripp's eyes twinkled at her, "you count pigeons!"

"Pigeons!" repeated Judith.

Tripp nodded.

"Funny, isn't it," he went on lightly—"that a man like Bayne Trevors, hard as nails and as free of sentiment as a mule, should fancy little cooing, innocents-like pigeons? You'll hear them in the morning."

But Judith was not to be distracted by Tripp's talk. She smiled at him, however, to show him that she had understood and appreciated the purpose back of his light words.

"We're all going to have our hands full for a spell, Doc," was what she said. "To Trevors, with a free swing here, it must have appeared rather a simple matter to make so complete a failure as to force us, encumbered as we are, into selling out to the highest bidder inside the year. Especially when he counted both young Pollock Hampton and Judith Sanford as a man without business experience and a girl without brains! But, Doc, he must have known, too, that at any time there might occur the very thing which has happened—that he'd lose his job. He strikes me as a rather long-headed man, doesn't he you? Now, a man who saw ahead, figuring on this very contingency, would have more than one trick up his sleeve. We've caught him, luckily, at the sick-calf game, before it is too late. I think that the obvious thing for you to do is to make certain that all the rest of the stock are in shape. Will you begin to-morrow making a thorough investigation?"

"Yes," he answered. "You're right there, Judith. There's nothing like making sure."

"He's not through with us; you could read that in the look of his jaw and eye when he left. Just what he stands to make on his play, I don't know. But I do know that the Western Lumber is offering us only a quarter of what they'd be willing to pay if they had to! That means that they could afford to bribe Bayne Trevors pretty heavily and still save half a million on the deal if he succeeded in the thing he has begun."

"In this way," admitted Tripp thoughtfully, "Trevors is a big man. Big men cost big money. And, besides, it looks to me as though he were a heavy stockholder in the Western Lumber. He'd stand to win two ways."

"Another thing I want you to do," Judith continued, "is to try to locate all of dad's old men whom Trevors let go. Johnny Hodge, you know, and Kelley and Harper and Tod Bruce. We'll need them. We've got to have men that crooked money can't buy!"

"Aren't you magnifying things, Judith?" asked Tripp quietly. "There's such a thing as law in this country, you know."

But she shook her head.

"Maybe I am seeing the dangers too big. But I don't think so. And it will be a lot better for Blue Lake ranch if I see them that way at the beginning. And as for the law, it costs money. I'm not sure that Trevors or the lumber people would be averse to getting us involved in a lot of legal intricacies. Oh, he has been careful not to leave any definite proof behind him."

"You hit the bell that time!" laughed Tripp, and Judith smiled with him as there came to their ears the faint tinkle of the telephone bell in the office.

Judith excused herself and hastened to answer it. Hastened because she wanted to be back with Tripp as soon as might be. So, knowing her way so well about the big house, she went quickly through the dark hallway without turning aside to switch on the lights, and came into the office, dimly lighted by the stars shining in through the windows.

"Doc!" her voice rang out suddenly, and Tripp sprang to his feet, wondering what had put that note into her exclamation. "Doc! Come here, quick!"

He ran into the hall that was suddenly illuminated as at last Judith's groping hand found the office switch. He saw Judith running ahead of him,

(Continued on page 94)

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Baltimore & Ohio R. R. .	*564*
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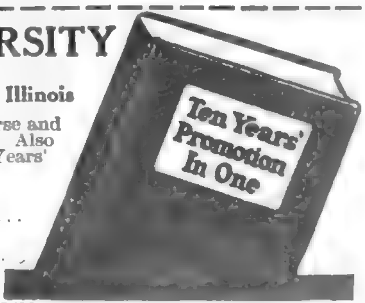
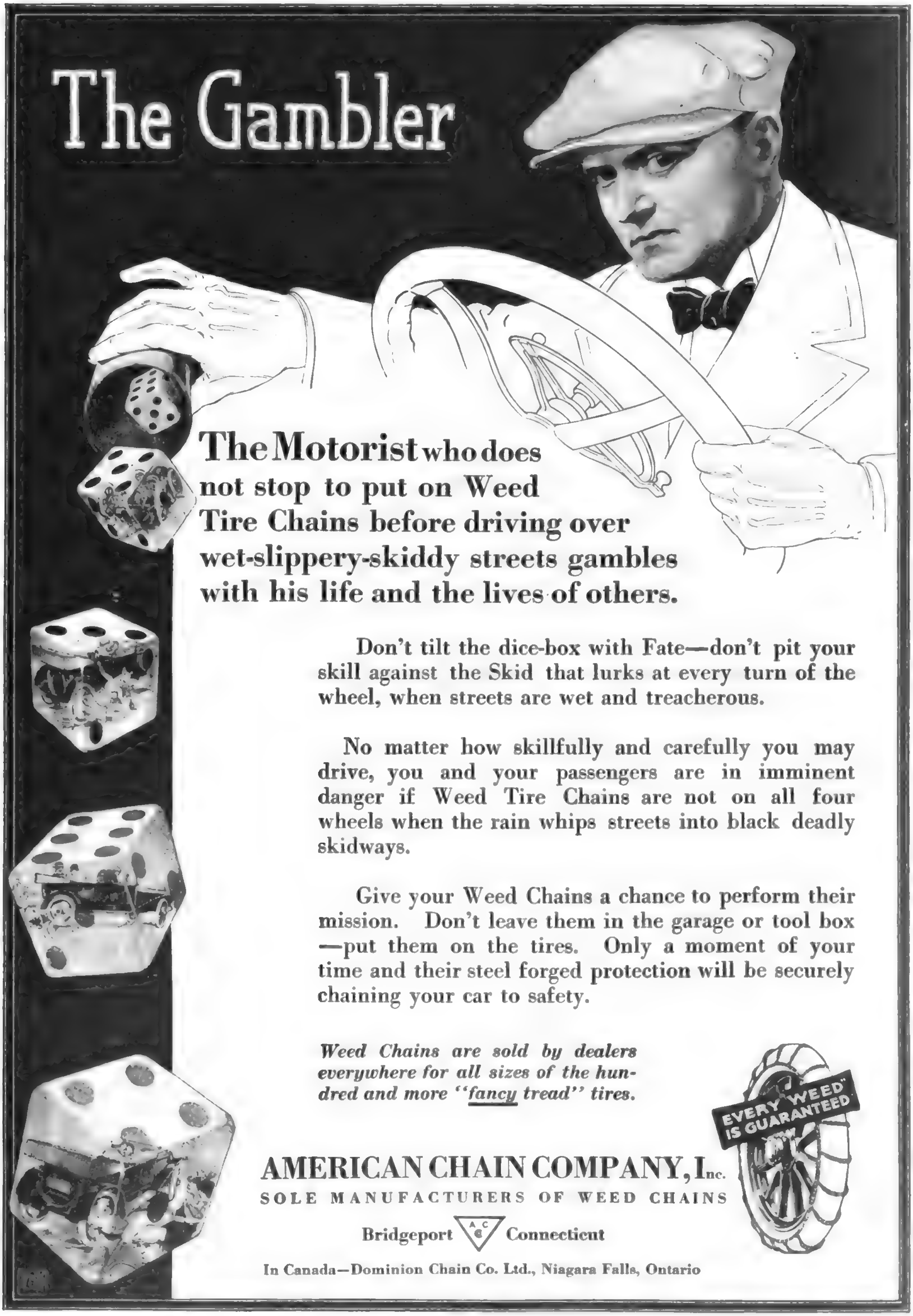

Ten Years' Promotion In One

AUTOMOBILE DIRECTORY

Note to our readers: Your correspondence is invited. We will immediately forward to you, without cost, catalogues or information about any make of car or cars. If you prefer, address the manufacturer direct.

Models=Number of chassis **Vac.**=Vacuum **Pres.**=Pressure **Grav.**=Gravity **FF**=Full-Floating **SF**=Semi-Floating

Gasoline Pleasure Cars Names of Cars and Addresses of the Manufacturers listed alphabetically.	Models	Cylinders	Make of Engine	Bore & Stroke	S. A. E. Horse Power	Wheel-Base	Make of Rear Axle	Type of Rear Axle	Tire Sizes	Gasoline Feed	Carburetor	Starting and Lighting System	2 Passenger	3-4 Passenger	5 Passenger	7 Passenger	Coupe	Sedan	Limousine
ABBOTT, Cleveland, Ohio	2	6	Cont.	3¼x4½ 3½x5¼	25.35 29.40	122 122	Salisbury Salisbury	¾F	32x4 34x4	Vac. Vac.	Stromb'g Stromb'g	Remy Remy	$1295 1595	$1295 1595		$1295 1595	2150	$1920 2150	
ALLEN, Fostoria, Ohio	1	4	Sommer	3¾x5	22.5	112	Adams	FF	32x3½ 33x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Auto-Lite		1095	1095		1395		
ALTER, Plymouth, Mich.	2	4-6	Al-Chal.	3¼x4½ 3x4½	15.63 21.60	105 114		FF	30x3½ 32x3½	Vac.		A.-Chal.							
AMERICAN SIX, Plainfield, N. J.	1	6	Rutenber	3½x5	23.4	122	Salisbury	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	G & D	1395	1395	1375			2250	
ANDERSON, Rock Hill, S. C.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.25	120	Hess	FF	33x4	Grav.	Zenith	W'house			1395			1950	
APPERSON ROADPLANE Kokoma, Ind.	2	6-8	Own	3½x5 3¼x5	30 34	130		DF	34x4 35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield Johnson	Bijur	1850 2000	1790 2000	1850				
AUBURN, Auburn, Ind.	2	6	Teetor Cont.	3¼x5 3½x5¼	23.4 29.4	120 131		¾F	34x4 35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy Delco		1195	1195	1635		1380 1935	
AUSTIN, Grand Rapids, Mich.	1	12	Weidely	2⅞x5	39.6	142	Own	2S	34x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco	3750	3750	3750	4950		4950	5250
BELL, York, Pa.	1	4	Lycom	3½x5	19.6	112		FF	31x4	Vac.		Dyneto			895				
BIDDLE, Philadelphia, Pa.	1	4		3¾x5½	22	121		¾F	32x4 33x4½	Vac.	Zenith	G & D	2500	2585	2860			4180	
BIMEL, Sidney, Ohio	2	4-6				106 116		FF	30x3½ 32x4	Grav. Vac.	Schebler Schebler	Disco W'house	615		1150				
BIRCH, Chicago, Ill.	2	4	Lycom.	3½x	20	111		FF	32x3½	Grav.		Disco	625		775				
BOUR-DAVIS, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Own	3¼x4½	25.35	118		¾F	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Remy			1250				1600
BREWSTER, New York, City	1	4	Own	4x5½	25.6	125	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	U. S. L.	6700	7200	7200			7900	8000
BRISCOE, Jackson, Mich.	1	4	Own	3.687x5½	16.25	105	Own	FF	30x3½	Grav.	Buick	Auto-Lite	725	725	725			850	
BUICK, Flint, Mich.	3	4-6	Own	3⅜x4½ 3⅜x4½	18.2 27.3	106 118 121	Own	¾F FF	31x4 34x4 34x4½	Vac.	Marvel	Delco	795	1265	795 1265	1495	1695	1795 2175	
BUSH, Chicago, Ill.	1	4	Lycom.	3½x5		116	Salisbury	FF	32x3½	Vac.		Delco			875				
CADILLAC, Detroit, Mich.	1	8	Own	3⅛x5⅛	31.25	125 132	Timken	FF	34x4½ 35x5	Pres.	Own	Delco	2590	2590		2590			4085
CASE, Racine, Wis.	1	6	Own	3½x5¼	29	125	Columb.	¾F	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1850		1850			
CARTER BROS, Hyattsville, Md.	1	8		3¼x5½	33.8	128		SF	34x4½	Grav.		G & D	1800	1800		1800			
CHALMERS, Detroit, Mich.	2	6	Own	3¼x4½	25.4	117 122	Timken	SF	32x4 34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	1250	1475	1250	1350	1625	1850	2925
CHANDLER, Cleveland, Ohio	1	6	Own	3½x5	29.	123	Own	FF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	G & D		1595		1595	2195	2205	2895
CHEVROLET, New York City	3	4-8	Own	3.687x4 3.687x5¼ 3⅜x4	21.7 21.7 36.45	102 108 120	Own Own Own Own	¾F	30x3½ 33x4 34x4	Gear Grav. Vac.	Zenith	Auto-Lite	620 935	1385	635 935 1383		1060	1060 1475	
COEY FLYER, Chicago, Ill.	1	4				106	Hyatt	SF	30x3½	Grav.			695		695				
COLE 8, Indianapolis, Ind.	1	8	N'way	3½x4½	39.22	127	Columb.	FF	35x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco		1995		1995	2495	2695	
COLUMBIA, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.35	115	Timken	SF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Ward Leonard		1450	1250				
COMET, Decatur, Ill.	1	6	Lewis	3½x5	29.7	125	Walker	¾F	33x4	Vac.	Miller	Dyneto			1285				
COMMONWEATH, Chicago, Ill.	1	4	Lycom.	3½x5	40	112	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Carter	Dyneto		895	895				
CRAWFORD, Hagerstown, Md.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x5¼	40.	120	Timken	SF	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house							
CROW ELKHART, Elkhart, Ind.	1	4	Lycom.	3½x5	19.6	114		FF	32x3½	Grav.	Carter	Dyneto		845	935				
CROWTHER DURYEA, Rochester, N. Y.	1	4				112			32x3½	Grav.	Zenith	Dyneto		650	650				
CUNNINGHAM, Rochester, N. Y.	1	8	Own	3¾x5	45	132 142	Timken	FF	35x5	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house							
DANIELS 8, Reading, Pa.	1	8	Spillman	3¼x5	33.8	127	Timken	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	W'house	3100	3100	3100	3100			
DAVIS, Richmond, Ind.	2	6	Cont.	3¼x4½ 3½x5¼	25.35 29.40	119 124	Hyatt Hyatt	¾F FF	34x4 34x4½	Vac. Vac.	Stromb'g Stromb'g	Delco Delco	1295	1395	1295 1595		1695	1795	
DETROITER, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.35	119	Timken	SF	33x4	Vac.	Ball & Ball	Auto-Lite		1425	1395			1875	
DISPATCH, Minneapolis, Minn.	1	4	Wis.	3¾x5	22.5	120	Own	New	36x3½	Vac.	Rayfield	D-U S L	1135	1200		1210	1400	1400	
DIXIE FLYER, Louisville, Ky.	1	4	Lycom.	3¼x5	16.92	112	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Carter	Dyneto		895	805			1295	
DOBLE STEAM CAR, Detroit, Mich.	1	2	Own	5x4		135	American	SF	33x5	Pres.	Stromb'g	Wag. Lty		2500		2500			
DODGE BROTHERS, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3⅞x4½	24.5	114	Own	FF	32x3½ 33x4	Vac.		No. East	835		835		1265	1265	
DORRIS, St. Louis, Mo.	1	6	Own	4x5	38.4	130	Timken	FF	36x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house		2785		2785	3225	3350	4150
DORT, Flint, Mich.	1	4	Own	3¼x5	16.9	105	Walker	¾F	30x3½ 31x4	Grav.	Carter	W'house		725	725			1095	
DREXEL, Chicago, Ill.	2	4	Own	3½x5	19.6	112 118		FF	33x4	Vac.	/	Bijur							
DRUMMOND, Omaha, Neb.	1	8	Spillman	3x5	28.8	120		¾F	34x4	Vac.		W'house		1800	1800				
EAGLE, Sandusky, Ohio	1	5	Own	3½x5	28	118	Salisbury	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Wagner			1500			1850	
DUNN, Ogdensburg, N. Y.	1	4	Own	3x4	14.5	84	Detroit	SF	30x3	Grav.	Monarch	none	295						
ELCAR, Elkhart, Ind.	1	4	Lycom.	3½x5	19.6	115	Salisbury	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Carter	Dyneto	845	845	845				
ELGIN, Chicago, Ill.	1	6	Falls	3x4½	21.6	117	Adams	FF	33x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Wagner		1095	1095			1645	
EMPIRE, Indianapolis, Ind.	2	4-6	Teetor Cont.	3⅞x5 3¼x4½	24 25.6	115 120	Peru Hess	SF FF	33x4 34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Auto-Lite	1165	1345	1125 1345	1375		1685	
ERIE, Painesville, Ohio	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4½	23	118	Salisbury	¾F	33x4	Grav.	Schebler	Dyneto	850		850				
F. I. A. T., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	1	4	Own	5⅛x6¼	42	140		SF	35x5	Pres.	Zenith	W'house	5500	5500	5500	5500		6500	
FORD, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3¾x4	22.5	100	Own	SF	30x3 30x3½	Grav.			345		360		505	645	
FRANKLIN, Syracuse, N. Y.	1	6	Own	3¼x4	25.3	115	Own	SF	32x4 33x4½	Vac.	Own	Dyneto	2000	2050	2050			2950	3200
GEM, Grand Rapids, Mich.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4½	31.9	112	Walker	SF	32x3½	Vac.	Standard	Dyneto			845				
GLIDE, Peoria, Ill.	1	6	Rutenber	3½x5	23.44	119	Amer.	¾F	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1395	1395			1595	
GRANT, Cleveland, Ohio	1	6	Own	3x4½	21.6	112	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Wagner		875	875		1010	1050	
HACKETT, Jackson, Mich.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4½	22.5	112	Walker	SF	32x3½	Vac.	Buick	Dyneto		888	888				
HAL TWELVE, Cleveland, Ohio	1	12	Weidely	2⅞x5	39.6	135	Timken	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	2600	2600		2600		3500	4500
HARVARD, Troy, N. Y.	1	4	Sterling	3x4½	14.4	100		SF	28x3	Grav.		Wagner	750		950				
HATFIELD, Sidney, N. Y.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4½	22.5	106 115	Peru	FF	31x4 32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Dyneto	875	950	950				
HAYNES, Kokomo, Ind.	2	6-12	Own	3½x5 2¾x5	29.4 36.3	121 127	Own	¾F	34x4 34x4½ 35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Leece Neville		1725 2225	1595 2095	1725 2225		2260 2390 2760 2890	
HOLLIER, Chelsea, Mich.	2	6-8	Falls Own	3x4½ 3x4½	21.6 28.8	116	Own	SB	32x3½ 34x4	Vac.	Stewart	Splitdorf			1085 1285				
HOMER-LAUGHLIN, Los Angeles, Cal.	1	8	Own	2¼x3¾	16.2	112			30x3½	Vac.		Disco	1050						
HUDSON SUPER SIX, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Own	3½x5	29.4	125½	Timken	SF	32x4½ 35x4½	Vac.	Own	Delco		1750		1650		2175	2925
HUPMOBILE, Detroit, Mich.	2	4	Own	3¾x5½	22.5	119 134		FF	34x4 35x4½										
INTERSTATE, Muncie, Ind.	1	4	Beaver	3½x5	19.6	110	Peru	SF	33x4	Grav.	Schebler	Remy	875	950	925			1325	



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SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF WEED CHAINS
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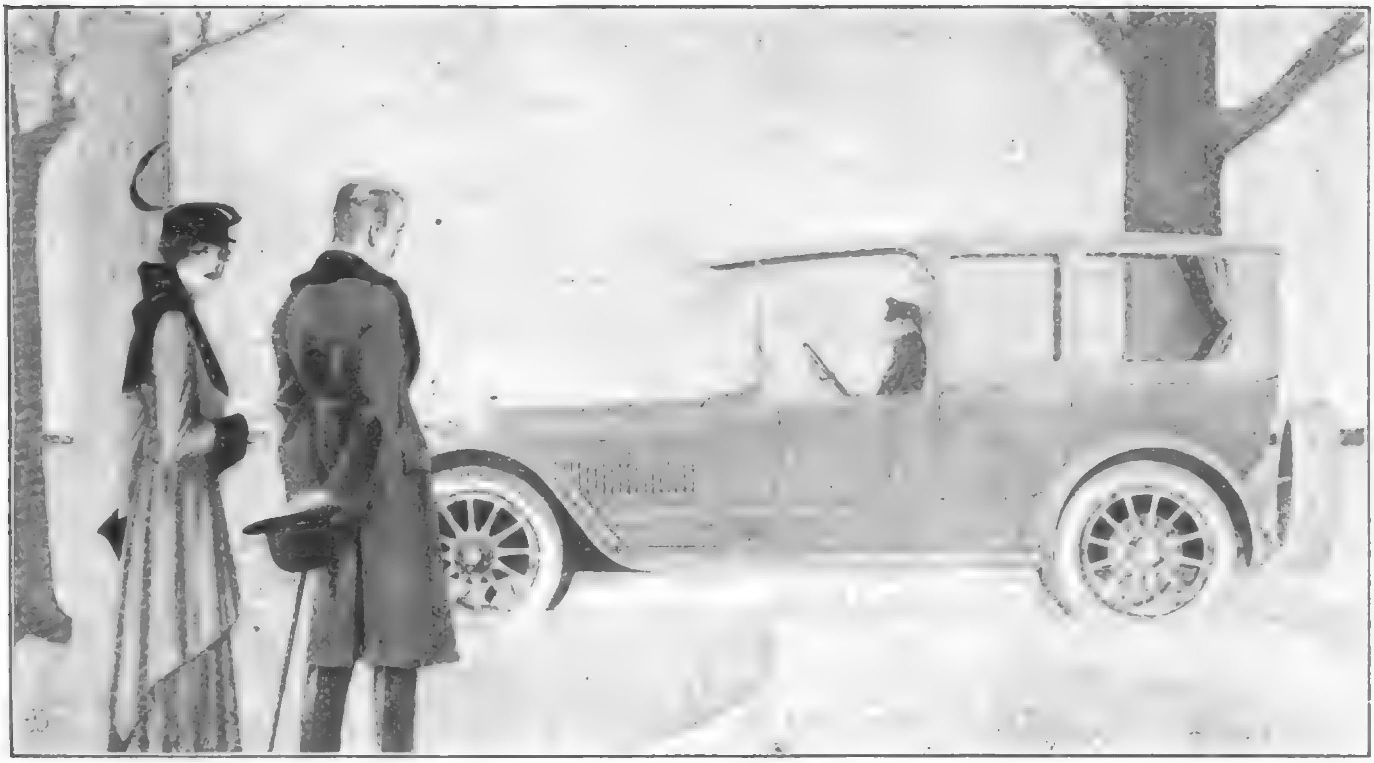
In Canada—Dominion Chain Co. Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ontario

	Models	Cylinders	Make of Engine	Bore & Stroke	S. A. E. Horse Power	Wheel-Base	Make of Rear Axle	Type of Rear Axle	Tire Sizes	Gasoline Feed	Carburetor	Starting and Lighting System	2 Passenger	3-4 Passenger	5 Passenger	7 Passenger	Coupe	Sedan	Limousine
														1495					
JACKSON, Jackson, Mich.	1	8	Ferro	3x3½	28.8	118	Salisbury	¾F	34x4	Vac.	Zenith	Auto-Lite	1495	1575	1495	1570		2195	
JONES, Wichita, Kans.	1	6	Lewis	3¾x5½	35	125	Timken	FF	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Auto-Lite			1675	1675		2550	
JORDON, Cleveland, Ohio	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.40	127	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Bijur	1795	1895		1795		2650	3300
											Ball &			1585					
KING, Detroit, Mich.	1	8	Own	3x5	28.8	120	Columb.	FF	34x4	Vac.	Ball	Bijur		1700		1650		2300	
KISSEL KAR,		6	Own	3¼x5	25.35	117	Own	FF	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Remy							
Hartford, Wis.	2	12	Weidely	2⅞x5	39.68	128	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco							
KLINE KAR,																			
Richmond, Va.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.35	120	Hess	¾F	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house	1275	1295	1295			1995	
LAMBERT,		4				112		SF	33x4	Vac.		Remy			895				
Anderson, Ind.	2	6				112		SF	34x3½	Grav.		Remy			985				
LAUREL, Richmond, Ind.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.5	112		FF	32x4½	Grav.		Disco		895	895	895			
LENOX, Boston, Mass.	1	6	Buda	3¾x5¼	33.5	130	Timken	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Carter	Bijur			2650	2650			
LEXINGTON,						116			32x4										
Connersville, Ind.	2	6	Cont.	3½x4½	29.4	122	Hess	FF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1345	1345		1510	1510	
LIBERTY, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.4	115	Timken	SF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco		1350	1350			1925	
LOCOMOBILE,			Own	4¼x5	43.4	139	Own	FF	36x4½	Pres.	Own	W'house		5150		5000			6200
Bridgeport, Conn.	2	6	Own	4½x5½	48.6	142	Own	FF	37x5	Pres.	Own	W'house		6150		5950			7200
LOZIER,		4	Own	4¼x6½	28.9	120		FF	36x4½	Pres.		G & D							
Detroit, Mich.	2	6	Own	3⅞x6	36	132		FF	36x4½	Pres.		G & D							
LUVERNE, Luverne, Minn.	1	6	Cont.	3¾x5¼	42	130	Columb.	FF	35x4½	Vac.	Schebler	W'house		1600		1650			
MCFARLAN SIX,																			
Connersville, Ind.	1	6	Teetor	4½x6	47.6	136	Timken	FF	35x5	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	3500	3500	3500	3500	4600	4600	4600
MADISON, Anderson, Ind.	1	6	Rutenber	3⅛x	23.44	120	Amer.	FF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy		1485	1485	1485			
									30x3½										
MAIBOHM, Racine, Wis.	1	4	Own	3⅛x4	15.63	105	Walker	¾F	31x4	Grav.	Zenith	Disco	795				995		
MARION-HANDLEY,																			
Jackson, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.6	125	Salisbury	¾F	35x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house		1650	1590	1650			
MARMON 34,																			
Indianapolis, Ind	1	6	Own	3¾x5⅛	33.75	136	Own	¾F	32x4½	Grav.	Stromb'g	Bijur	3550	3550	3550	3550		4700	5000
MAXWELL,									30x3½			Simms-							
Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3⅝x4½	21.03	109	Own	¾F	31x4	Grav.	K. D.	Huff		745	745		1095	1095	
MERCER,						115													
Trenton, N. J.	2	4	Own	3¾x6¾	22	132	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	U. S. L.	3400	3500	3500				5000
METZ, Waltham, Mass.	1	4	Own	3⅞x4	24	108	Own	Solid	32x3½	Grav.	A. W. T.	W'house	650		650				
MITCHELL,				3¼x5	25.4	120	Own	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Splitdorf	1250	1280	1250			1950	
Racine, Wis.	2	6	Own	3½x5	29.4	127	Own	FF	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house		1490	1510	1525	2135	2275	2850
MOLINE-KNIGHT,				3¾x5	22.5	118			34x4			Wagner-		1495	1495			2200	
E. Moline, Ill.	2	4	Own	4x6	25.6	122	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Schebler	Auto-Lite		1840		1840	2490	2400	
MONARCH, Detroit, Mich.	1	8				125										1500			
MONITOR,			G. B. & S.	3¾x4½	22.50	110			32x3½		Schebler			995	995			1270	
Columbus, Ohio	2	4-6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.35	117	Adams	FF	33x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Heinze		1195	1195			1470	
MONROE,			Sterling	3x4¼	14	96	Walker		30x3	Pres.			565	635				965	
Pontiac, Mich.	2	4	Own	3¼x4½	16.9	115	Hess	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Auto-Lite			1095				
		6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.3	125	Timken	FF	34x4	Vac.		Delco							
MOON, St. Louis, Mo.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	125	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.		Delco							
MOORE 30,																			
Minneapolis, Minn.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.5	106	Peru	FF	30x3½	Vac.	Schebler	Disco	550	550	550				
MORSE, Pittsburgh, Pa.	1	2	De Lux	3¾x3½	11	105	Own	Solid	28x3	Grav.	Schebler		450						
MURRAY, Pittsburgh, Pa.	1	8	Spillman	3¼x5	33.8	128	Timken	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	W'house	2800	2800	2800	2800		3750	3750
NASH, Kenosha, Wis.	1	6	Own	3¼x5	25.35	121	Own	SF	34x4	Vac.	Marvel	Delco							
NATIONAL,			Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4							W'house		1995		1995	2645	2820	
Indianapolis, Ind.	2	6 12	Own	2⅞x4¾	39.68	128	Columb.	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Bijur		2595		2595	3245	3420	
OAKLAND, Pontiac, Mich.	1	6	N'way	2.81x4¾	19	112	Weston	FF	32x4	Vac.	Marvel	Delco	945		945				
											Johnson								
OLDSMOBILE,		6	Own	2.81x4¾	18.9	112	Weston	FF	32x4	Vac.	Ball &	Delco	1185		1185		1595	1695	
Lansing, Mich.	2	8	Own	2⅞x4¾	26.4	120	Weston	FF	34x4	Vac.	Ball	Delco		1467		1467			
OLYMPIAN,																			
Pontiac, Mich.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¾	37	114		FF	32x3½	Vac.		Auto-Lite		965			1370	1650	
		4	Own	3⅜x5	18.23	104	Own	¾F	31x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite	735	795					
		4	Own	3⅜x5	18.23	106	Own	¾F	31x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite			750			1195	
		4	Own	4⅛x4½	27.23	112	Own	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite		880	895				
OVERLAND, Toledo, Ohio	4	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.35	116	Own	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite		1080	1095		1385	1585	
OWEN MAGNETIC,		6	Own	3½x5¼	29.4	125			34x4½					3300		4350			4350
Cleveland, Ohio	2	6	Own	3¾x5½	33.6	136		FF	35x5	Vac.	Zenith	Own		3950	3300	5200	3600		5000
			Own	3x5	43.4	128	Own	SF		Pres.	Own	Bijur		3450	3450	3450	4800		5000
PACKARD, Detroit, Mich.	2	12	Own	3x5	43.4	136	Own	SF	35x5	Pres.	Own	Bijur				3850			5400
						117													
			Rutenber	3⅛x5	23.4	124			32x4	Grav.	Stromb'g	G & D	1260	1260	1260				
PAIGE, Detroit, Mich.	3	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	127	Salisbury	¾F	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy		1795		1595	2200	2400	2858
PATERSON, Flint, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25	117	Hess	FF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco		1295	1265	1295		1850	
PATHFINDER,																			
Indianapolis, Ind.	1	12	Weidely	2⅞x5	39.6	135	Amer.	FF	35x5	Grav.	Stromb'g	Delco		3250		3250			
											Ball &								
PEERLESS, Cleveland, O.	1	8	Own	3¼x5	33.8	125	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Ball	Auto-Lite	2250	2090		2090	2750	2890	3590
												Ward-							
PHIANNA, Newark, N. J.	1	4	Own	3.906x6	25	125		FF	32x4½	Vac.		Leonard			5000				
									36x4½										
			Own	4x5½	38.40	134	Own		37x5	Pres.	Own	W'house	4800	4800	4800		5700	5900	5900
PIERCE-ARROW			Own	4½x5½	48.60	142	Own		38x5½	Pres.	Own	W'house	5400	5400	5400	5500	6400		6800
Buffalo, N. Y.	3	6	Own	5x7	60.00	147½	Own	SF	38x5	Pres.	Own	W'house	6400	6400	6400	6500	7400		7600
PILLIOD, Toledo, Ohio	1	4	Own	4⅛x5		122	Columb.	FF	34x4	Vac.	Johnson	Auto-Lite	1485	1485	1485				
PILOT, Richmond, Ind.	1	6	Teetor	3⅛x5	23.4	119	Hess	FF	32x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Delco		1295	1295				
PREMIER,																			
Indianapolis, Ind.	1	6	Own	3⅜x5½	27.3	125½	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Johnson	Delco		2285		2285			3285
PRINCESS, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	2.77	108		FF	32x3½	Vac.	Schebler	Disco	825	825	825				
PULLMAN, York Pa.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.6	114		FF	31x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Dyneto							
REGAL, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3½x4¾	19.6	108	Peru	FF	30x3½	Vac.	Carter	Auto-Lite			795				
				4⅛x4½	27.2	115		SF	34x4	Grav.	Johnson			985	985				
REO, Lansing, Mich.	2	4-6	Own	3.563x5⅛	30.4	126	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy		1385		1385		1950	
RICHARD, ClevelandOhio	1	8	Own	3¾x6¾	45	137	Own	FF	34x6	Vac.	Own	W'house				8000			
ROAMER,			Rutenber	3⅛x5	23.4									1890					3150
Kalamazoo, Mich.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	127	Hess	FF	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Bijur		2150		3150		2985	4500
		6	Spillman	3½x5	29.4	130		FF	35x4½	Vac.		Ward-							
ROSS, Detroit, Mich.	2	8	Cont.	3¼x5¼	33.8	130		FF	35x4½	Vac.		Leonard		1750		1750			
SAYERS SIX,																			
Cincinnati, Ohio.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.4	118	Bowers	FF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco			1295				
				2¾x4	12.10	96			30x3		Schebler		495						
SAXON, Detroit, Mich.	2	4-6	Cont.	2⅞x4½	20	112	Timken	SF	32x3½	Grav.	Stromb'g	Wagner		935	935			1325	
SCRIPPS-BOOTH,			Mason	3.688x4	21.7	110	Walker	¾F	30x3½			Remy	1250						
Detroit, Mich.	2	4-8	Ferro	2⅝x3¾	22.1	120	Russel	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Wagner		1450					
SENECA, Fostoria, Ohio	1	4		2⅝x3¾	22	108		FF	30x3½	Vac.		A.-Chal.		735	735				
SIMPLEX,									36x4½		New-	Eismann	chassis						
New Brunswick, N. J.	1	6	Own	4¾x6¼	45.9	143½	Own	FF	37x5	Pres.	comb	Bosch	7000						
SINGER, New York City	1	6	Spillman	4x5½	38.4	139	Timken	FF	35x5	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house							
STANDARD,		8	Spillman	33x5	28.8	121	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.		Splitdorf							
Pittsburgh, Pa.	2	8	Spillman	3¼x5	33.8	127	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.		Splitdorf							
STANLEY STEAMER,												Aplco							
Newton, Mass.	1	2	Own	4x5		130	Own		35x4½			Ltg.		2200	2200	2300			
STATES,																			
Kalamazoo, Mich.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4½	22.5	112	Adams	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Schebler	Dyneto	895	895	895				
STEARNS,				3¾x5⅜	22.5	119			34x4					1585	1585	1725	2150	2385	3000
Cleveland, Ohio	2	4-8	Own	3¼x5	33.8	124	Own	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Schebler	W'house				2375	3075		3685
STEPHENS SALIENT																			
SIX, Freeport, Ill.	1	6	Own	3¼x4½	25.3	118	Hess	FF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco		1385	1385				
STUDEPAKER,					24.22	112						Wagner-	1025			1050			
Detroit, Mich.	2	4-6	Own	3⅞x5	36.32	122	Own	FF	34x4	Vac.	Schebler	Remy	1335			1385	1850	1850	2750
			Own	4⅜x6	30.6	120	Own	¾F	32x4½	Pres.	Stromb'g	Remy	2550						
STUTZ, Indianapolis, Ind.	2	4	Wis.	4¾x5½	36.1	130	Own	¾F	34x4½	Pres.	Stromb'g	Remy		2650		2750			
SUN, Elkhart, Ind.	1	6	Own	3⅛x5	23.4	116	Adams	FF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy		1345	1345	1345			
				3¼x4½	25.4	115			32x4				1165	1185	1185			1385	
VELIE, Moline, Ill.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.6	124	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Remy				1650	1800	1735	
WACO, Seattle, Wash.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	37	112	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Schebler	Disco			950				
WESTCOTT, Springfield, O.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	125	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Delco		1790	1790	1790	2690	2690	
									33x4½										
						124½			34x4½			Leece							
WHITE, Cleveland, Ohio	2	4	Own	4¼x5¾	28.9	137½	Own	SF	37x5	Vac.	Own	Neville		4600		4600	5650	5650	5800
WILLYS SIX, Toledo, Ohio	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	120	Own	¾F	33x4½	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite		1295		1295		1975	
WILLYS KNIGHT,		4	Knight	4⅛x4½	27.19	121	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite				1450	1650		
Toledo, Ohio	2	8	Knight	3⅜x4	36.45	125	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	Auto-Lite				1950		2650	2750
WINTON SIX,			Own	3¾x5½	33.75	128	Timken	FF	36x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Bijur	2685	2685	2685	2735	3600	3900	3650
Cleveland, Ohio	2	6	Own	4½x5½	48.6	138	Timken	FF	37x5	Vac.	Rayfield	Bijur	3500	3500	3500	3500	4500	4500	4500
WONDER, Chicago, Ill.	1	4				126		FF	34x4	Grav.					900				
WOODS, Dual Power,																			
Chicago, Ill.	1	4	Cont.	2¾x4	12.12	124	Own	SF	35x4½	Grav.	Stromb'g	Own					2950		
WOODS MOBILETTE,																			
Chicago, Ill.	1	4	Perkins	3[illegible]x4	18	104		FF	28x3	Grav.	Carter	Disco	[illegible]						

Winton Six



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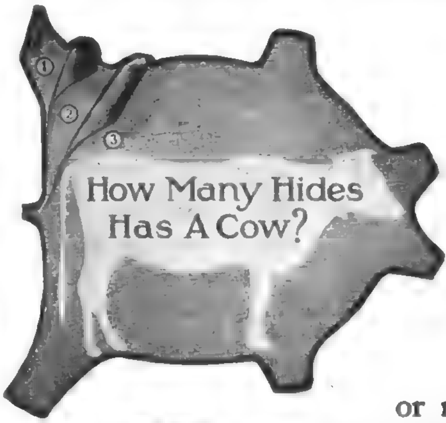
Gasoline Trucks and Delivery Cars

All engines are 4-cylinder unless otherwise specified

	Capacity Tons	Prices
"ACASON," Acason Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 4 models. Chassis only. Hotchkiss drive.	1½ to 5	On application
"ACME," Cadillac Auto Truck Co., Cadillac, Mich., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	$1[illegible]0 to $3100
"ARMLEDER," The O. Armleder Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 and 3½	2750 and 3600
"ATLAS," Martin Truck & Body Corp'n, York, Pa., 1 model. Bodies extra. Hotchkiss drive.	1500 lbs.	885
"ATTERBURY," Atterbury Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 3 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1½ to 3½	2275 to 3675
"AUTOCAR," The Autocar Co., Ardmore, Pa., 1 model, 2 cylinders. Bodies extra. Shaft drive.	1½ to 2	1815
"AVAILABLE," Available Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1775 to 4500
"BECK," Beck Motor Truck Works, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 4 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1 to 2½	1080 to 2000
"BEECH CREEK," Beech Creek Truck & Auto Co., Beech Creek, Pa., 1 model. Chassis only. Gear drive.	3	3850
"BESSEMER," Bessemer Motor Truck Co., Grove City, Pa., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Internal Gear drive.	1 to 3½	1250 to 3450
"BOURNE MAGNETIC," Bourne Magnetic Truck Co., Philadelphia, Pa. 2 models. Worm drive.	2 and 3½	3300 to 4000
"BRINTON," Brinton Motor Truck Co., Phila., Pa., 2 models. Chassis, including Cab.	1 and 2½	1250 to 2400
"BRISCOE," Briscoe Motor Corp., Jackson, Mich., 2 models. Complete. Shaft drive.	¾	725 and 750
"BROCKWAY," Brockway Motor Truck Co., Cortland, N. Y., 4 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1650 to 3200
"BURFORD," Taylor Motor Truck Co., Fremont, Ohio, 2 models. Chassis only. Worm and Internal Gear drive.	2 and 4	2500 to 3650
"CHASE," Chase Motor Truck Co., Syracuse, N. Y., 5 models. Complete. Worm drive.	¾ to 3½	1500 to 3600
"CLYDESDALE," Clyde Cars Co., Clyde, O., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 5	1025 to 4200
"COEY," Coey Motor Co., Chicago, Ill., 1 model. Express bodies extra. Shaft drive.	½	695
"COLLIER," Collier Motor Truck Co., Sandusky, Ohio, 1 model. With or without body. Direct bevel drive.	¾	900 and 995
"COMMERCE," Commerce Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 2 models. 6 bodies. Internal and Bevel Gear drive. Also semi-trailer.	¾ and 1	1175 to 1490
"CORBITT," Corbitt Motor Truck Co., Henderson, N. C., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1650 to 4200
"COUPLE GEAR," Couple Gear Freight Wheel Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., 3 models. Four-wheel drive. Complete. (Gas electric.)	3½ to 7	5800 to 6900
"CRANE & BREED," Crane & Breed Mfg. Co., Cincinnati, O., funeral cars, etc., 6 cylinders.		3360 to 4200
"CROWTHER-DURYEA," Crowther Motor Co., Rochester, N. Y., 1 model. Complete. Roller drive.	½	600
"DART," Dart Motor Truck Co., Waterloo, Iowa, 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	½ to 3½	850 to 3200
"DAYTON," Dayton Motor Truck Co., Dayton, Ohio, 6 models. Chain and Worm drive.	2 to 7½	2650 to 4950
"D-E," Day-Elder Motors Corp'n, Newark, N. J., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 2½	950 to 2365
"DE KALB," DeKalb Wagon Co., DeKalb, Ill., 2 models. Bodies extra.	2 to 2½	2100 to 2450
"DENBY," Denby Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 3 models. 1-ton complete. Other bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1 to 3	1490 to 2525
"DENMO," The Denneen Motor Co., Cleveland, O., 4 models. Chassis only. Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 3	995 to 2325
"DIAMOND T," Diamond T Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 5 models. Chassis only.	1 to 5	1725 to 4600
"DISPATCH," Dispatch Motor Car Co., Minneapolis, Minn., 2 models. Complete. Internal chain drive.	¾	1100 to 1200
"DORRIS," Dorris Motor Car Co., St. Louis, Mo., 1 model. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2	2285
"DOWNING," Downing Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 2 models.	¾ to 1½	600 and 750
"DUPLEX 4-WHEEL DRIVE," Duplex Truck Co., Lansing, Mich., 1 model.	3½	3600
"ELLSWORTH," Mills-Ellsworth Co., Keokuk, Iowa, 1 model. Complete.	½	695 and 720
"ERIE," Erie Motor Truck Mfg. Co., Erie, Pa., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1500 to 3000
"FARGO," Fargo Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 1 model. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	2	2200
"FEDERAL," Federal Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1750 to 4200
"F. W. D.," Four-Wheel Drive Auto Co., Clintonville, Wis., 1 model. Chassis only. Bevel Gear drive.	3	4000
"GABRIEL," Gabriel Motor Truck, Cleveland, Ohio, 4 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	¾ to 2½	900 to 2400
"GARFORD," The Garford Motor Truck Co., Lima, Ohio, 10 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain drive. Special fire equipment & Road Builders.	1 to 10	1750 to 6000
"GARY," The Gary Motor Truck Co., Gary, Ind., 4 models. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	On application
"GEM," Gem Motor Car Corp'n, Grand Rapids, Mich. 1 model. Light delivery. Shaft drive.		675 to 750
"GLOBE," Globe Motor Truck Co., E. St. Louis, Ill., 4 models. Chassis only. Worm and Internal Gear drive.	1 to 3½	1375 to 3185
"G. M. C.," General Motors Truck Co., Pontiac, Mich., 6 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Worm drive.	¾ to 5	On application
"GRAMM-BERNSTEIN," Gramm-Bernstein Motor Truck Co., Lima, O., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 6	On application
"HAHN," Hahn Motor Truck & Wagon Co., Hamburg, Pa., 4 models. Worm drive.	¾ to 3½	1150 to 4150
"HALL," Lewis Hall Iron Works, Detroit, Mich., 4 models. Worm and Chain drive.	2 to 7	2150 to 3800
"HARLEY-DAVIDSON," Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 3 models. Cycle delivery.	300 lbs.	310 to 380
"HARVEY," Harvey Motor Truck Company, Harvey, Ill., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2½ to 5	2500 to 4000
"HATFIELD," Cortland Cart & Carriage Co., Sidney, N. Y., 3 models. Complete. Bevel Gear drive.	1000 lbs.	765 to 820
"HAWKEYE," Hawkeye Mfg. Co., Sioux City, Iowa, 1 model. Chassis only. Internal Gear drive.	1½	1500
"HENDERSON BROS.," Henderson Bros., North Cambridge, Mass., 2 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1200 lbs. and 1 ton	1225 and 1500
"HEWITT-LUDLOW," Hewitt-Ludlow Auto Co., San Francisco, Cal., 5 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive. Also tractors.	1 to 5	2000 to 4550
"HOOVER," Hoover Wagon Co., York, Pa., 1 model. Bodies to order. Worm drive.	¾	1375
"HORNER," Detroit-Wyandotte Motor Truck Co., Wyandotte, Mich., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 5	2350 to 4350
"HOUGHTON," The Houghton Motor Car Co., Marion, Ohio, hearses and ambulances. Worm drive.	¾	1685 to 1750
"HURLBURT," Hurlburt Motor Truck Co., New York City, N. Y., 5 models. Worm drive. Chassis only.	1½ to 7	2350 to 5500
"INDEPENDENT," Independent Motors Co., Port Huron, Mich., 2 models. Worm drive.	1 and 2	1385 and 1850
"INDIANA," Indiana Truck Corp'n, Marion, Ind., 4 models. Bodies extra.	1 to 5	1550 to 4000

	Capacity Tons	Prices
"INTERNATIONAL," International Harvester Co., Chicago, Ill., 2 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	¾ and 1	1450 and 1750
"KEARNS," Kearns Motor Truck Co., Beavertown, Pa., 1 model. Complete. Shaft drive.	1000 lbs.	785
"KELLY," The Kelly-Springfield Motor Truck Co., Springfield, Ohio, 8 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive.	1½ to 6	2500 to 4750
"KING," A. R. King Mfg. Co., Kingston, N. Y., 1 model. Chassis only. Chain drive.	3½	2800
"KISSEL," The Kissel Motor Co., Hartford, Wis., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Bevel drive.	¾ to 5	1185 to 3750
"KLEIBER," Kleiber & Co., Inc., San Francisco, Cal., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 5	2350 to 4500
"KOEHLER," H. J. Koehler Motors Corp., Newark, N. J., 1 model. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1¼	1150
"KOENIG & LUHRS," Koenig & Luhrs Wagon Co., Quincy, Ill., 1 model.	¾	900
"LAMBERT," Buckeye Mfg. Co., Anderson, Ind., 5 models. Also tractors. Chain drive.	½ to 2	900 to 2200
"LAMSON," Lamson Truck & Tractor Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Chassis only. Four-wheel drive. Also tractor and dumping equipment.	3 and 5	4000 to 5000
"LANGE," Lange Motor Truck Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., 2 models. Bodies extra.	1 to 2½	1950 to 2650
"LARRABEE," Larrabee-Deyo Motor Truck Co., Binghamton, N. Y., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1600 to 3400
"LENOX," Lenox Motor Car Co., Boston, Mass., 2 models, 4 and 6 cylinders. 12 to 28 tons haulage.	Tractor	On application
"LESLIE," Leslie Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 1 model. Kerosene fuel.	¾	On application
"LIPPARD-STEWART," Lippard-Stewart Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	½ to 2	1025 to 2600
"LITTLE GIANT," Chicago Pneumatic Tool Co., Chicago, Ill., 7 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1650 to 3450
"MACCAR," Maccar Truck Co., Scranton, Pa., 4 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 to 5½	2400 to 4500
"MACK," International Motor Co., N. Y. City, 6 models. Chassis only. Chain and Worm drive.	1 to 7½	2400 to 5000
"MAXIM," Maxim Motor Co., Middleboro, Mass., 2 models, 4 and 6 cylinders. Bodies extra. Fire apparatus special. Worm drive.	2	3000 and 4000
"MAXWELL," Maxwell Motor Co., Inc., Detroit, Mich., 1 model. Bodies extra. Shaft drive.	1	865
"M. H. C.," Michigan Hearse & Motor Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., funeral cars, etc., 6 cylinders.		On application
"THE MENOMINEE," Menominee Motor Truck Co., Menominee, Mich., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 5	1425 to 4150
"MODERN," Bowling Green Motor Truck Co., Bowling Green, Ohio, 2 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 and 2	1800 and 2800
"MOELLER," New Haven Truck & Auto Works, New Haven, Conn., 3 models. Bodies extra. Chain drive.	1½ to 5	2500 to 4500
"MOGUL," Mogul Motor Truck Co., St. Louis, Mo., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain drive.	1½ to 6	1600 to 4000
"MONARCH," Monarch Light Truck Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	½ and 1	750 and 950
"MOON," Jos. W. Moon Buggy Co., St. Louis, Mo., 2 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Shaft drive.	¾ to 1½	1000 and 1650
"MORELAND," Moreland Motor Truck Co., Los Angeles, Cal., 6 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	¾ to 5	1290 to 4250
"MORTON," Morton Truck and Tractor Co., Harrisburg, Pa., 1 model. Chassis only. Worm drive.	3	4250
"NASH," The Nash Motors Co., Kenosha, Wis., 3 models. Bodies extra. Bevel and Internal Gear drive.	1 to 2	1495 to 3250
"NELSON LEMOON," Nelson & LeMoon, Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Worm drive. Chassis only.	1 to 5	1700 to 4200
"NETCO," New England Truck Co., Fitchburg, Mass., 3 models, 4 and 6 cylinders. Bodies and fire apparatus extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 2	2450 to 4450
"NILES," Niles Car & Mfg. Co.; Niles, Ohio, 2 models. Bodies to order. Worm drive.	1 and 2	1500 to 2400
"NORTHWESTERN," Star Carriage Co., Seattle, Wash., 1 model. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1½	2150
"OLD HICKORY," Kentucky Wagon Mfg. Co., Louisville, Ky., 1 model. Bodies extra. Bevel Gear drive.	¾	875
"OLD RELIABLE," Old Reliable Motor Truck Co., Chicago, Ill. 12 models. Bodies and trailers extra. Chain and Worm drive.	1½ to 7	1950 to 5000
"PACKARD," Packard Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 7 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 6½	2325 to 4800
"PARAGAN," Paragan Motor Truck Co., Auburn, Ind., 1 model. 4 bodies.	1	975
"PEERLESS," Peerless Motor Car Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 6 models. Bodies and tractors extra. Chain and Worm drive.	2 to 6	3000 to 5000
"PIERCE-ARROW," Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 and 5	3300 to 5000
"RAINIER," Rainier Motor Corp., Flushing, N. Y. City, 1 model. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	½	995
"RELIANCE," Racine Motor Truck Co., Racine, Wis., 5 models. Enclosed Spur Gear drive.	¾ to 5	995 to 3850
"REO," Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich., 2 models. ¾-ton with express body. Other, chassis only. Shaft and Chain drive.	¾ and 2	1125 and 1800
"REPUBLIC," Republic Motor Truck Co., Alma, Mich., 5 models, ¾-ton complete. Other bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 3½	895 to 2750
"RIKER," The Locomobile Co. of America, Bridgeport, Conn., 2 models. Bodies, tractor, etc., extra. Worm drive.	3 and 4	On application
"ROWE," Rowe Motor Mfg. Co., Downingtown, Pa., 5 models. Chassis only. Fire apparatus special.	1 to 5	2450 to 4500
"RUSH," Rush Motor Truck Co., Philadelphia, Pa., 1 model. Bodies extra. Bevel Gear drive.	½	895
"SANDOW," Sandow Motor Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1485 to 3450
"SANFORD," Sanford Motor Truck Co., Syracuse, N. Y., 6 models. Chassis only. Worm drive. Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 5	1290 to 4500
"SAURER," International Motor Co., N. Y. City, 2 models. Chassis only. Chain drive.	5 and 6½	4800 and 5800
"SCHACHT," The G. A. Schacht Motor Truck Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 5	2750 to 4400
"SELDEN," Selden Truck Sales Co., Rochester, N. Y., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 3½	1075 to 3400
"SERVICE," Service Motor Truck Co., Wabash, Ind., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1500 to 4300
"SIGNAL," Signal Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 5 sizes, 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1800 to 4300
"STANDARD," Standard Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 3 models. Worm drive.	2 to 5	2500 to 4000
"STEGEMAN," Stegeman Motor Car Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 5 models, 6 cylinders. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 to 7	2600 to 5000
"STERLING," Sterling Motor Truck Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 4 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive.	2½ to 7	2800 to 5250
"STEWART," Stewart Motor Corp., Buffalo, N. Y., 3 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 2	795 to 1975

DU PONT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES


How Many Hides Has A Cow?
①
②
③

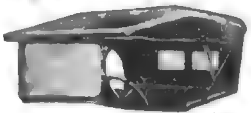
Uncle Sam Knows the Real Answer:

NOT ENOUGH!

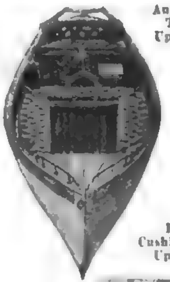
SAVE LEATHER

For Soldiers

TO make America's hide supply go as far as possible, hides are being split into five or more thin sheets; but, even this saving scheme fails to meet the requirements for soldiers' shoes, harness, equipment, ship upholstery, factory needs, etc., chiefly because too much hide leather is used by the public in places where high grade leather substitutes will serve as well or better.



For Automobile Tops and Upholstery



For Boat Cushions and Upholstery

Uncle Sam Has Set the Pace

The new U. S. motor trucks and ambulances will be upholstered in leather substitutes. For several years the standard for book binding in the Government Printery has been Du Pont Fabrikoid.

The upholstery specifications for the new Merchant Marine call for

DU PONT FABRIKOID
REG. U. S. PAT OFF.

Craftsman Quality

What Uncle Sam has found by experience and tests good enough for the Government's severe requirements should be good enough for every loyal American.

For Furniture Upholstery

How You Can Help

If you are a manufacturer using leather probably part or all of your requirements can be met by some grade of Fabrikoid. While not feasible for every use of leather, the illustrations herewith show its wide range of utility.

If you use leather in your home for any purpose, try the proper grade of Fabrikoid instead.

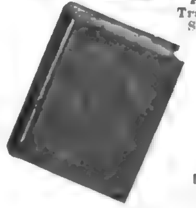
When buying an automobile, boat or piece of furniture, prefer Fabrikoid upholstery. Help the manufacturer conserve leather by patronizing those who use good leather substitutes like Fabrikoid.

Every hide displaced by a good substitute helps supply our armies with shoes, our farms with harness and our factories with belting—it helps win the war.

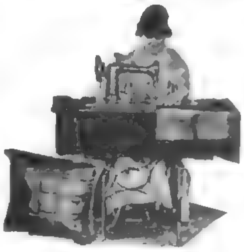
Manufacturers! write us your requirements and let us co-operate with you.

Americans everywhere! write for samples and names of manufacturers, of the article you want, who use Fabrikoid and of stores near you selling it by the yard.

For Bags, Trunks and Suit Cases



For Book Binding



For Home Decorations, Novelties, Belts, etc.

Du Pont Fabrikoid Company, Wilmington, Delaware

World's Largest Manufacturers of Leather Substitutes

Factories at Newburgh, N. Y., Elizabeth, N. J., Fairfield, Conn., Toronto, Ont.

DU PONT

NOT ONLY A BETTER BATTERY BUT BACKED BY PREST-O-LITE SERVICE

A Better Battery Builds a Bigger Business

A LITTLE less than a year ago we announced the Prest-O-Lite Storage Battery to the motoring public.

The achievements of this year of battery history are one of the greatest proofs of the superiority of Prest-O-Lite.

The demand among discriminating owners, dealers and manufacturers caused us to double—to triple—to finally build the battery factories at our great Indianapolis Main Plant to six times the floor space occupied a year ago, and with this increase in capacity has come a proportionate increase in the production of Prest-O-Lite Batteries.

In the engineering laboratories great strides have been made in substituting precise, inflexible, efficient standards for the old "rule-of-thumb" methods inherited from the storage batteries of the past.

In manufacturing—new processes and new standards—have given to motorists a storage battery capable of greater endurance—longer life—increased value in everyday service under any and all conditions of road and weather.

You who know the meaning of grids, cells, terminals, sulphation, active material and other of the "inside facts" of the storage battery, will be interested in the tests which show the results of this exacting care in the manufacture of every Prest-O-Lite Battery.

In the past year Prest-O-Lite Storage Batteries have been adopted as standard equipment by manufacturers of representative cars in every class.

And in keeping with the great, ever-increasing demand for these better batteries—the Prest-O-Lite System of Service, founded with the dawn of the automobile industry, has in the past year doubled, and doubled again, in the number of its battery service stations, until today you will find honest, intelligent, expert service awaiting you wherever you drive your car.

These are the results of a year since Prest-O-Lite announced its Storage Battery.

The reasons are contained in the storage battery itself and the great, growing organization which backs it up.

For the coming year, and years to follow, it will pay you to know the Prest-O-Lite Storage Battery. There is a correct size for your car. It means the beginning of the end of your battery troubles.

The Prest-O-Lite Co., Inc.

U. S. Main Office & Factory, Indianapolis, Ind.
Canadian General Office & Factory, Toronto, Ont.

DIRECT FACTORY BRANCHES

Atlanta
Baltimore
Boston
Buffalo
Chicago
Cincinnati
Cleveland
Dallas
Davenport
Denver
Des Moines
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Memphis
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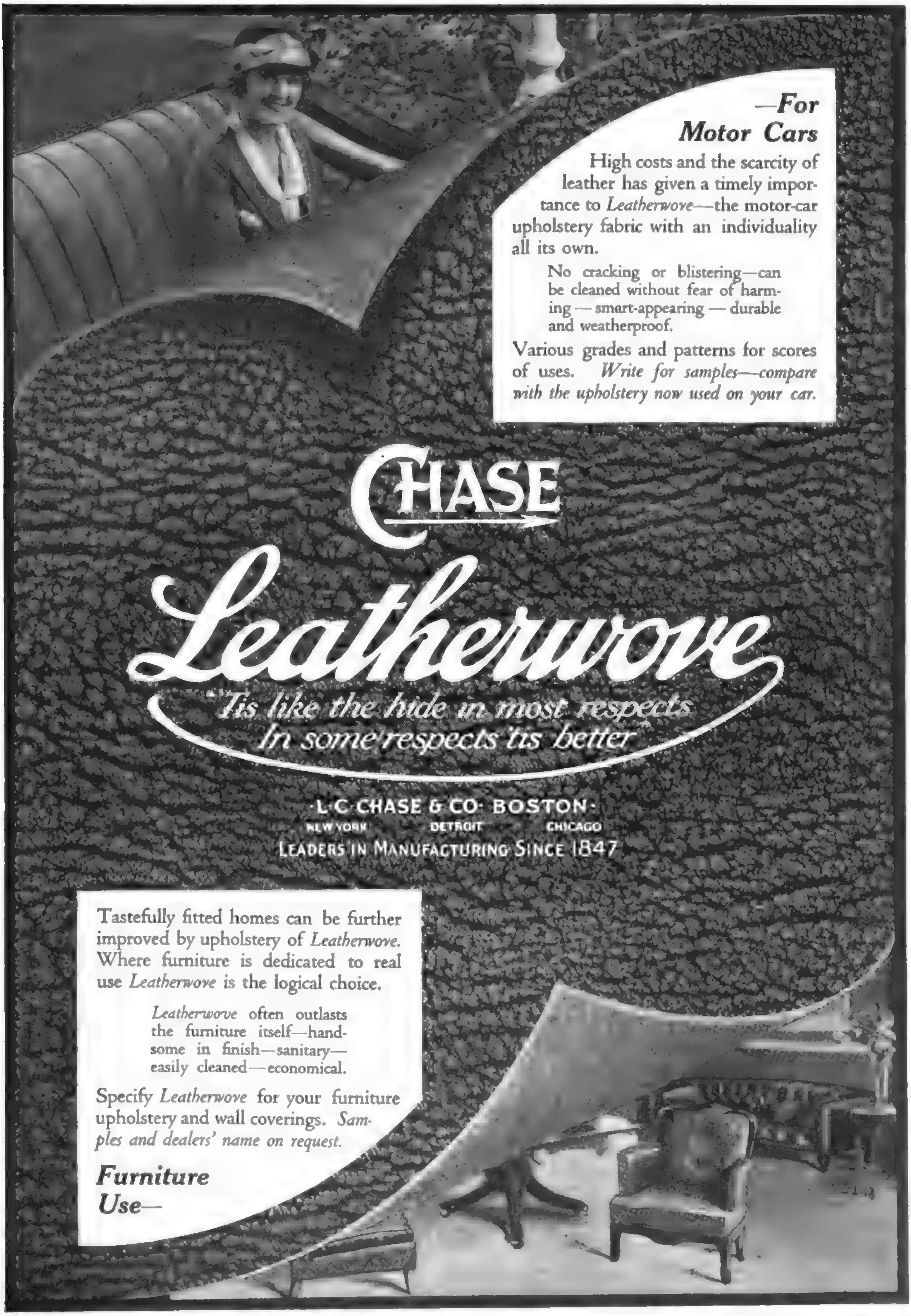
Pittsburgh
San Antonio
San Francisco
Seattle
St. Louis
St. Paul
Syracuse
Toronto
Winnipeg

—and more than 600 specially appointed Prest-O-Lite Battery Service Stations in all parts of the country.

Prest-O-Lite
STORAGE BATTERY

From an actual photograph of the Prest-O-Lite Main Factories, Indianapolis, Indiana



—For Motor Cars

High costs and the scarcity of leather has given a timely importance to *Leatherwove*—the motor-car upholstery fabric with an individuality all its own.

No cracking or blistering—can be cleaned without fear of harming — smart-appearing — durable and weatherproof.

Various grades and patterns for scores of uses. *Write for samples—compare with the upholstery now used on your car.*

CHASE

Leatherwove

'Tis like the hide in most respects
In some respects 'tis better

·L·C·CHASE & CO· BOSTON·
NEW YORK DETROIT CHICAGO
LEADERS IN MANUFACTURING SINCE 1847

Tastefully fitted homes can be further improved by upholstery of *Leatherwove.* Where furniture is dedicated to real use *Leatherwove* is the logical choice.

Leatherwove often outlasts the furniture itself—handsome in finish—sanitary—easily cleaned—economical.

Specify *Leatherwove* for your furniture upholstery and wall coverings. *Samples and dealers' name on request.*

Furniture Use—

JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

(*Continued from page 84*)

out of the door opening on to the veranda, out into the courtyard.

"What is it?" he asked sharply.

"There was some one here," she told him quickly. "He went out that way, I think. Look through the lilacs."

She ran on one way, Tripp hurrying the other, wondering. They saw the lilacs standing still in the starlight, saw the thick shadows thrown by the columns and grape-covered trellises, heard the murmuring of the fountain.

"José, perhaps," suggested Tripp, coming at last to her side.

"No!" cried Judith. "It wasn't. It was somebody in his stocking feet, standing in the hallway, listening to us. I heard him run before me; I am sure I saw him for a second, framed against the square of the window as he slipped through and out on the veranda. Who could it have been, Doc?"

But a close search through the shrubbery showed them nothing. It was clear that if a man had been listening at the door he could have had ample opportunity to slip away into the darkness. He would not be loitering here now.

The telephone bell was still insistently ringing and they turned back to the office.

"Judy," said Tripp solicitously, "don't you go and get nerves, now."

"You think I imagined the whole thing!" She looked at him with clear, confident eyes. "Don't you fool yourself for one little minute, Doc Tripp. I'm not the imagining kind—yet!"

She snatched up the telephone instrument.

"Hello," said Judith. "Who is it?"

It was the telegraph operator in Rocky Bend. A message for Miss Judith Sanford from Pollock Hampton, San Francisco. And the message ran:

> "What were you thinking of to chuck Trevors? Thoroughly excellent man. You should have consulted me. Don't do anything more until I come. Send conveyance to meet Saturday train. Bringing three guests with me.
>
> Pollock Hampton."

Judith turned frowning to Tripp.

"As if I didn't have enough on my hands already," she exclaimed bitterly, "without Hampton dragging his fool guests into the mix-up! I could slap his face."

"Do it!" chuckled Tripp. "Good idea!"

CHAPTER SIX

Trevors Plays a Big Card

BUSY days followed for Judith Sanford and for every man remaining upon Blue Lake ranch. A score of men, including the milkers, Johnson, the irrigation foreman and his crew of laborers, had quit work, going over openly to Bayne Trevors at the Western Lumber camp. He had work there for every man of them, and Judith was not the only one upon the ranch who came to wonder how much money Trevors—or the lumber company—was prepared to spend in fighting her success. From the first day she found the outfit shorthanded.

Almost her first answer to Trevors's *coup* was to telegraph San Francisco for a Firth milking machine, together with an expert sent out by the Firth Company to install and superintend its working for the first few days. At the same time she hired from one of the Sacramento dairies a man who was to be foreman of her own dairy industry, a capable fellow with an intimate practical knowledge of automatic milkers. He, with a couple of strippers, paid overtime wages, and managed until the dairy crew could be builded up again. Her new foreman from the first took the greater part of this burden off her shoulders.

Mrs. Simpson, the matron from Rocky Bend, arrived, true to her promise and, motherly soul that she was, took a keen interest in Judith's comforts, no less than in caring for the big house, of which she immediately waxed proud with an air of semi-proprietorship.

José, from the first, bestowed upon the cheerful, bustling woman a black hatred born of his thoroughgoing Latin jealousy. From this or that corner, appearing unexpectedly, glaring darkly at her in a manner which ruffled her placidity and suggested terrible visions of knives in one's back, he brought an actual thrill into Mrs. Simpson's long days of routine.

Busy days also for Bud Lee, who had already begun the education of a string of colts and who had made one of those discoveries so filled with joy to a horse lover. The third day after Judith's arrival, Lee appeared to her in the office, his eyes bright.

"I want that rangy bay mare, name of Queenie," he said without preliminary, "pulling with that crazy roan in the wood wagon. You know which one?"

"Yes," Judith answered, noting that the man could actually evince enthusiasm, and wondering just what in Queenie had inspired it. "What do you want with her? She's just low grade stuff."

"Is she?" said Lee. "I want to know! There's been more than one mistake made before now in horseflesh, Miss Judith. That's a real horse! Why, I've watched her a dozen times in the last year, and do you know I never guessed what she was! Turn her over to me, will you?"

Judith did as he requested and Bud Lee said no more to any one about the matter. But to himself he said,

"Queenie! Huh! That's a dog's name. You're rechristened Red Queen. And I lose a bet if somehow in the shuffle they didn't lose your birthright for you. If you're not by Red Duke I'm a blamed poor judge of horses."

Busy days for Doc Tripp who, unhampered, trusted, aided at every turn by his employer, was from dawn until dark among the ranch live stock, all but feeling pulse and taking temperature of horses, cows, colts, calves, hogs and mules. He stopped the calf sickness; effected cures in every case excepting one. And the rest of the stock he finally gave a clean bill of health.

Busy days for Carson. Painstakingly he estimated to the head, the number of cattle the pastures should be carrying, counting from long experience upon the hard months to come, from August until December; estimating values; appearing at the week's end to suggest the purchase of a herd of calves from the John Peters Dairy Company, to be had now at a very attractive figure. And suggesting, almost insistently, upon buying a certain Shorthorn bull worth twice the twelve hundred dollars asked for him.

Busy days for the foremen who had held over from the management of Trevors or who had been taken on since. The first crop of alfalfa, shot through with fox tails, must be cut without delay and fed into the silos before the beards of the interloping growth could harden. Busy days for the shorthanded milking crew; busy days of installing the new milking machines.

Judith and Doc Tripp had sought to find some trace of the man who, Judith insisted, had listened at the door in the hall. They had found nothing. So that episode, as well as Trevors himself, was shoved aside in their minds, in the stress of activity demanding attention everywhere.

WITH Saturday came Pollock Hampton and his guests. Trevors had misnamed him a fool, sweepingly mistaking youth, business inexperience and a careless way, for lack of brains. Just a breezy young fellow, likeable, gay-hearted, keen for the joy of life, scarcely more than a boy after all. One of those rare beings whose attitude toward his fellow mortals was one of generous faith, who sought to see the best in people, who had an outspoken admira-

(*Continued on page 96*)

The most responsible brake lining job in the world

What was selected by experts to fill it and why—

More responsibility is placed on the brake lining of the Fifth Avenue (New York) Busses than on the brake lining of any other vehicles in the world!

They carried 16,000,000 persons in safety and comfort through the densest traffic in the world last year.

Fully loaded, with 44 passengers, a driver and a conductor, these busses weigh eight tons.

They stop at nearly every street corner. They make many thousand stops every day. These stops must be smooth and easy, without the suggestion of a jar. And they are.

Think what depends on the efficiency of the brake lining on these huge busses—the lives of 44,000 passengers every day; the lives of several million motorists and pedestrians who use the same streets. What brake lining is selected for this great task—the most responsible brake lining job in the world? It is Thermoid Brake Lining.

President Richard W. Meade of the Fifth Avenue Coach Company, which operates the Fifth Avenue Busses, says: "The smooth and easy stopping which is characteristic of our busses is brought about by the use of Thermoid Brake Lining."

Thermoid Brake Lining on Bus No. 252 gave 19,376 miles of service. The Fifth Avenue Coach Company says: "We consider these results extremely satisfactory." This is typical of Thermoid service.

Used by best cars and axles

Some of the cars that use Thermoid Brake Lining are:

Pierce-Arrow
Studebaker
Chalmers
Peerless
Marmon
Apperson
Autocar
Premier
Auburn
Haynes
Kissel
White
Metz
Service Truck
Hudford Unit
Cole
King
Davis
Briscoe
Hudson
Cadillac
National
Stephens
Kline Kar
Patterson
Pathfinder
Atlas Truck
Denmo Truck
Rauch & Lang
Superior Truck
Sun
Ames
Moon
Pilot
Empire
Union Truck
Denby Truck
Fulton Truck
Gersix Truck
Republic Truck
Bessemer Truck
Sayers & Scovill
Columbia Truck
Bethlehem Truck
Wichita Truck *Lexington-Howard* *Lippard-Stewart Truck*

Some of the axles that use Thermoid Brake Lining are:

Timken-Detroit
Columbia
Peru
Sheldon
Torbensen
Celfor
Empire
Hess
Russel
American

Why *experts* select Thermoid Brake Lining

These car makers and their engineers select Thermoid Brake Lining because they find by scientific tests that it gives consistently efficient SERVICE. They find its "coefficient of friction" is ideal for a brake lining.

This means its entire construction is such that brakes equipped with Thermoid Brake Lining cannot grab or slip, no matter how thin Thermoid becomes throughout long usage.

Scientific construction of Thermoid Brake Lining

The reason Thermoid Brake Lining has the ideal coefficient of friction, is impervious to moisture, and is durable, lies in its scientific construction. In its process of manufacture it has three exclusive features:

1. ***It has more than 40% more material, by actual weight, than any woven brake lining***

This means longer service—best service.

2. ***It is Grapnalized***

Thermoid Brake Lining is impregnated throughout with Grapnal. This exclusive process makes it impervious to gasoline, oil, water, dust, etc. No other brake lining is Grapnalized—or can be.

3. ***It is hydraulic compressed***

This makes it far tougher and stronger than ordinary linings.

Specify Thermoid

When you reline your brakes, specify the brake lining the experts specify—Thermoid. Jobbers, garages and dealers will be glad to supply you. When you buy a new car, insist that the brake lining be Thermoid.

Remember, your life depends on the efficiency of your brakes, and the efficiency of your brakes depends on your brake lining. Be sure your brakes are lined with Thermoid Brake Lining. The cost is a little more—and well worth it.

Our guarantee

Thermoid will make good—or WE WILL. It is positively guaranteed to out-wear and give better satisfaction than any other brake lining.

Thermoid Rubber Company

Factory and Main Offices: **TRENTON, N. J.**

Branches: New York, Chicago, San Francisco
Indianapolis, Detroit, Los Angeles, Philadelphia
Pittsburgh, Boston, London, Paris

Thermoid
Thermoid
HYDRAULIC COMPRESSED
100% BRAKE LINING
Thermoid
GRAPNALIZED

Makers of "Thermoid Tires" and "Thermoid Garden Hose"

JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

(*Continued from page 94*)

tion for efficiency in any form. He came to the ranch prepared to like everything and everybody.

"Look here!" he exclaimed to Judith, before she had had time for more than a sweeping appraisal of his friends. "Why didn't you tell me you were up to a thing like this? Great Scott, Judith, you don't know what you are tackling, do you? It's ripping of you; you're a sheer wonder to tie into it; you've got no end of nerve. But running a ranch like this—why, it's a big proposition for a thunderingly big man to swing."

"Is it?" smiled Judith.

Beyond that, the only answer he got from this brief conference was the timely suggestion that his chief concern for the immediate present lay in making his guests comfortable.

Accompanying young Hampton were "Major" Langworthy, a little short, fat, bald gentleman, who, so far as the knowledge of his club members went, had never been connected with any part of the army or navy, unless one counted his congenial brigades of cocktail drinkers; Mrs. Langworthy, his supercilious, uninteresting wife; Marcia, his languidly graceful daughter, in whom Hampton gave certain signs of being considerably interested; Hamilton Rogers, the Oakland lawyer, and Frank Farris, the artist. Also Marcia's maid and Hampton's Japanese valet, Fujioki. In due course of time this representative of the Flowery Kingdom grew to be great friends with José, the two forthwith suspected by Mrs. Simpson of all sorts of dark plots and of a racial sympathy which must be watched lest it produce "something terrible."

Pollock Hampton, holding a third of the shares of the big venture, with his legitimate claim upon a third of the income, was of course a factor which must be taken into account. Judith, knowing little of him, sought to know more, watched him when he was talking, got his views upon many matters that came up haphazard, and found that, while she liked him, she would have been more than glad if he had not come to still further complicate matters for her. For it was open and shut that his interest and enthusiasm would demand a voice. Even seeing the possibility of serious friction ahead, she asked frankly how long he planned to stay?

"I'm here for good," he answered cheerfully. His explanation followed with a grin, quite as though he were telling her of some rare good news: "Money's all gone, creditors are nuisances, there's no prospect with *you* here of having you send me anything. What is left for me but to stay?"

Judith suggested a monthly allowance. Hampton laughed good-humoredly.

"Pay me to keep me out of the way? There's nothing stirring, Judith. I'm here to give a hand."

Judith had hopes, even yet, that a couple of weeks or a month, at the most, of life as it runs forty miles from a railroad would dampen and finally extinguish his bright enthusiasm. But swiftly those hopes died. This was his first visit to the ranch, and for a man sick of the city's social round, every inch of it, river and cliffs and rolling hills, had its compelling interest.

Perhaps the thing which Judith overlooked was the blood of his fathers. For before Pollock Hampton, Sr., had made his money, he and his wife had been, like Luke Sanford, pioneers. Now something in the mountains here called vaguely to the soul of young Hampton, and made him restless and stirred his heart. He looked up at the sheer and mighty fall of rock behind the ranch-house and his face glowed; he leaned over the rail of a rustic bridge and forgot Marcia, who was with him, as he watched the beauty of the foam-flecked water. As he stood stock still, looking on while Bud Lee rode a bucking bronco, his eyes were bright and eager.

"Glory to be!" he exclaimed to the Major, who had been coaxed away from the buffet for a brief half-hour. "Watch that man ride! While I've been learning to dance and play the piano these men have been doing real things!"

"Let's go have something," said the Major hurriedly. For it did not fit in with his and Mrs. Langworthy's plans to have Hampton risk his neck at such pastimes—at least not yet.

IT SOON became obvious that long ago Hampton had given freely of his admiration to Bayne Trevors. For Trevors had taken the time, his own purpose in mind, to look in upon Hampton some months ago in San Francisco. Further, he had created the impression which he sought to make. An impression, by the way, not entirely erroneous.

"A great man!" cried Hampton warmly. "The only man I know, big enough to swing a job like this."

To himself he said that the chief good he could do at the outset was to work to get Trevors back. With this in his mind and having had no full account of Judith's manner of ejecting the general manager, he went straight to her.

"Trevors is a friend of mine," he said lightly. "I'm going to ask him over to meet my guests. No objection, is there?"

She looked at him keenly.

"Do as you please," was her cool answer. "I imagine he won't care to come."

Launched upon his first business venture, Hampton went to the telephone. That evening, at table, he surprised Judith not a little when he said casually that Trevors had said he'd run over in a day or so, as soon as he could find time.

"What's that?" he asked, breaking off.

For certainly Judith had started to speak. But now she merely shrugged her shoulders and sat in silent thoughtfulness.

Mrs. Langworthy had no liking to bestow upon such as Judith. The girl, she confided every night to the Major, was unladylike, unwomanly, *outré*, horsy, unthinkable, an insult to any woman into whose presence she came. The Major agreed monosyllabically or with silent nods for the sake of peace. Personally he was rather inclined to fancy Judith's uncorseted figure, to admire her red-blooded beauty, and he always touched up the ends of his mustaches in her presence.

Judith, having early taken Mrs. Langworthy's measure, found an impish joy in murdering the proprieties for her especial benefit. She said "Damn" upon occasions when Mrs. Langworthy was there to hear; she rode her horse at a gallop into the courtyard and right up to the veranda when Mrs. Langworthy was there to see, swinging down as her mount jerked to a standstill, as "ladylike" about it all as a wild Comanche; she talked of prize boars and sick calves and other kindred vulgar matters.

But the Major admired her; Marcia, as days went by, proved to be a sweet-tempered, somewhat timid, but highly good-natured, affectionate creature and even displayed a vein of humor which must have come down to her from some remote ancestry and over the heads of her parents; and Rogers, the lawyer, and Farris, the artist, both of the sophisticated, self-sufficient type, were little behind the Major in interest.

DURING the last week of May, a rumor came to Judith's ears of which, at first, she thought little. Carson, coming to her upon a bit of ranch business, remarked dryly before taking his departure, that a report had got around among his men—Poker Face had mentioned it to him—that the Blue Lake was on its last legs; that it was to be doubted, even, if the men ever saw another pay-day before the whole affair went into a receiver's hands. Judith laughed at him and told him not to worry.

"Me?" said Carson. "I'm not the worryin' kind. But idees like that ain't

(*Continued on page 98*)

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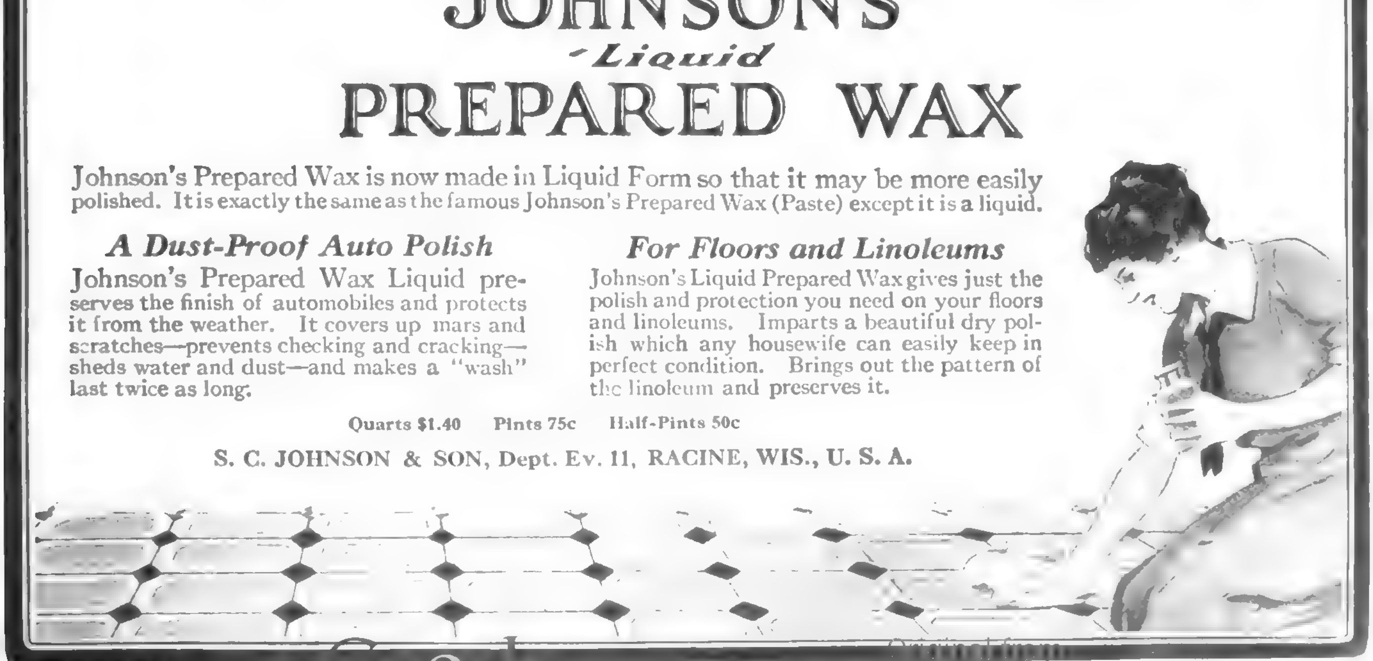

JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

(*Continued from page 96*)

good to have floatin' around. A man won't do more'n half work when he's wonderin' all the time if he's goin' to get his mazuma for it."

But, when again the rumor came, this time telephoned up to her from the Lower End by Doc Tripp, she frowned and wondered. And she was careful, upon the thirtieth of May, to send Charlie Miller, the storekeeper, into Rocky Bend for the monthly pay-roll money. She gave him her check for one thousand dollars; that, with what was in Charlie's safe at the store and in her own here, would more than pay the monthly wages.

Charlie left for Rocky Bend in the afternoon, spending the night in town to get the customary morning start for the ranch. The men were to be paid at six o'clock.

Upon this same day Pollock Hampton told her that Bayne Trevors was coming over to the ranch to have dinner, spend the night and the following day. Judith made no reply beyond favoring him with a quick look of question. She had not believed that the man would come. What next?

THE last day of May came, and true to his promise, Trevors was a guest at the house from which, so short a time ago, he had been evicted. He dined there that night, cool and self-confident, casually polite to Judith, civil and courteous to the other guests, especially to Major and Mrs. Langworthy and Marcia, leading conversations unobtrusively, making himself liked. He watched a game of billiards, but refused to play, saying carelessly that he had a stiff shoulder. He and Hampton strolled out into the starlight and for some two or three hours walked up and down, talking quietly.

"A gentleman!" cried Mrs. Langworthy with spirit. "It just shows that a person *can* do outdoors work and not sink back into the barbarian!"

The morning after Trevors's arrival, Judith was up early and breakfasted alone. Lunching early, noon found her in the office expecting Charlie Miller. She was at work on the pay-roll book when her telephone rang. It was Doc Tripp and there was suppressed excitement in his voice.

"Bad news, Judy," he began. "It sure looks as though you were getting your share."

"What is it, Doc?" she broke in sharply. "Tell me!"

"It's Charlie Miller. Hurt. No, not bad. Thrown off his horse, back in Squaw Creek cañon. And—robbed."

Quickly he told all that had happened. Miller, hastening back with the wage money, was riding through the narrow gorge when a man had sprung out suddenly in front of him. Miller's horse, shying, swerving unexpectedly, had thrown him. Before he could get to his feet the bag of gold under his coat had been torn off, his revolver wrenched away and the highwayman, his face masked with a red bandana handkerchief, had run into the thick timber.

"Charlie just walked in, reeling like a drunken man," Tripp concluded. "His fall and a rap over the head with a gun-butt have made him pretty sick. I am sending out a posse of men from this end to try and get the stick-up man. You'd better do the same up there."

For a moment Judith sat staring at the telephone dully. Robbed of a thousand dollars, and in broad daylight! A thing like this had not occurred on the Blue Lake for a dozen years.

"Bayne Trevors!" she gasped. For, suddenly, she thought that she understood the significance of the rumor which had twice in a week come to her. Perhaps, as Tripp himself had said, she was getting nerves. Trevors himself was on the ranch right now.

Her two fists clenched. Yes, Trevors was here with triple purpose: To curry favor with Hampton against a possible need of it, to establish an alibi for himself, to witness Judith's discomfiture, when at six o'clock she must turn the men away with an excuse.

Thank Heaven it was just noon! She sprang to her feet, her eyes bright and hard, and ran down to the men's quarters. Coming up from the corral were Carson and Bud Lee.

"Miller with the pay-roll money has been held up and robbed at Squaw Creek," she told them swiftly. "Get some men together, Carson, and try to head the robber off."

The two men, having glanced quickly at each other, stood a moment looking at her, curiously, she thought.

"That's on the level, is it, Miss Judith?" demanded Carson slowly.

"Of course it's on the level!" she cried impatiently. "Oh, I know what you're thinking! I'm going to phone immediately to the bank at Rocky Bend and have another man sent out with more money. You can count upon getting your pay at six o'clock!"

"I told you, didn't I," muttered Carson, "that *I* wasn't worryin' none personal? But if I was you I'd sure have the money on tap!"

With that he left her, going hastily to round up what men he could find and get them into their saddles. Bud Lee, his eyes still on her, stood where he was a second.

"Well," demanded the girl, "aren't you going, too?" Suddenly angry with his leisurely air, she added cuttingly, "Not afraid, are you?"

"I was thinking," Lee answered coolly, "that the stick-up gent will most probably figure on a play like that. If he was real wise he'd mosey along toward Rocky Bend and pop off your second man. Two thousand bucks a day would make a real nice little draw."

Judith paused, frowning. There was truth in that. If Trevors really were behind this, he would have chosen his man carefully; he would have planned ahead.

"If you'll do my way," continued Lee thoughtfully, "I'll have just enough time to roll a smoke and saddle little old Climax. He's in the stable now. You're not afraid of my double-crossing you? Even if a smart-headed man had planned the hold-up he wouldn't figure on a play like this. He'd think we'd have a Rocky Bender bring it out or else wait until to-morrow."

"It won't do," she decided quickly. "I want that money here at six o'clock."

"Eighty miles," mused the horse foreman. "Six hours. That's riding right along, but do it my way and I'll gamble you my own string of horses—and they're worth considerable more than a thousand—that I'll be back, heeled, at six."

Judith, quick at decisions, looked him hard in the eye, heard his plan, and three minutes later Bud Lee, a revolver in his shirt, rode away from the ranch-house, headed toward Rocky Bend. Judith already had called up Tripp, and the veterinarian himself, leading the fastest saddle-horse he could get his hands on at brief notice, was also riding toward Rocky Bend, from the Lower End, five miles in advance of Lee at the start. He went at a gentle trot, consulting his watch now and then.

So Bud Lee, riding as once those hard, daredevil riders rode who carried across the land the mail-bag of the Pony Express, overtook Doc Tripp and changed to a fresh horse at the end of the first fifteen miles. He swung out of his saddle, stretched his long legs, remarked lightly that it was a real fine day, and was gone again upon a fresh mount with twenty-five miles between him and Rocky Bend.

THE clock at the bank marked forty-three minutes after two as Lee, leaving a sweating horse at the door on Main Street, presented his check at the paying teller's window. The money, in a small canvas bag, was ready.

"Hello, Bud," and "Hello, Dan'l,"

(*Continued on page 103*)

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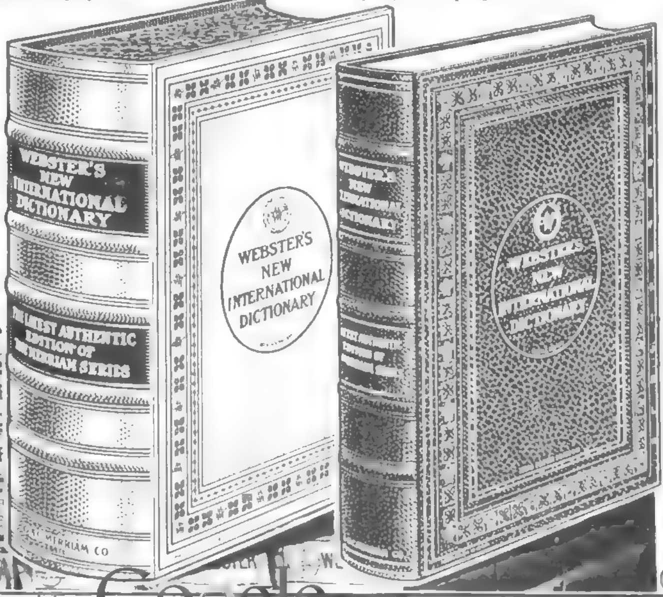

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From Frenzied Finance to Fortune

How an Investment of $1.75 Grew to $7,000 in Seven Years Without Speculation

By Arthur H. Patterson

MR. AND Mrs. B. live in Connecticut. He is a clerk in the office of a manufacturing plant. His salary is $2,500 a year. They have been married ten years and for the first three years of their married life they not only failed to save but actually went in debt over $400. They now have two children, own a comfortable cottage home which is appraised at $3,500 and is clear and free. They have savings-bank accounts of $1,800 and $1,700 invested in 7% preferred securities. And every dollar of this money has been saved from salary during the past seven years, an average of $1,000 per year.

I am going to tell you their story, or rather let Mr. B. tell it as he related it to me. If you are facing the crisis in your affairs which the B.'s faced in those early days of married life, it may help you to meet it and come off victorious.

Listen to what Mr. B. says:

I am now 37 years of age; married and the Daddy of two children. When I was married I had exactly $750 on hand in cash, inherited from my father's estate. Up to that time I never saved a nickel and if this money hadn't come as a windfall, we could not have been married. I held a good position and was earning $2,000 a year. That was in 1907. For the next three years Jane and I just let things run along, living comfortably on my salary. The $750 which I inherited, went for furniture and home needs and we did manage to buy—on the spur of early married ambition, perhaps—$300 more of furniture which we paid for out of my salary. But all the rest of it went for clothing, rent, food, amusement, books, cigars, etc. We spent it as it came and it was always a race between our cash and our bills to see which would be on top at the end of the month. Usually the cash lost. But the bills didn't press or worry me. I ran accounts with tradesmen who knew me and knew I was good for it. But gradually the bills distanced the cash and at the end of three years I was in a hole just $400; and then the situation grew serious because we had a baby and in order to pay the emergency bills of the occasion, I had to let my other creditors wait and they became restless.

Jane and I had tried time and time again to live within my salary and save a few dollars, but it wasn't any use. We lacked the backbone somehow and didn't have the necessary system to help us see it through. One day I came across a remark made by James Hill, the railroad builder, and it set me thinking. It burned itself into my brain. It was this:

"If you want to know whether you are going to be a success or failure in life, you can easily find out. The test is simple and infallible. Are you able to save money? If not, drop out. You will fail as sure as you live. You may not think so, but you will. The seed of success is not in you."

I went home and that evening Jane and I had a long heart-to-heart talk. We sat up until one o'clock, studying, planning, debating, wondering how we could change our shiftless, easy-going habits so that we could feel that we were going to be classified with the successful ones and not the failures.

We made up our minds that from that night on not a penny would be spent for other than bare necessities until every debt had been paid. We resolved to live on half my salary, reasoning that if other people whom we knew could live respectably on $1,000, there was no reason why we shouldn't. Then Jane said: "We ought to keep a cash account and put down just where the money goes. We can't go by guesswork any longer. We've been living that way for three years. We'll begin now to keep a record of our money."

What Jane said brought to my mind an advertisement which I had seen in Everybody's Magazine, only a few days before, about an Expense Book for family accounts. So I got the magazine and found the ad. It told about the Economy Expense Book for personal and household accounting. The description told me that it was exactly the thing we needed and before going to bed I wrote a letter ordering a copy. In a few days it came, and Jane and I had an interesting session studying it and entering the Cash and Expenditure Items which we had been keeping tab of since the midnight resolution.

That book taught us something about the science of home economics. We learned for instance, that in a properly arranged budget a man earning the salary I did could save, without stinting, at least 30% of his salary. But we were beating that figure. We had raised the ante to 50% and that without suffering for a single need. Of course, we had cut out the theatre, the cigars, the expensive lunches and we'd begun to get acquainted with some of our discarded clothes all over again. And I learned that rent consumed in the balanced budget 17½% (which was about our cost); food was 25% and we cut it to 21%; clothes 17% we chopped to 5% that first year and it never rose over 10% the first four years.

We started on the new system in April, 1907. The following April when we balanced the books for the first year we found this result: Every single bill paid and $653 in the savings bank! Glorious! We were out of the woods and for the first time in my entire business career I had visions of success on which I could actually stand without breaking through into the quicksands of despair. We celebrated that night in good style with a dinner and the theatre and that's become part of the program ever since—the annual dinner of the board of directors, Jane calls it.

The rest is easy. We were on the right track and once started nothing could turn us back.

We stuck right to the original program for three years, living on half my salary and saving the other half. Then I got a raise of $250 and that made it quite a bit easier. A year ago I got another raise, bringing my salary up to $2,500, where it now stands.

I've never had the least trouble, since starting on the first page of my first copy of Woolson's Economy Expense Book, in living within my income and saving money. That book brought us, not only independence, but it changed me from a worried, half-baked existence into a self-respecting, successful man. I am in a position, as the result of our joint efforts, where I need look to no man for favors; and further than that, my success has brought us into a circle of friends, both business and social, who value us because we are looked upon in our town as "worth while" and "the sort who are getting ahead."

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Two minutes daily is sufficient to keep it written up to date. At the end of each week and month and year you not only know where every penny went, but you will have an analysis and comparative table of all the various expenditures, showing just what it went for. Every detail of money management is provided for by a simple, easy system that a 12-year-old child could handle.

This book has proved truly a godsend to thousands because it has taught them a sure way to manage their finances. With it you know every minute just where you are money-wise. It automatically shows every penny of income and outgo: just how much for groceries, dress, rent, medicine, amusement, car-fare, etc.—and all this instantly and plainly It is not complicated or tiresome. In fact, once you have started keeping a Woolson Book you will find it fascinating as a game and a miser for saving money.

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E. 11-17

(*Continued from page 98*)

was the beginning and end of the conversation which ensued. Lee did not stop to count the money. He drew his belt up a hole as he went back to the door, found a fresh horse there fighting its bit and all but lifting the stable boy off his feet, mounted and sped back along Main Street.

Judith was to send out another man leading still another fresh horse for him so that he could not fail to be back at the ranch house by six o'clock. As Bud Lee, riding hard but never without thought for the horse which carried him began the return trip, he drew the heavy caliber revolver from his shirt and thrust it into his belt. When he had left Rocky Bend half a dozen miles behind him and was hurrying on into the outskirts of that country of rolling hills and pine forests, his hand was never six inches from the gun-butt.

The road wound in and out among the pines, always climbing. Lee raced on, his eyes bright and keen, watchful and suspicious of every still shadow or stirring branch. Coming up the two-mile-long Cuesta Grade he saved his horse a little.

From the top of the mountain, before he again followed a winding road back to the river's side, he saw a horseman riding a ridge off to the north; the sun glinted upon the rider's rifle.

"Old Carson himself," thought Lee. "Looking for the hold-up man. Shucks! They'll never find him this trip."

Letting his own animal out into its swinging stride as he got down to more level going, he hammered on at his clip of fifteen miles an hour. In the thick shade of the forest, three miles before he came to the line fence of the Blue Lake ranch, he saw another horseman, this one Ed Masters, the "college kid". The young fellow's flushed, eager face passed in a blur as Lee shot by.

Another mile, and Bud Lee was riding through a clearing, with the tall cliffs of Squaw Creek cañon looming high on his left, when suddenly, absolutely without warning, his horse screamed, gathered itself for a wild plunge, staggered, stood a moment trembling terribly, then with a low moan collapsed under him.

Lee swung out and to one side, landing clear as the big brute fell. He did not understand. He had ridden the animal hard but certainly not hard enough for this.

And then he saw and his eyes blazed with anger. He had heard no shot, nothing beyond the metallic pounding of the shod hoofs on flinty road, but there from an ugly hole in the neck the saddle horse was pouring out its blood.

"Smokeless powder and a Maxim silencer!" muttered Lee, his eyes taking note of the ten thousand possible hiding-places on the cliffs.

In his ears there was a little whine

(*Continued on page 10[illegible]*)

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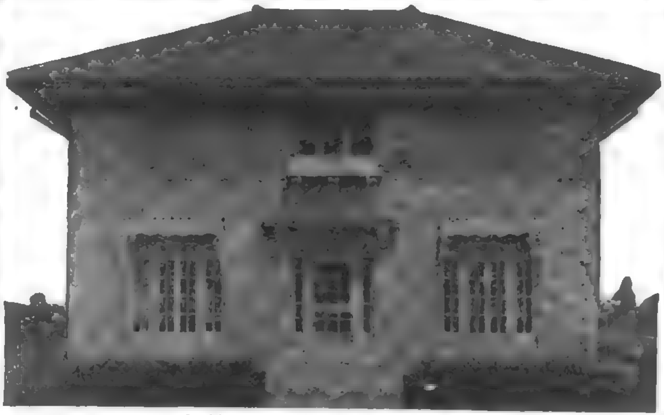

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CHANNELL CHEMICAL CO.

(*Continued from page 103*)

as a second bullet sang its way by his head. Again he sought to locate the marksman, again saw nothing but crag and precipice and brushy clump. He took time for that thing which came so hard to him, sent a bullet from his own revolver into his horse's brain, and then slipped out of the clearing into the embrace of the pines.

"Two miles left to the border line," he estimated it. "Afoot."

Stiff from the saddle, he moved on slowly for a little. But as his muscles responded and warmed to the effort, he broke into a trotting run.

Only a little now could he keep under cover; if he went on with any degree of speed he must keep to the road and the open. The thought came to him that he might lie under cover until dark. The second thought came to him that he had assured Judith that he would be back on time, and he forged ahead.

For the second time that day he heard the whine of a bullet. He thought that the shot came from the cliffs just at the head of Squaw Creek cañon. But he could not be sure. There was ample protection there for a man hiding, tall brush in a hollow and three or four stunted trees, wind-twisted. He'd go up there to-morrow and see about it. Now he'd keep right on moving.

Little used to traveling save on a horse's back, he was shot through with odd little pains when at last he came to the border line fence and the waiting horse. Tommy Burkitt held it for him while Lee mounted.

"Somebody up on the cliffs, head of the cañon," panted Lee at Tommy's amazed expression when Lee came running into sight. "Killed my horse. Go after him, Tommy. Tell the other boys."

And on he went, pounding out the last fifteen miles, the canvas bag beating safely against his side.

Judith, in the courtyard, watched him ride in. She looked swiftly at him, at the watch on her wrist. Her eyes brightened. It lacked seven minutes to six. As Bud dropped the canvas bag into her hands she flashed at him the most wonderful, radiant smile that the long horseman had ever seen. She gripped his lean, brown hand hard in hers.

"Bud, you're a brick!" she cried.

Mrs. Langworthy had just come out with Hampton, Trevors, and the Major.

Judith turned from Lee to Trevors.

"You see, it's pay-day with us, Mr. Trevors," she said quietly. "And when pay-day comes we pay our men at six o'clock in spite of hell and high water!"

Bud Lee, leading his horse away, turned for a word. "A man killed a horse for me to-day," he said very gently, and his eyes rested steadily upon Trevors. "If I ever get him, or the man who put him up to it, I'm going to get him right."

The next instalment of "Judith of Blue Lake Ranch" will appear in the December number.

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Why Some Foods Generate Deadly Poisons

By R. H. Sinclair

"THE combinations of food that most people eat three times a day inflict nothing less than a crime against their health and are the direct cause of ninety per cent of all sickness."

This is the rather startling statement of Eugene Christian, the famous New York Food Scientist whose wonderful system of corrective eating is receiving so much eager attention throughout the Nation at the present time.

According to Eugene Christian we eat without any thought of the relation which one food has to another when eaten at the same time. The result is that often we combine two foods each of great value in itself but which when combined in the stomach literally explode, liberating toxins which are absorbed by the blood and form the root of nearly all sickness, the first indications of which are acidity, fermentation, gas, constipation, and many other sympathetic ills leading to most serious consequences.

All of this, states Eugene Christian, can be avoided if we would only pay a little attention to the selection of our daily menus instead of eating without any regard for the consequences.

This does not mean that it is necessary to eat foods we don't like; instead Christian prescribes meals which are twice as delicious as those to which we are accustomed.

Not long ago I was fortunate enough to be present when Eugene Christian was relating some of his experiences with corrective eating to a group of men interested in dietetics, and I was literally amazed at what he accomplished with food alone and without drugs or medicines of any kind.

One case which sticks in my mind was that of a prominent woman in New York City. She had gone to him with stomach and intestinal fermentation and gas, auto-intoxication, mental depression and anæmia, vertigo, and threatened heart failure. She was very much overweight when she commenced, but reduced her weight thirty-seven pounds during the treatment. He showed me a letter she had written him afterward, in which she said:

"I am sure you will be gratified to hear that I continue to improve—it seems sometimes that I must have been made over, and it is difficult to remember that less than eight months ago I was a feeble old woman depending upon daily doses of strychnia for what little strength I had. When I came under your treatment, I weighed one hundred and ninety-seven pounds, was hardly able to walk, and was subject to most serious heart attacks upon the slightest exertion. And I am now so well, so strong, that my family and friends maintain that it is a miracle which has restored me to strength and vigor of life—certainly in my case the cure is most remarkable because of my sixty-seven years."

Another was a well-known minister who had been out of his pulpit for twenty-two months, unable to preach or conduct the simplest service. He was about twenty-five pounds under-weight, anæmic, nervous, had superacidity, and could not assimilate his food; and his heart action was very irregular. He had gradually declined for two years although treated by one of New York's leading physicians. Three months after he placed himself under Eugene Christian's care he preached the first sermon he had been able to preach in nearly two years. This was over three years ago.

He has gained about twenty-five pounds in weight, and since has not missed a day from his arduous clerical work. He has steadily gained in strength and vitality, and is to-day healthy and athletic.

Another case which interested me greatly was that of a bank cashier, confined to his desk for from seven to eight hours a day.

When he first consulted Eugene Christian he was very much run down in health, suffering from constipation and kidney trouble, and subject to almost constant and very severe headaches.

Only one month from the time he began to follow Eugene Christian's suggestions, his constipation was gone and the headaches had completely disappeared. These severe headaches, which had made continuous brain work almost impossible, were gone because the *cause—constipation*—was gone.

He pursued the treatment for three months with a gradual increase in weight, and at the end of that time practically every one of his former symptoms having disappeared, he wrote that he was "feeling fine all the time."

In order to reach more people who are in need of Eugene Christian's methods the Corrective Eating Society was founded to publish a series of 24 simple Lessons which he has prepared on Corrective Eating. These lessons are being sent as quickly as possible to all who request them for free examination. The lessons are not for sick people alone but for all who wish to build up and maintain a reserve of bodily health and mental energy.

They are written in simple language, and every point is explained so there is little chance for misunderstanding. Reasons are given for every recommendation, and every statement is based upon results secured in the author's many years' experience.

But the lessons do not merely tell you why you should eat correctly and what the results will be; they also give actual menus for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, covering conditions of health and sickness from infancy to old age for all occupations, climates, and seasons. They include *Corrective* Menus for stomach acidity, fermentation, constipation, and the host of diseases which follow when these "warnings" are neglected.

Every one of these menus has been employed for its purpose of increasing efficiency or restoring health not once but many times—so that every element of experiment has been removed. And an interesting feature in these days of high cost is that following these menus will cost you *less* than your food costs now.

Eugene Christian feels that every thinking man or woman—young or old—well or sick—should know the laws of Corrective Eating. For there is a great deal of truth in the old adage that "Most people dig their graves with their teeth." Food is the fuel of the human system, and just as certain fuels will produce definite results when consumed in a furnace, so will the right foods produce the desired results when put into the human furnace.

Yet not one person in a hundred has any knowledge of food as fuel. Some of the combinations which we eat every day are as inefficient and dangerous as soggy wood, wet leaves, mud, sawdust, and a little dynamite would be for a furnace. No wonder man is only 50 per cent efficient—no wonder the average life is only 43 years—no wonder diseases of the stomach, liver, and kidneys have increased 103 per cent within the past 30 years!

The "24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating" show how easy and simple it is to eat your way back to normal health and up to a new type of physical and mental power. The relation of health to material success is so close that the result of eating Nature's way, as explained in these booklets, is a form of personal efficiency which often puts men head and shoulders above their brother-workers. For every one knows that the best ideas, plans, and methods are worked out when you are brimful of vitality—when you feel full of "ginger." The better you feel—the better work you can do.

If you would like to see the "24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating," simply write the Corrective Eating Society, Inc., Department 1611, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and they will mail you a set for examination. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely write and ask them to send the lessons for five days' free examination with the understanding that at the end of that time you will either remit $3, the small fee asked, or return the lessons. You take no risk and if the more than 300 pages yield but one single suggestion that will bring greater health, you will get back many times the cost in personal benefit—yet hundreds write the Society that they find vital helpfulness on every page.

Merely tear out and mail this form instead of writing a letter. It is a copy of the official blank adopted by the Society and will be honored at once.

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, Inc.,
Dept. 1611, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York City

You may mail me the 24 Lessons in Corrective Eating for examination. 5 days after I receive them, I will either send you $3 (full payment), or remail them to you.

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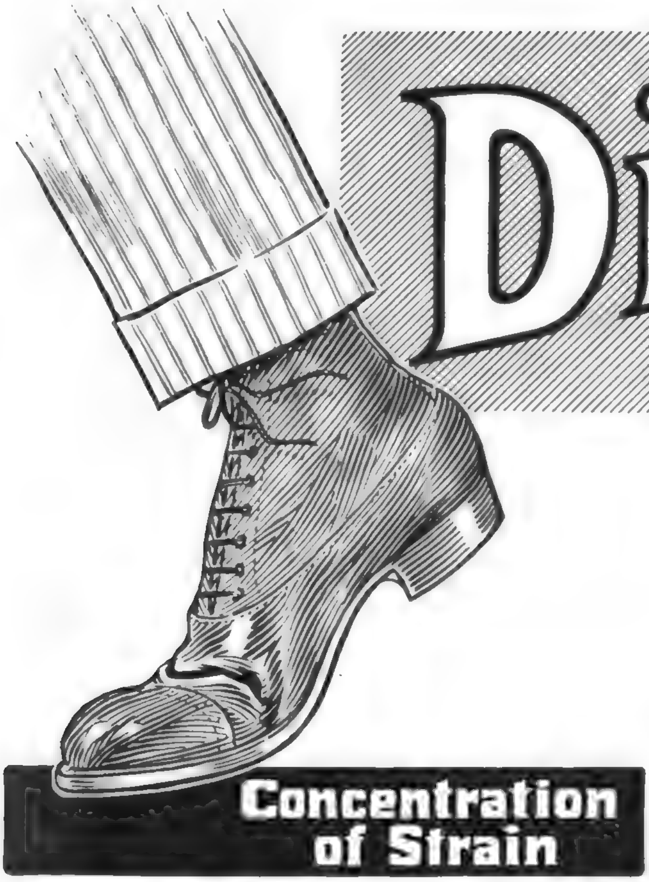
Division of Strain



OBSERVE the illustration. Concentration of strain in one spot, shown in the figure to the left, will, after a while, produce a crack in the leather. Division of strain, shown in the figure to the right, brings so little strain to any one spot that the leather is strong enough to withstand it for a long time. Therefore, whatever decreases the flexibility of shoe leather shortens its life.

The thicker an article, the less flexible it is. The heavier the coat of shoe polish applied, the thicker becomes the combined leather and shoe polish, and therefore the stiffer.

The Thin Coat

To maintain leather flexibility, polish should be applied in a thin coat. Here you find one important distinguishing mark of Kelly's shoe polishes. CHAINLIGHTNING Shoe Cream and THE LYNN apply in the very thinnest coats of any polishes made. Ask any bootblack who has used Kelly's, whose polish is the hardest and which comes off in smallest quantity on his fingers and he will tell you Kelly's. This is no accident. It is deliberately planned. Thought has been put into the production of every shoe polish manufactured by the Kelly Co.

The Socialists are wrong when they say "Labor produces all wealth." At the normal price of coal a horsepower can be hired for $25 per year, more power at 50c per week than is applied by any laborer. The additional wages the laborer receives are according to the thought put into the work and not for the muscle. The statement that "Thought produces all wealth" is far nearer the truth, for if thought had not been used, we would not even be scratching the earth with a stick for a plow.

Thoughtfully Made Shoe Polishes

The distinction of Kelly's shoe polishes is the amount of thought put into their production. Practically all recent original developments in shoe polishes are products of the George J. Kelly Company Organization.

For years a combination package has been sold consisting of a bottle of sticky gum cleaner which contains acid, and a small package of paste polish, the user being expected to clean the shoes with one article and polish with the other, making two operations where one should be sufficient and putting on two quite heavy coats of material where one light one is enough. Shoe creams that were on the market were merely polishes. The Kelly Company introduced the idea of combining a cleaner and polish in one liquid so that a light application of CHAINLIGHTNING Shoe Cream serves for cleaning the shoes and an immediate rubbing with a cloth gives the required gloss, saving needless labor with the use of an article which keeps colored calf or kid shoes in better condition than any other shoe polish made.

For years white cake cleaners were made so that when first applied to the shoe they appeared gray and the user had to wait for the shoes to dry before knowing whether they were entirely covered, and sometimes had to go over the shoes a second time to completely cover them. Here was the need of a dressing which would be white right off, so that the user could tell at once just how much of the shoe the dressing had covered. The name of Kelly's white cake cleaner is WHITERIGHTOFF and it makes good its name.

Powder cleaners used for dry cleaning white buck shoes were usually contained in something like a pepper-box with a piece of felt for the purpose of rubbing the

KELLY'S SHOE POLISHES

Is Life for Shoe Leather

Division of Strain

powder into the shoes. Two motions where one would do. The Kelly Company was the first to introduce the idea of combining container, brush and powder in one article called BAGOF, using a bag of just fine enough mesh so that the powder would sift through. This idea has been widely copied, but no one has yet copied the penetrating quality of the powder used in the Kelly package, nor have they copied the quality of the cloth.

Shoe manufacturers formerly finished the heels of their white shoes in red, spoiling the effect of the neat, white summer shoe with a big blotch of dark color at the heel. Recognizing the ugliness of the effect, the Kelly Company introduced into the shoe factories the use of a practical white heel finish, at the same time putting it on the market in package form for the general public under the name of WHITEHEELEDGE. A distinguishing feature of Kelly's WHITEHEELEDGE is that it is waterproof. It can therefore be washed with soap and water without coming off, so that it does not require a new coat of dressing as frequently as a non-waterproof finish, and should the wearer encounter a little moisture underfoot, it will not make tracks on the rugs and carpets when she enters the house.

Realizing that some people do not wish to take time to shine their shoes frequently, the Kelly Company manufactures a black polish called SLIDE, which fills up the leather of old and seldom-polished shoes, so that a good polish is secured on such shoes in very quick time.

Common gasoline or carbon tetrachloride products have been used for many years as the best fabric cleaners obtainable. The Kelly Company has introduced KIDORFAB, a much more powerful cleaner.

There are a great many shoes made of hard-finished colored leather, which the wearers will wish dyed black when they become seedy looking. The Kelly Company has introduced a dye which will penetrate these hard leathers as well as the easily penetrated Russia Calf.

Suède polishes formerly were made with a tendency to fill the leather and thus lessen the nap. The Kelly Company's SUEDETONIC is made with the idea of cleaning out the hollows surrounding the particles of nap so as to retain just as much of the nap as possible.

Mushy, soft pastes were used by bootblacks on the shoes of men who had their shoes polished every day. Such frequently shined shoes should have the very thinnest coat of polish. CHAINLIGHTNING Shoe Cream was introduced to supplant the sticky gum and acid cleaner which is generally used by bootblacks. Kelly's LYNN Paste Polish, which is used to give a very high gloss, is made so hard that the bootblack can take a very little of it at a time on his fingers. By spreading a thin coat on the shoe, less polish is wasted, the polish dries quicker on account of a smaller quantity on the shoe to dry, and has less tendency to discolor the shoe owing to the fact that the polish dries so quickly that dampness is not rubbed into the shoe.

The illustrations given demonstrate to any thoughtful person that there is plenty of opportunity to put thought into the manufacture of shoe polishes. We have naturally gone into the production and manufacture of shoe polishes with a different point of view from other shoe-polish manufacturers, because our organization, including its head, superintendents, foremen, salesmen and employees, is mainly composed of shoemakers.

We are sure that the thought which we have put into the manufacture of shoe polishes will produce wealth for the public in the saving of time and shoe leather. We expect you to take advantage of the thought we have put into our work and save yourselves quite a little time and money in these days of very high-priced shoes.

Write for the pamphlet, "How to Care for Shoes"

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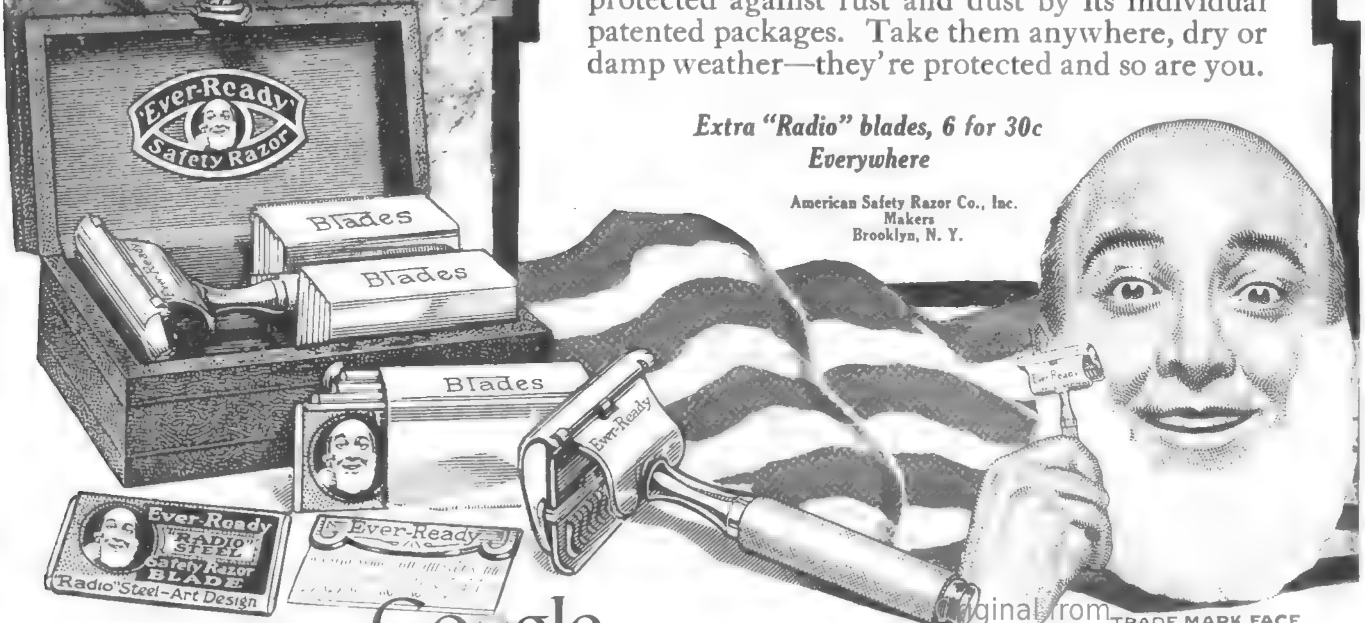
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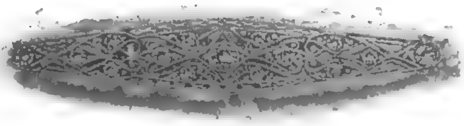

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FOR BETTER CITIZENSHIP

THE GREATER TASK

THE HIGH-SCHOOL VOLUNTEER IDEA! What is it?

You saw it first spring into life, back there in February, 1916, when George Creel described in EVERYBODY'S something that one state had done in her high schools. You remember, he called that something "Wyoming's Answer to Militarism."

You watched it grow. A few schools outside of Wyoming; a few more; then Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Cleveland, Detroit—fifty others—more than twenty thousand boys; hundreds of eager, interested, inquiring Americans writing us every month; and we groping to realize the length and breadth of the Idea which had struck such a varied and responsive chord, struggling to give it form and expression.

And now, as this school year—such a significant one—gets under way, dozens of schools, unresponsive before, are making a determined bustle "to introduce the Idea immediately"—just like that, by an act of the School Board! Enthusiasm, eagerness, activity.

No fear any longer for the spread of the Idea. That's sure, in time. But now, while it grows and while it can be molded right, is the time to stop occasionally and ask ourselves, we who are watching and guiding it: "Is it growing right? Just what do we want it to be?"

Some day, every high school in the country is going to have its corps of High-School Volunteers. But will those Volunteers, their instructors, their school, and their whole work be motivated by the great Idea, the Idea which alone found for this whole movement so ready a response in the American heart—the Idea of Good Citizenship?

Good Citizenship—meaning sound health, a clean, active mind, a love of truth and justice, a deep instinct for cooperation—developed directly in the responsive youth of high-school age by utilizing the play instincts of the boy, certain features of military discipline, the mechanism of the high-school system and the stimuli of community cooperation, of interschool competition and national organization—these are the fundamentals of the Idea.

This is the essence of Wyoming's Answer to Militarism. The informing of all high-school cadet work with this spirit is the Greater Task that confronts those who are now working to introduce the Idea into the high schools of the country. The Idea can not be "introduced": it must be acquired; and to be acquired it must be understood. And understood in terms of the great struggle in which we and all the world are now engaged.

Sooner or later Germany is sure to be beaten. It may be a long task; it will be a task requiring every ounce of the physical force of the world; but it is a task that *can be* accomplished. But after that the world's true answer to militarism remains to be spoken; the reconciliation of nations and recasting of international relations still remains to be wrought; the Idea of Peace still remains to be perfected. This is the Greater Task. A task not so certain of accomplishment; a task we must stop and assure ourselves we have firmly and clearly in mind while we are about the safer, the surer task.

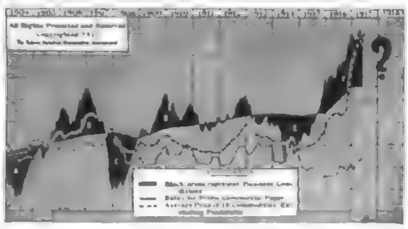
So with our High-School Volunteer Idea, the working out of which in our own country is a reflection in miniature and a part of the larger struggle.

Throughout the world there has to be wrought out a better sense of world citizenship. For that our own citizenship must be a preparation. The citizen of the United States is now no longer just and only that; by virtue and by blood of this war it has been revealed to him that he has responsibilities as a citizen of the world, to preserve liberty and cherish justice and mercy for all lands and all peoples.

But the task is far from finished. Our part in it as a nation will be far from finished when this war shall have been done. And our part in the nation's part, as molders of young Americans, will be far from finished when we have merely succeeded in introducing into every high school of the country one form or another of military drill. Wyoming's Answer to Militarism—*our* answer to militarism—would be drowned in the clash of hundreds of thousands of bayonets, unless the spirit, the Idea, behind every touch, every word we send out to the youth of the land is for Good Citizenship—better citizenship and all that it means in the burning light of these days.

This is the Greater Task.

We want all who are engaged in it, or who hope to be, in the schools of the country, to come closer to us, that we may be sure that we are all working toward that one end.



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SOME people say it takes money to make money—others complain that they never made money because they never had any luck. When one is up against the stern reality of making both ends meet, it is natural to feel that if they only had a little money, or a little luck, they wouldn't have to worry about their bread and butter, and rent, and clothes.

A short time ago I, too, felt that way. I was a bill clerk earning only $12 a week, and I used to worry myself sick about my future.

To-day—it seems like a dream—all my financial troubles are over—my weekly income instead is about $1,000—more than I know how to spend. I own two automobiles and have a chauffeur to drive me around. My children go to private schools. I have just purchased, for cash, a $25,000 home. I go hunting, fishing, motoring and traveling, whenever I care to. I live in a new kind of world.

Let me say in all sincerity that what I have done, I believe any one can do. I am only an average man—not "brilliant"—have never gone to college—my education is limited. I know at least a hundred men who know more than I, who are better educated and better informed—yet not one of them has made as much money as I have, their earnings probably averaging less than $50 weekly, while my income is over $1,000 weekly. I mention this to show that earning capacity is not governed by the extent of a man's education—to encourage those who have not had the advantage of a comprehensive education.

What, then, is the secret of my success? Let me tell you how it came about.

One day, about three years ago, something happened that woke me up to what was wrong with me. It was necessary for me to make a decision on a matter which was of little consequence. I knew in my heart what was the right thing to do, but something held me back. I said one thing, then another; I decided one way, then another. I couldn't for the life of me make the decision I knew was right.

I lay awake most of that night thinking about the matter—not because it was of any great importance in itself, but because I was beginning to discover *what was wrong with me.* Along towards dawn I resolved to make an experiment. I decided to cultivate my will power, believing that if I did this I would not hesitate about making decisions—that when I had an idea I would have sufficient confidence in myself to "put it over"—that I would not be afraid of myself, of things or of others. I felt that if I could smash my ideas across I would soon make my presence felt. I knew that heretofore I had always begged for success—had always stood, hat in hand, depending on others to give me the things I desired. In short, I was controlled by the will of others. Henceforth, I determined to have a strong will of my own—*to demand and command what I wanted.*

With this new purpose in mind I applied myself to finding out something more about will power. The results at first were discouraging. While a good deal had been written about the memory and other faculties of the brain, I could find nothing that offered any help to me in acquiring the new power that I had hoped might be mine.

But finally I encountered the works of Professor Frank Channing Haddock. To my amazement and delight I discovered that this eminent scientist, whose name ranks with James, Bergson, and Royce, had just completed the most thorough and constructive study of will power ever made. I was astonished to read his statement. "The will is just as susceptible of development as the muscles of the body!" My question was answered! Eagerly I read further—how Dr. Haddock had devoted twenty years to this study—how he had so completely mastered it that he was actually able to set down the very exercises by which any one could develop the will, making it a bigger, stronger force each day, simply through an easy, progressive course of training.

It is almost needless to say that I at once began to practise the exercises formulated by Dr. Haddock, and I need not recount the extraordinary results that I obtained almost from the first day. I have already indicated the success that my developed power of will has made for me.

But it may be thought that my case is exceptional. Let me again assure you that I am but an average man, with no superdeveloped powers, save that of my own will. And to further prove my contention, let me say that since Prof. Haddock's lessons, rules and exercises have been published, I have come across hundreds of other cases where strengthened will power has brought success and fortune to people who were failures, has enabled thousands to overcome drink and other vices almost overnight—has helped overcome sickness and nervousness, has transformed unhappy, envious, discontented people into dominating personalities filled with the joy of living.

I have been authorized by the publishers of Prof. Haddock's methods to say that any reader who cares to examine his startling book on will power may do so without sending any money in advance. In other words, if after a week's reading you do not feel that "Power of Will" is worth $3, the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your copy for examination you will be interested in the studies on The law of great thinking; How to develop analytical power; How to guard against errors in thought; How to drive from the mind unwholesome thoughts; How to develop fearlessness; How to use the mind in sickness; How to acquire a dominating personality, hundreds of other similar personal power studies.

It is interesting to note that among the 200,000 owners of "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Senator T. B. Calron; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Arthur Capper of Kansas, and thousands of others.

As a first step in will training, I would suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the blank form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 24-T Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life, as it has meant to me and to so many others.

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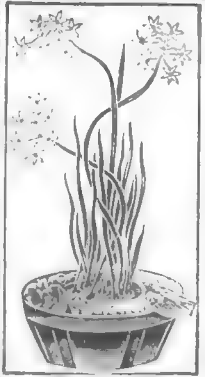

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(Continued from page 23)

as "important" (how should the automaton know it to be important?) addressed me at the Grant House, where nobody knew that I was staying, was queer enough.

So considering, I walked past the elevator to the stairway, ascended that way, and went to Room 19 to see Mr. Tilley. As I was about to knock, I noticed a figure strolling down the main hallway from the further end. It was Marty Haynes. He was singing, and walking not quite steadily. As he reached the side corridor from which my room and Room 12 A opened, he stopped and seemed to be listening.

"Sure, lad!" I heard him say. "Sure, I'll help ye!"

He disappeared into the side corridor. I knocked at James Tilley's door. The occupant appeared with a pen in his hand and a shade over his eyes.

"You didn't send a telegram to me, did you?" I asked.

"No. Have you received one?"

"Not yet. The desk tells me it is at my room."

"That is interesting. Now, who——"

Three muffled shots in quick succession cut him off. They came from my corridor. Almost immediately they were followed by the clattering fall of some heavy object on bare boards. With a swiftness surprising in a man of his deliberate and gentle habit, Mr. Tilley produced a revolver and thrust himself in front of me, covering the exit of the corridor with his weapon. Nothing came forth. There was no sound of footsteps, or other movement.

"Come with me as far as the corridor," directed my companion. "Wait there until I call."

"But I want——"

"Obey orders," said Mr. James Tilley in a tone which, for all its precision, permitted of no argument. I obeyed.

"If you hear another shot," he added, "run until you find a policeman. Do not on any account stop at the desk."

He disappeared. I heard the door of 12 A close behind him. A voice, not Mr. Tilley's nor Marty Haynes's, called "Help! Help me!" faintly. My superior officer stepped to the door. "Come here, please," he directed.

I ran in. On the floor of the room, in front of the window and close beside the bed, lay the body of Marty Haynes. He had been shot twice, once through the lungs, and once through the back of the neck. Flat on his back upon the bed, bound down by lap upon lap of cord across his chest and arms, and half-gagged by a cloth contrivance from which he had partly freed his mouth, lay a gaunt, ascetic-looking elderly man, deathly white. He was in shirt and trousers, but without collar or shoes. A valise which gave evidence of having been hastily rifled, stood on the table at the foot of the bed.

"Where's the murderer?" I cried.

"Quietly!" warned Mr. Tilley. "That is what I want to know."

A pouring rain was driving against the glass. My companion put his hand on the sill.

"Quite dry," he observed. "It has not been opened, even for long enough for a man to climb through."

"My room then. There's no other possible way out except by the hallway, and we must have seen him if he came out there."

Mr. Tilley shook his head. "Look if you like," he said indifferently.

My door was unlocked. I entered and turned on the light. Nobody there, or in my bathroom. But one of my windows was unfastened, though I was sure I had locked them. On my return to Room 12 A, I got a shock. Instead of finding the captive released, as I had expected, I found him still bound, with the gag in his mouth, glaring at Mr. Tilley, who sat on a chair studying the knots in the rope.

A sheet had been thrown over the body on the floor.

"Did you get your telegram?" inquired Mr. Tilley, after hearing my report.

"No, I never thought of it."

"Nevertheless, while we're waiting, I think it might be worth while to read it."

"What are we waiting for?" I asked.

"A caller," he replied. "I should like to see that telegram before he comes."

It lay beneath my door. I delivered it to Mr. Tilley unopened. After a request for permission, he read aloud:

> "San Francisco—7:10 P.M. To Mr. Allan Lloyd, Grant House, San Francisco. N. terribly jealous and making threats. Be careful. Best love. (Signed) Minnie."

"I don't know any Minnie," I cried. "That's a fake, pure and simple."

"Of course, of course," soothed Mr. Tilley. "And an ingenious one, I should say. Do I hear some one coming?"

His hearing must have been singularly acute; but presently the steps sounded plainly on the bare floor of the corridor.

"Step into that closet," Mr. Tilley directed me.

Hardly had I concealed myself when there came a knock at the door.

"Come in," called Mr. Tilley.

The door opened and the wooden-faced automaton of the hotel force entered.

"I thought I heard—" he began. Then broke off, staring from the bound man on the bed to Mr. James Tilley. "What's this?" he cried.

"You heard?" repeated Mr. Tilley. "Above all the noise of the hotel lobby? I should hardly have thought those muffled shots audible so far."

"What's that?" demanded the clerk, pointing to the sheet-covered heap on the floor with a hand that shook.

"That is, I fear, an error of yours.

(Continued on page 114)

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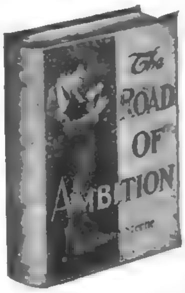

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ROOM 12 A

(Continued from page 112)

Come out of the closet if you please," he added.

I stepped out face to face with the room-clerk, who had half turned. He clapped both hands over his mouth, as if to hold in a sort of bubbling cry, then dropped one of them to his pocket.

"Hands up!" commanded the governmental amateur. "Feel in that pocket, Mr. Lloyd. Thank you," he added, as I brought out a loaded revolver. "You were somewhat surprised, I take it, to see Mr. Lloyd here," he observed to our visitor.

The clerk seemed to be struggling with hysteria.

"Kindly lock him in the closet," directed Mr. Tilley, "where he will be wise to keep very quiet. Meantime, sir," he turned to the figure on the bed, "I must apologize for the inconvenience to which you have been put. I wished to observe the effect upon the gentleman who now occupies your closet. Permit me to release you."

With his knife he cut the bonds. The man rolled half over and groaned. His lower arms and wrists were livid with the pressure of the cord. He rubbed his lips and throat and asked in a whisper for water, which Mr. Tilley brought him. Presently he sat up.

"My papers!" he gasped.

"Papers? What about your papers?"

"Gone! He took them."

"Who?"

"I can not tell," he replied, still in a gaspy whisper. "I never saw his face. While I was asleep he crept in and chloroformed me."

"Indeed! Chloroform?" Mr. Tilley sniffed the air.

"Some such drug," continued the other impatiently. "I lost consciousness. When I recovered I was bound and gagged, and my valise had been rifled." He pointed stiffly to the bag on the table.

"Were the papers valuable?"

"Priceless. My invention. The labor of ten years. A new ray for penetrating to the depths of the sea. The Government was about to take it up. Lost! All my formulæ!"

"More than formulæ has been lost," said Mr. Tilley, a little sternly, indicating the huddled figure on the floor. "What of him?"

"I never saw him before. He came to my aid. I managed to work my mouth partly free and call for help. A voice answered, and this man came in. He had just turned on the light and was bending over me when the shots were fired. The man fell and never moved."

"You saw the murderer?"

"Vaguely. It was dark in the hall."

"Did you hear which way he went?"

"Into the room opposite?"

"I told you!" I cried.

"So you did," agreed Mr. Tilley. "Did you hear anything else?"

"Nothing!"

"Not the clatter of some object falling on the bare flooring outside?"

"I don't recall. You must realize that I was terribly shocked and upset."

"Naturally. From where we were, we heard quite plainly the fall of the weapon when he dropped it."

"Did you find the revolver?" I asked.

"Just outside the door, while you were investigating in your room," explained Mr. Tilley, taking from his pocket an automatic pistol. "It lay amidst the scattered débris left by that careless carpenter. Pieces of wood all over the hall. Three"—he paused for an appreciable moment—"score little pieces of wood, or more."

I suppose I started, for he gave me a quick, steadying look.

"Three shots are gone," I said, examining the gun. "What is this contrivance on it?"

"A muffler. Handle it carefully. The trigger action is light. The lightest I have ever seen."

"That is curious, on an automatic, isn't it?"

"Not so curious, perhaps, as the fact that the trigger itself has apparently been filed to an edge. What is most curious, however, is that the murderer, with plenty of time to get away, should have dropped his pistol. A weapon is always a clue, particularly as unusual a one as this."

FOLLOWING out an idea of my own, I took my stand in the doorway, raised the weapon and aimed at the spot where the dead man must have stood. The window was directly in my line of fire.

"Only two bullets struck the man," I said. "Why didn't the third, which missed, smash the window?"

"Exactly. A marksman steady enough to fire two deadly shots should not have missed the third by as wide a margin as this."

He pointed to a small hole in the woodwork a foot below the sill.

"I could not see," said the inventor, rubbing his cramped arms. "I thought it was the thief, come back to kill me, and I closed my eyes."

"But you are sure the man came and stood at the door?"

"How else could the murderer have done his work?"

"Through the transom. From the angle of the bullet-hole, I should have judged that to be the direction from which the shots came, were it not that you saw the man in the doorway."

The inventor considered. "Possibly it was imagination," he admitted. "My eyes have been playing me false from the effect of the drug. At the angle at which my head was bound I could not see well. But I could almost have sworn to a figure in the open doorway. But what are we doing here?" he demanded impatiently, still in that hoarse, rasping whisper. "Here is a murder and an important robbery and we chatter over nonsense. My papers! I must trace my papers. Help me to the telephone."

"Permit me," besought Mr. Tilley in his most precise tones. "I have a theory, possibly helpful, which will demand but a few minutes of your time and may help to clear up the matter. May I proceed?"

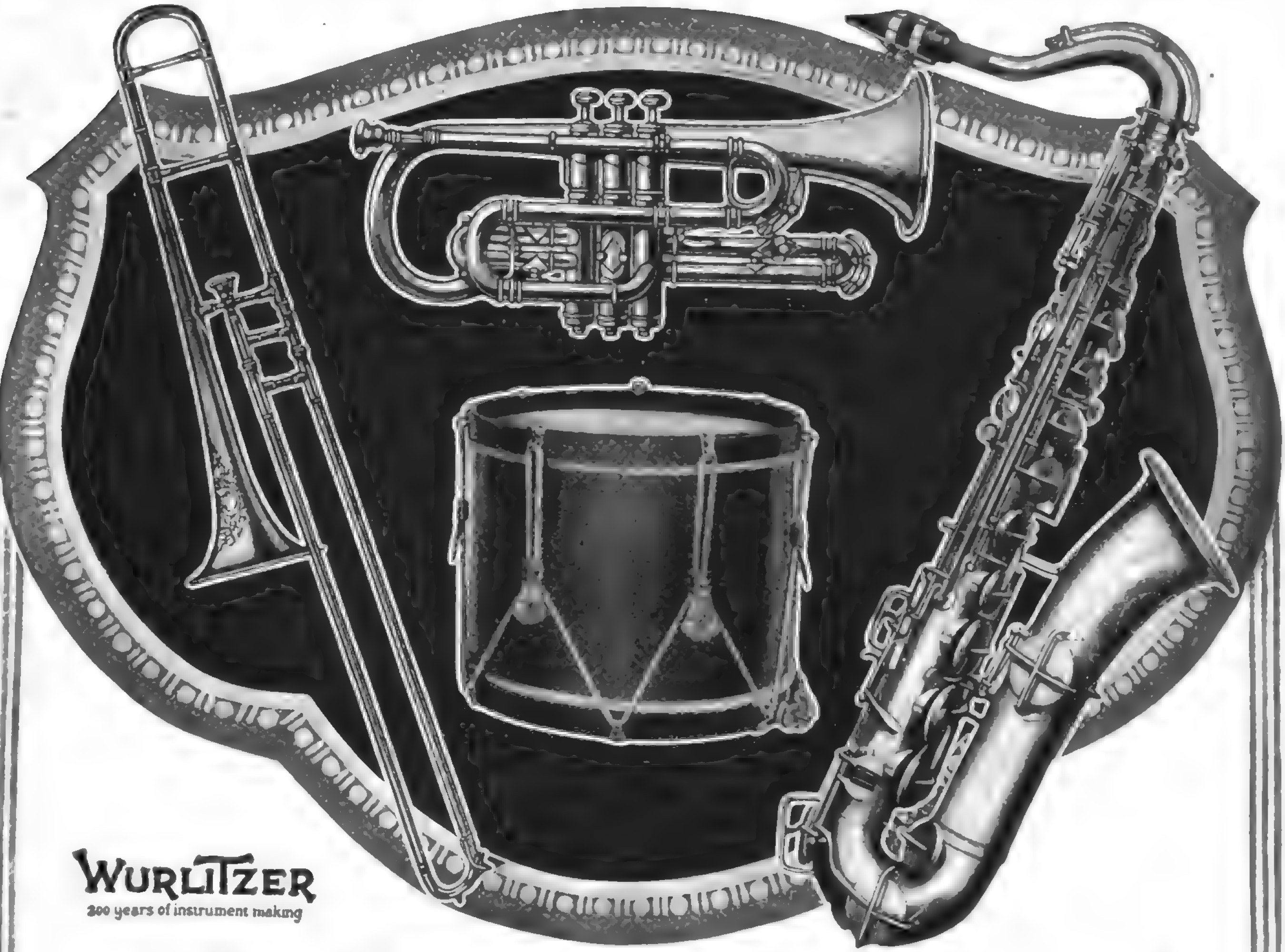
"Yes. But be quick, if you please," said the inventor, smothering his impatience.

"BE GOOD enough to listen, inside the closet," requested the governmental amateur, raising his voice. "A guest of this hotel is surprised in his room while asleep; drugged, bound, gagged and robbed. In such a case the first assumption is that some one in the hotel management is involved. A second guest coming from his own room, hears the captive's muffled cries and hurries to his aid. While standing over him he is killed by shots from behind. Now, where was the murderer all this time? Either in this room, which our host will tell us is impossible, or in the hallway outside, where he would almost certainly have been seen lurking, or in Room 12, opposite, which Mr. Lloyd, who occupies it, is sure that he left locked when he went down-stairs. But the murderer may have had access to Room 12; and this again points to some person in the employ of the hotel, who might easily procure a duplicate key.

"Now, Mr. Laney, the room-clerk whom we have under lock in the closet and who, I trust, is listening carefully to all this, is mysteriously aware of something unusual going on here, though nobody else in the lobby, where he claims to have been, appears to have heard the shots. How is he thus aware? Simply enough, since if the theory upon which I am proceeding is correct, he was in Room 12, waiting for his victim. Upon the arrival of this poor fellow"—he indicated the figure on the floor—"the murderer walks quietly out of the room opposite with a chair in one hand and his muffled pistol in the other, steps on the chair, shoots his man over the transom, returns to Room 12 and departs through the window, below which his footprints should be discernible in the rain-softened earth; supposing always that my theory is correct."

"But why should he shoot over the transom when the door was open?" objected the inventor, sensibly enough, it seemed to me.

(Continued on page 116)



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ROOM 12 A

(Continued from page 114)

Mr. Tilley appeared crestfallen. "That is puzzling, I confess," he admitted finally. "Nevertheless I hold to my theory that Mr. Laney is the man. I should like very much to hear what he has to say."

"Only one thing," came a muffled and contemptuous voice from behind the locked door, "to such a cock-and-bull story. I can prove that I never left the desk from seven o'clock until I came up here."

"Thank you," said the governmental amateur with a slight change of tone. "You confirm my actual belief; not the one I have put forth for your benefit. However, you visited this room at ten minutes before seven."

"How do you—" began the voice behind the door, and came to a stop.

"I did not know," explained Mr. Tilley smoothly. "I guessed. From now on we shall dispense with guesses and proceed on facts. You came here, you skilfully gagged and bound this gentleman on the bed, who was as fully conscious as he is now——"

"When you have quite done with your idiot fancies," broke in the inventor, and burst into a harsh and hateful cackle of laughter, which rang in my ears like a trumpet-call to memory.

"He's the man in the house on the knoll!" I cried.

"Almost more than I dared hope," observed Mr. James Tilley mildly. "Yet, it is just the sort of delicate job that Herr Doctor von Rechlin would do himself. Look at his leg."

The man on the bed reached for something under the pillow and was instantly pinned by my companion. The struggle was violent but momentary.

"The right leg, probably. Under the trousers," he panted, his impeccable neatness of speech for once disturbed.

I ROLLED back the trousers. There, wound around the ankle loosely, was a long, light cord terminating in a small loop which had been cut.

"That loop," explained Mr. James Tilley while the captive glared at him, "was fastened to the sharp-edged trigger of the pistol, which was set on the transom in an ingenious and light frame put together of three little pieces of wood and one little nail. The barrel was trained accurately upon the spot where a man would stand to help free our friend from his bonds. The backward pull of the string, which ran over the transom and down to the trigger, was delicately contrived to be strong enough to dislodge the pistol which, after firing, would fall to the floor outside, knocking its light frame-work into the original three little pieces of wood, and severing the string by suspending its own weight upon the sharpened trigger. Amidst the carpenter's mess no one would notice the three little pieces of wood. All that remained was for our friend the Herr Doctor to wind in the cord around his ankle. Not a difficult matter, with practise, I fancy. Am I substantially correct, Herr von Rechlin?"

The pseudo-inventor glared in savage silence.

"But why should they want to kill poor Marty Haynes?" I asked.

"They did not."

"But——"

"Have you forgotten the telegram from Minnie?"

In the stress of events that inexplicable message had completely escaped my mind.

"Surely you can see the whole scheme now. Since you were identified in Los Angeles"—I did not know just how—"this group has been after you. They 'placed' you in this hotel, where Mr. Laney (born Lehne, I suspect) is one of their agents, through Pennington, who is in their pay. How much you actually knew, they could not tell, but it seemed safest to put you out of the way. The Doctor took the room across from you. Laney, or Lehne, bound him so that he could not be under suspicion of any part in the killing. Some other agent sent the telegram, quite cleverly worded, by the way, with a view to suggesting motive for your murder, and thus further blinding the trail. The clerk sent you to get the telegram at just the right time so that you should hear the roped-down victim's call for help. Only your following instructions and reporting to me before action saved your life by delaying your arrival. It was an unhappy chance that poor Haynes happened along at just that moment. The Herr Doctor, dazzled by the abrupt turning on of the light, jerked the cord and shot him before seeing his mistake. Boastfulness is what undid the whole well-contrived scheme. Had our friend here not bragged, that night of the storm, about his three little pieces of wood and the affair of the Hotel de Libes in Geneva, I should perhaps have had difficulty in penetrating his plan."

"But how did that help you?" I queried.

"I cabled to a—a friend in Geneva for full particulars of the killing of M. Lafine, who was one of the least known and ablest of French 'intelligence' operators. There were certain points of similarity to this killing which, with the clue of the three little pieces of wood, were sufficient. In the other murder nobody noticed the wood. So, Mr. Lloyd, you have helped clear up two international affairs. The rest of this we can leave to the police."

When Mr. James Tilley came to my room the next morning to bid me good-by, he advised me, smilingly, to enlist at once as the safest method.

"Not that I definitely anticipate further attack," he said. "The situation has clarified itself most satisfactorily."

"Everything is clear," I replied, "except you."

"By the way," he said, "if we should meet in other circumstances, it would be well for you to forget our little adventure here. Possibly, if you will excuse this seeming discourtesy, it would be better for you to forget me entirely. I am an easy sort of fellow to forget," he added, with an air of self-disparagement which was quite genuine. "People seldom remember me. Probably that is why I was selected for this bit of work."

FOUR months later, I saw him again. It was in Washington, on the occasion of a review in honor of a distinguished foreign mission who sat on a shaded stand while I, with a couple of hundred other soldiers, stood guard in the boiling sun. Our company was "at rest" when my eyes, ranging the stand full of gorgeous notables, fell upon a familiar mediocre face, above a dully clad, undistinguished figure. An old policeman stood in front of me.

"Who is that man in the third row?" I asked. "The only one not in uniform."

"That?" said the officer. "Don't you know him? That's Jerome Tillinghast, the war correspondent. He's got all the medals for every kind of bravery there is, I guess. But he never wears 'em."

"What is he doing back here?"

"Shot in the leg last winter. I hear he's doing some kind of job for the Government. Something to do with the war census. Pretty slow work for a man that's lived his life, eh?"

Mr. James Tilley looked down, caught my eye, regarded me dully, and gazed over my head.

Presently his hand went up to his forehead. He adjusted his hat. But his hand did not come down immediately. It remained up a few seconds, with three fingers lifted. On the commonplace features appeared a colorless smile. I felt prouder than if I had been saluted by the commander-in-chief of an army. As I stood to attention, I wondered what James Tilley — Jerome Tillinghast — was doing there. But I wondered still more at the greatness and power and resourcefulness of the Government which I too, in my small way, was

"Are you tired again this morning?"

UNRESTFUL slumber—zest for neither breakfast nor work—nothing but a dreary vision of a tired, ambitionless day—of "I don't know what's come over me."

If he but knew, too little heed has been paid to nature's demands. The steady grind and shocks of work and worry have worn out the nerves' reserve. A complete rest would be ideal, but short of that a scientific food-tonic is the one thing urgently needed—and that means Sanatogen.

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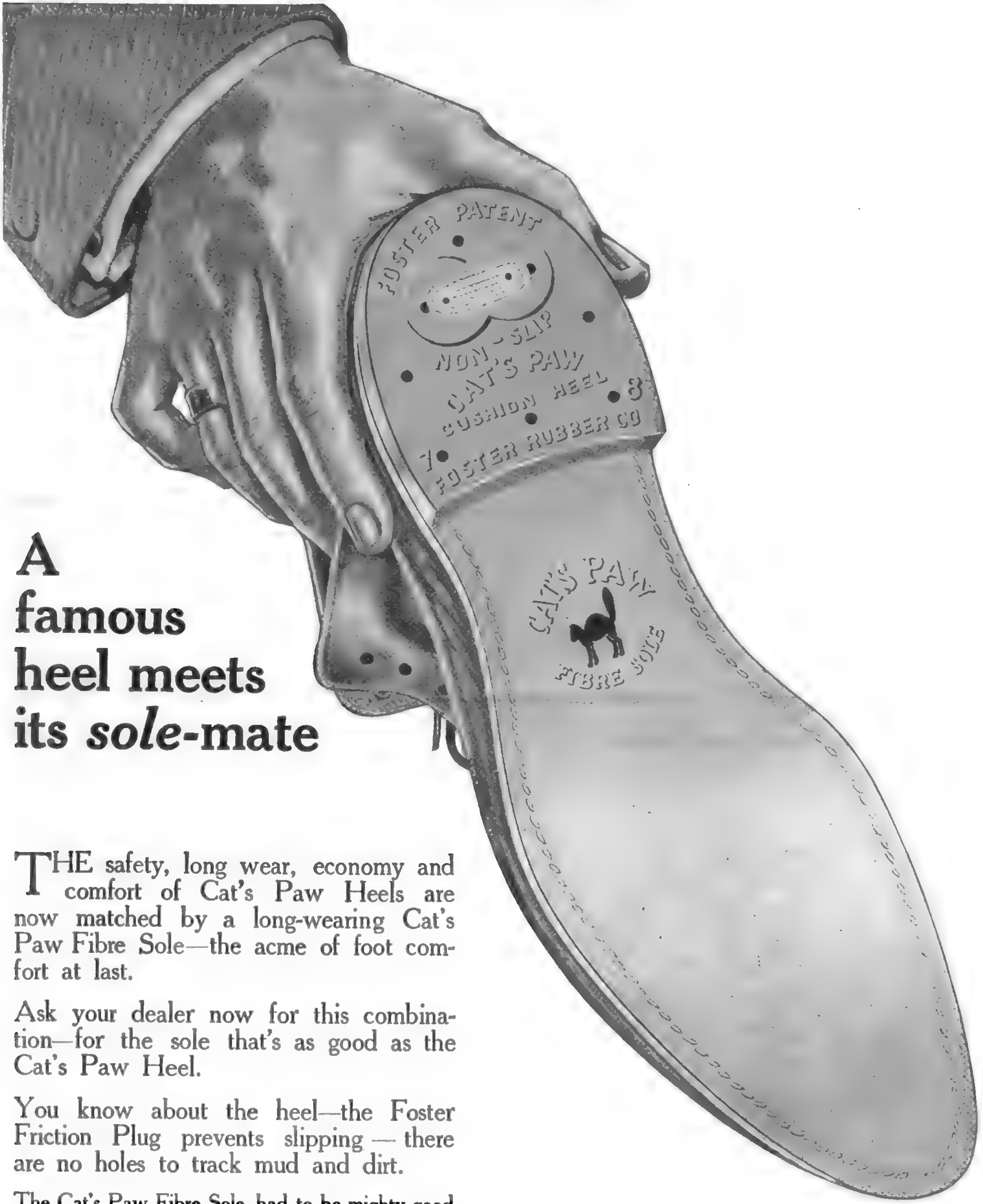

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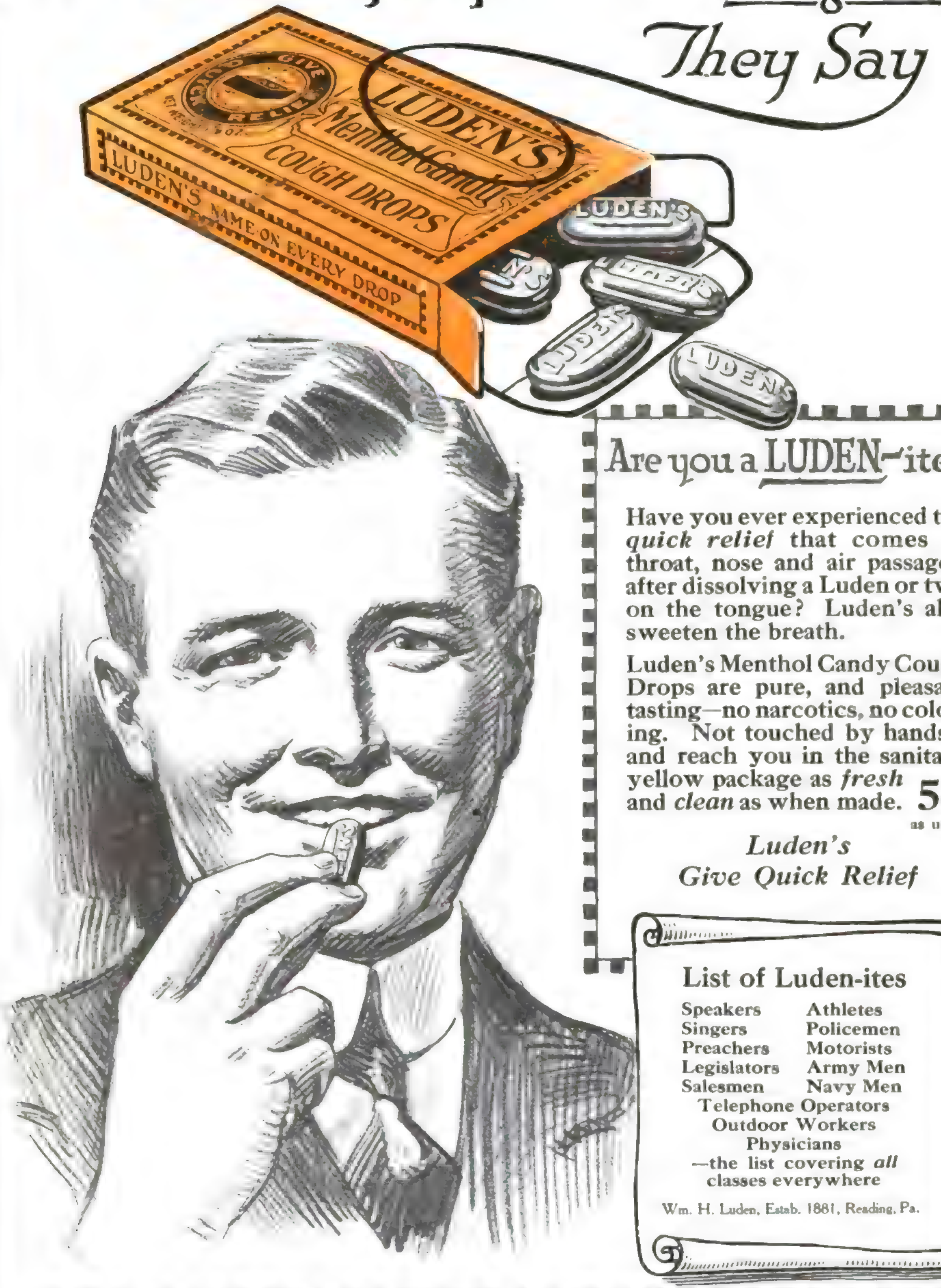
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—the list covering *all* classes everywhere

Wm. H. Luden, Estab. 1881, Reading, Pa.

LUDEN'S MENTHOL CANDY COUGH DROPS

DAVISON—FIRST AID TO THE RED CROSS

(*Continued from page 28*)

Red Cross — to-day costs two dollars a pound. But the wool could not be secured even at that figure if it were not bought in a single item from headquarters. That is D. W. Cooke's job. It is Gibson's job—the job of those that work with him in his sector of the organization—to get the wool to the thirteen district headquarters and from them in turn to the many hundreds of chapters, to the tens of thousands of women whose tireless needles will knit the garments. Then when the sweaters are done, it will be Cooke's job again to find the cars to carry them to the cantonments, the ships that are willing to carry them overseas. And this is his record up to the present time: many hundreds and even thousands of tons of Red Cross supplies carried across the Atlantic, without an hour's delay to a pound of them and without a dollar paid for their transportation. And any manufacturer who has attempted to ship to England or to France within the past twelvemonth will appreciate what such a record means.

HERE then is a national institution getting into its war-stride, pulling on its seven-league boots of efficiency. Here is big business justifying itself. Here is ability and honesty and efficiency making good use of the dollars that have come from thin pocketbooks as well as fat. Here is money being ably transmuted into succor for sick and dying men, into the reeducation and rehabilitation of crippled and blinded men, into the bread and into the cheer that speaks all the languages of all the battle-fronts of the Allies. The Red Cross is going into action. It is unlimbering its heavy artillery of efficiency, unloosening its high-flying squadrons of sacrifice.

Amid all this toil of preparation, the fashioning almost overnight, it would seem, of a great creative machine, I have heard but a single feeble discordant note. It has been said that the Red Cross was a monopoly—that it was seeking to crush other relief organizations, equally altruistic and equally well-organized, if none of them as large.

It was to find an answer to such criticism that I sought out Davison. At the moment, that was a fairly difficult task, for his son had been terribly injured in the fall of a government airplane. And for a few brief days the father spirit in Harry Davison had risen and had even conquered the spirit of the Red Cross, burning hot within his heart.

I finally found Davison in the old-fashioned country house on the outskirts of Washington which he has leased for the term of the war. In it he lives and escapes a very little of the maelstrom of duties which seep around the white marble Headquarters Building down-town. But he does not escape the work.

When I called upon him it was but a few minutes after eight. Yet the group of men I found there in the morning had been summoned to his breakfast-table for a conference. At nine there would be another conference, at ten still another, at eleven—his calendar was not less filled than that of the iron man in the White House. But these few minutes were mine. And I was anxious to know of the Red Cross.

HOLOCAUST

By DAVID CHURCHILL

DRINK deep, thou god of Blood, drink deep,
And gorge thyself on men!
Once more we pay thine awful price—
The flower of earth we sacrifice;
With crackling flame of greed and lies
The shameful stench lifts to the skies
This once—
BUT NOT AGAIN!

I had read of its activities along the western front, and young Dr. Malcolm Grow, of Philadelphia, had with his own lips told me of the things that he had seen along the eastern front—of the 6,000 ambulances to 1,200 miles of front (there are 65,000 ambulances to the 400 miles of western front), and such ambulances—rough, horse-drawn carts grinding their way forward over unspeakable roads, to the shrieks and cries of the victims within; had told me of the vile hospital trains, their strings of dirty box-cars filled with straw and filth and men sick unto death.

THESE things I knew. Of others I was less certain. There had been renewed criticism of the Red Cross—some of it along a new line. Before it had been asked why it did not bring all the relief features of war work under its central organization. Now it was being criticized, if you please, for doing that selfsame thing. It was being called a monopoly, a trust. Had big business, coming in to reorganize it, brought in the practises of an early generation?

In my heart I knew the answer to these things. Only I wanted Davison to phrase it for me. And this he did.

"When I accepted the management of the Red Cross," he began, in the simple, direct way which is so characteristic of him, "I realized its latent power, and also realized that this was a real situation, a real war, a real national crisis. I knew that with the relief work well centralized, real money would come; and it did come. We started by centralizing the work of relief, and in order that the great load should be carried properly, we distributed it between many shoulders—all working to a single centralized and responsible body—the War Council of the Red Cross.

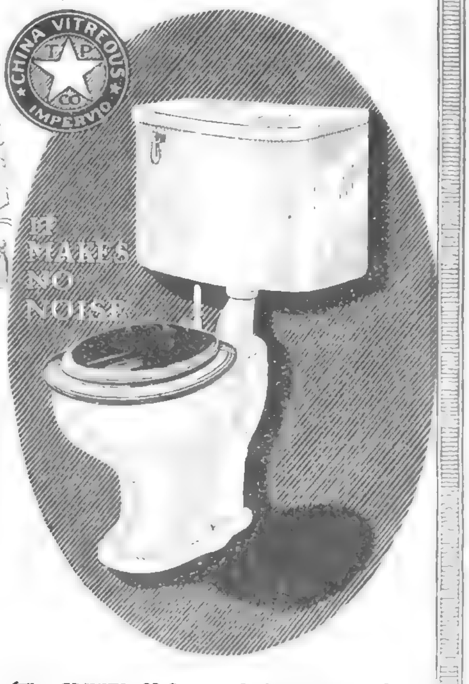
"From the beginning we knew that such a policy was going to be crushing to a great many fine endeavors, unless we took steps to stop such a crushing process. There were, in fact, two distinctly different things we could do. For one, we could have gone ahead and minded our own business, absolutely ignoring these other organizations — many of them unquestionably good and others of them unquestionably not working in good faith—with their officers seeking self-aggrandizement or using their best energies to help no one other than themselves. In such a policy the Red Cross would not have suffered; the other organizations would have been the sufferers, and some of them probably would have fallen by the wayside.

"We preferred the opposite policy. I knew many of these organizations personally. Our banking-house is treasurer for twenty-three of them. I have, for example, been immensely interested in the American Ambulance Corps. Both of my boys have driven in it. The work and spirit of that organization have been marvelous. And it has been typical of many others of the same sort.

"But there was a still bigger way of looking at the thing—the fundamental necessity of avoiding duplication and waste in one of the greatest of all the functions of the war. In this situation there is not an ounce of energy to be lost, not of strength nor of material. And knowing these things, I knew that the best of the other relief organizations—the type to which I have just alluded—would be glad to cooperate with the Red Cross.

"Therefore I appointed a committee to devote itself exclusively to that thing—and I felt that it was as fine a committee as ever sat upon any subject. They were men of large affairs and men accustomed to sit in a judicial capacity.

(*Continued on page 122*)



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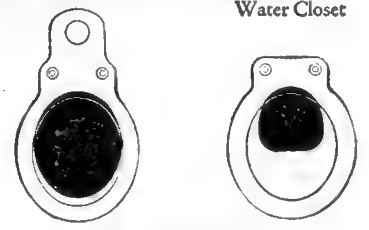

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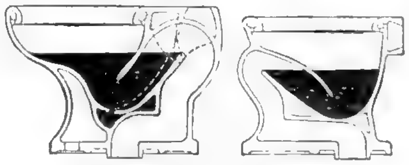

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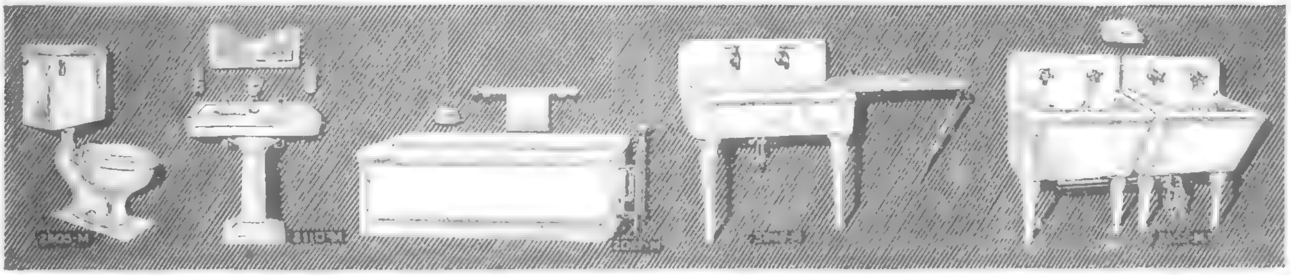

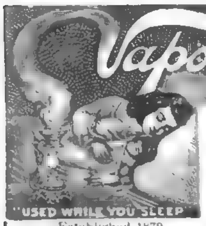

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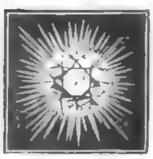

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(*Continued from page 120*)

In fact, at the head of the committee sat Judge Robert S. Lovett, of the Union Pacific, which, in itself, is an index of its bigness.

"To this committee I said: 'Gentlemen, I wish that you would meet and confer with the representatives of these other organizations. I wish that you would study their problems and their work thoroughly and sympathetically, and if you find that they are duplicating us, suggest that they come in and merge their interests with ours. If, on the other hand, you find that the work that some of these relief bodies are doing does not involve duplication—and therefore waste—I wish that you would suggest that they either become allied as an auxiliary of the Red Cross—or, if they prefer to steer their course alone, that you give them our Godspeed and blessing.'"

Another thought, of an entirely different sort, came into my mind. Of late I have been trying to project myself into the days that perhaps are soon to come—the trying days after the war. I can not conceive Davison leaving the Red Cross as he found it. That is not according to the lights of the best of big business. But I wanted him to thrust his imagination into the future, and so I asked:

"What of the Red Cross after the war?"

"I am hopeful," said he, "that one of the beneficial results of the great struggle for the United States will be that the spirit of giving—of generous giving—will be inculcated in the hearts of our own people. And I am confident that the Red Cross will continue for many years to render the service—the service that it alone can render—to the stricken people of the entire world. Already we are considering how the Red Cross may deflate, safely and properly, and assume the proportions that will enable it not only to exist through passing years, but to be of great efficiency and ever ready to render instant aid in the inevitable coming of great catastrophes. That is a portion of our policy of construction."

DAVISON speaks whereof he knows and prophesies where his wonderfully acute vision seems to lead him. And his prophecies as to sacrifice come with far greater force because the record of him and his is a record of unremitting sacrifice.

"It's a hundred per cent. efficient family," says a neighbor, in speaking of the Davisons. I can pick up and use the phrase honestly. For this man, his wife and his four children, are giving not some, but all of their time to the work of the war. They began long before our own beloved country entered the great conflict. Davison organized, on his own responsibility and at his own expense, an aviation corps. Twenty-five or thirty young men entered it—among them his two sons, who even before that time had had practical experience driving cars in the Ambulance Corps along the French front.

And on the very day that I talked to him in Washington, his own son, Trubee, lay injured in a hospital in the city of New York. A fortnight before—on a Tuesday—his elder son, Harry, had fallen in his plane and had escaped with severe cuts and a bad shaking-up. Then, on the following Sunday, Trubee had dropped and had been terribly hurt. In the five anxious days that followed at the hospital, Harry remained with him. Finally he spoke to his father:

"I'm going back to-day to the flying," was all he said.

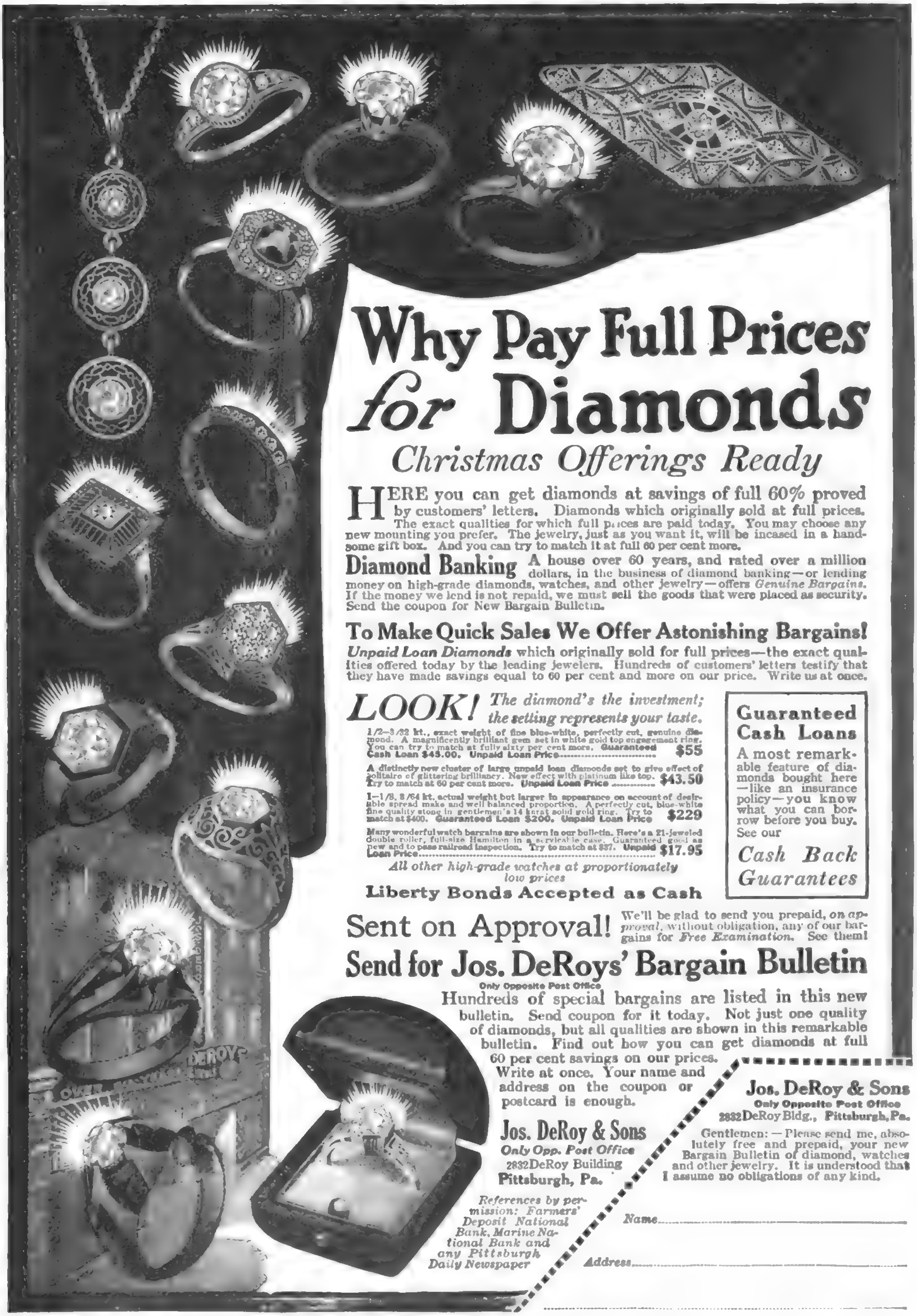
The Red Cross already means more to Davison than the sacrifice of his work, of the comforts of his great country home on Long Island; more than any mere prestige or title that may come to him as the chairman of its war council—the arbiter and administrator of its destinies.

A hundred per cent. efficient family! Mrs. Davison for months has given practically all her time—save such as she has spent at the bedside of her boy—as chairman of the Red Cross organization of Nassau County. And the two remaining members of this closely knit American group—the two young girls not yet of age—were not to be outdone by father or mother or brothers. They are already hard at it—both of them not only studying wireless telegraphy, but actually mastering it so thoroughly and so well that already they are preparing to enter actual service as operators—either as yeomen in the United States Navy or at land service stations.

It is because of such Americanism—in many and many a hundred-per-cent. family such as his own—that the general at the head of the Red Cross army can look so fearlessly into the future, can forecast the years after the war is over and predict that not only will the institution live and be greatly strengthened, but that the people of the United States will be educated to the habit of giving.

It is the sort of optimism that shines forth through the deep clouds of pessimism at perhaps the very darkest hours of the war. It is faith—the faith in the future which cheers us on. And that faith is one upbuilded in unselfish labor and devotion, in sacrifice and in giving—not merely the giving of money but also the giving of oneself, one's time, one's convenience, one's health—if need be, one's very life.

If, when the war is finally over, the United States has been taught but that one thing—the glory of genuine self-sacrifice—it will not have been in vain.



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1/2–3/32 kt., exact weight of fine blue-white, perfectly cut, genuine diamond. A magnificently brilliant gem set in white gold top engagement ring. You can try to match at fully sixty per cent more. **Guaranteed Cash Loan $45.00. Unpaid Loan Price**........................ **$55**

A distinctly new cluster of large unpaid loan diamonds set to give effect of solitaire of glittering brilliancy. New effect with platinum like top. Try to match at 60 per cent more. **Unpaid Loan Price**.............. **$43.50**

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Many wonderful watch bargains are shown in our bulletin. Here's a 21-jeweled double roller, full-size Hamilton in a serviceable case. Guaranteed good as new and to pass railroad inspection. Try to match at $37. **Unpaid Loan Price**........................ **$17.95**

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Guaranteed Cash Loans

A most remarkable feature of diamonds bought here—like an insurance policy—you know what you can borrow before you buy. See our

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Sent on Approval! We'll be glad to send you prepaid, *on approval,* without obligation, any of our bargains for *Free Examination.* See them!

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Hundreds of special bargains are listed in this new bulletin. Send coupon for it today. Not just one quality of diamonds, but all qualities are shown in this remarkable bulletin. Find out how you can get diamonds at full 60 per cent savings on our prices. Write at once. Your name and address on the coupon or postcard is enough.

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References by permission: Farmers' Deposit National Bank, Marine National Bank and any Pittsburgh Daily Newspaper

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Gentlemen:—Please send me, absolutely free and prepaid, your new Bargain Bulletin of diamond, watches and other jewelry. It is understood that I assume no obligations of any kind.

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

HEADING AND SKETCHES BY RALPH BARTON

EDITOR'S NOTE—*Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.*

A GROUP of Western politicians were swapping reminiscences of their experiences in other parts, when one said:

"In Arizona I was once the victim of a lynching party."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed several, scenting a thrilling yarn. "How did it happen?"

"Why, I married the widow of a man who was strung up for horse-stealing."

TWO sons of Erin were digging a ditch for a gas-main. One of them was a trifle handicapped by the shortness of the handle on his pick. His back was aching from bending over so far and he had paused for a moment, when his companion remarked:

"Say, Mike, phwat wud ye do ef ye had a million dollars?"

"I'd add four inches to the handle o' this pick," was the reply.

BEST BROWN 40¢

WHEN the dealer informed her that the price of eggs was forty cents per dozen, she exclaimed:

"Forty cents! Why, that's more than three cents for each egg!"

"Yes, mum," said the dealer; "but you must remember that one egg is a whole day's work for a hen!"

"I WOULDNA say McTavish canna learn the game," remarked Sandy, as they trudged home from the links; "but it will be deeficult for him."

"Aye," agreed Donald. "At times he will be like to burst, what wi' being sa releegious and tongue-tied."

"MY!" EXCLAIMED the poor little girl. "That's a pretty doll. Did your mama buy it for you in the store?"

"I should say not," sniffed the rich little girl. "She was made to order for me by a doll artist. She's a eugenic doll."

WITH apathy did the village resident listen to the city visitor's account of the joys and excitement of life in town. "We get everything here that is worth seeing," said the villager. "Why, last week we had the champion brass band here, the week before the greatest trombone-player in the country, and this week we are going to have a great production of the drama, 'Lewis the Cross-Eye.' I tell you that is going to be a real show!"

"What did you say was the name of the play?" asked the visitor.

"Here, have a look for yourself," said the other, as he produced a much-folded program, announcing "a grand production of 'Louis XI.'"

A MINISTER, like his father before him, he had often officiated at marriage ceremonies, but this was his first experience at giving away the bride.

He was in a devout mood; his church was small, his salary meager, and his family numerous. This daughter had been especially expensive.

"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" droned the preacher.

Gently the father placed the slender hand of the bride in that of the embarrassed groom.

"Take her, my boy!" he exclaimed, his face aglow. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

AN IRISHMAN who had only been here a few days, was invited to take an automobile ride with a friend. They were going through a country road at a high speed, when a traffic policeman, on the lookout for speeders, gave chase on his motor-cycle.

He caught up with them, and announced: "You're pinched for speeding."

"Pinched for speeding?" repeated the Irishman. "Begarra, wasn't yer goin' as fast as us yourself?"

INQUISITIVE old gentleman to passing youth: "Why do you carry that umbrella? There is no rain and the sun is not shining."

"I know," said the boy. "But when it is raining, father wants the umbrella, and when the sun is shining, mother wants it, and so this is the only kind of weather I can use it at all."

BUSY!
TALK FAST
DON'T SIT

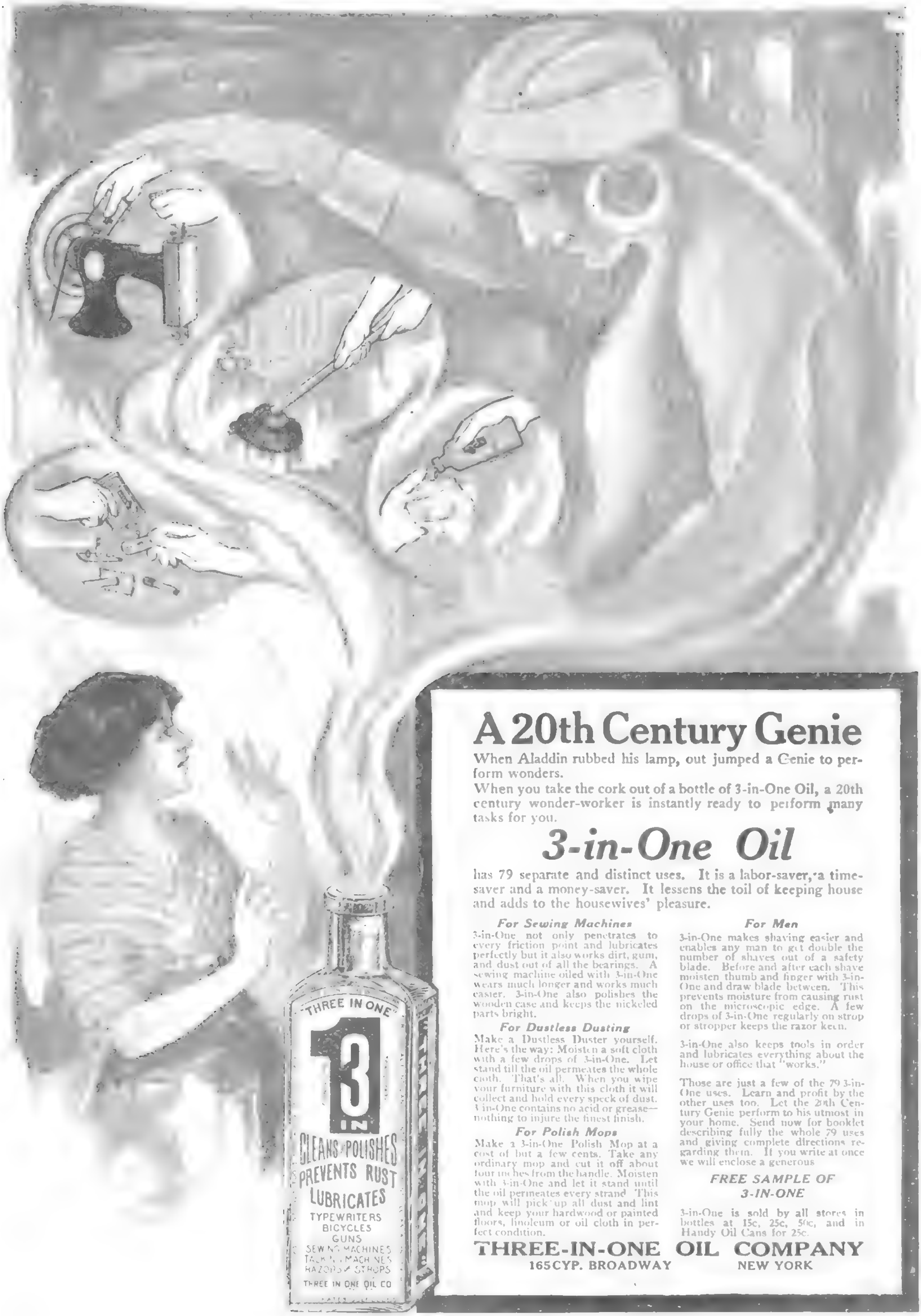
"HAVE you a few minutes to spare, sir?"

"Young man," roared the capitalist, "my time is worth one hundred dollars an hour, but I'll give you ten minutes."

"Thanks, but if it is all the same to you, sir, I believe I'd rather take it in cash."

TEACHER—"Why did the whale give up Jonah?"

Young America—"I suppose he had heard of the law against hoarding food."



A 20th Century Genie

When Aladdin rubbed his lamp, out jumped a Genie to perform wonders.

When you take the cork out of a bottle of 3-in-One Oil, a 20th century wonder-worker is instantly ready to perform many tasks for you.

3-in-One Oil

has 79 separate and distinct uses. It is a labor-saver, a time-saver and a money-saver. It lessens the toil of keeping house and adds to the housewives' pleasure.

For Sewing Machines

3-in-One not only penetrates to every friction point and lubricates perfectly but it also works dirt, gum, and dust out of all the bearings. A sewing machine oiled with 3-in-One wears much longer and works much easier. 3-in-One also polishes the wooden case and keeps the nickeled parts bright.

For Dustless Dusting

Make a Dustless Duster yourself. Here's the way: Moisten a soft cloth with a few drops of 3-in-One. Let stand till the oil permeates the whole cloth. That's all. When you wipe your furniture with this cloth it will collect and hold every speck of dust. 3-in-One contains no acid or grease—nothing to injure the finest finish.

For Polish Mops

Make a 3-in-One Polish Mop at a cost of but a few cents. Take any ordinary mop and cut it off about four inches from the handle. Moisten with 3-in-One and let it stand until the oil permeates every strand. This mop will pick up all dust and lint and keep your hardwood or painted floors, linoleum or oil cloth in perfect condition.

For Men

3-in-One makes shaving easier and enables any man to get double the number of shaves out of a safety blade. Before and after each shave moisten thumb and finger with 3-in-One and draw blade between. This prevents moisture from causing rust on the microscopic edge. A few drops of 3-in-One regularly on strop or stropper keeps the razor keen.

3-in-One also keeps tools in order and lubricates everything about the house or office that "works."

Those are just a few of the 79 3-in-One uses. Learn and profit by the other uses too. Let the 20th Century Genie perform to his utmost in your home. Send now for booklet describing fully the whole 79 uses and giving complete directions regarding them. If you write at once we will enclose a generous

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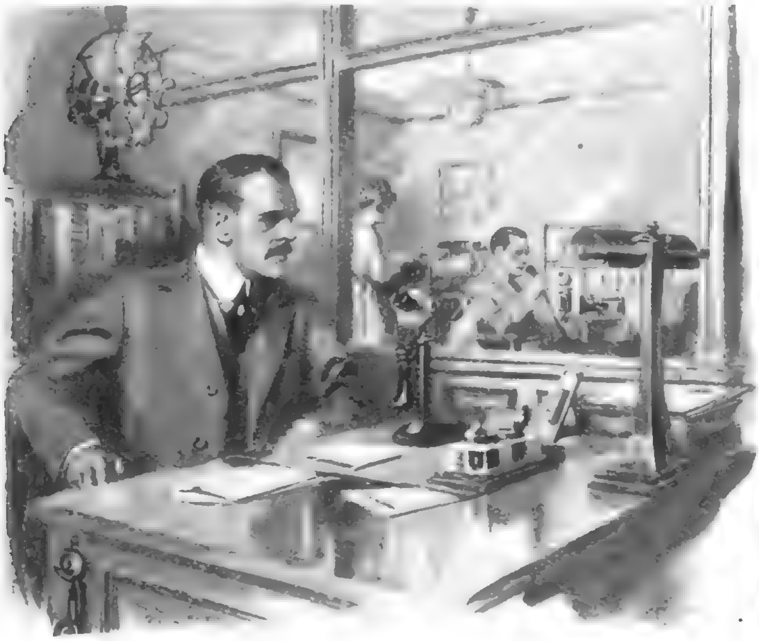
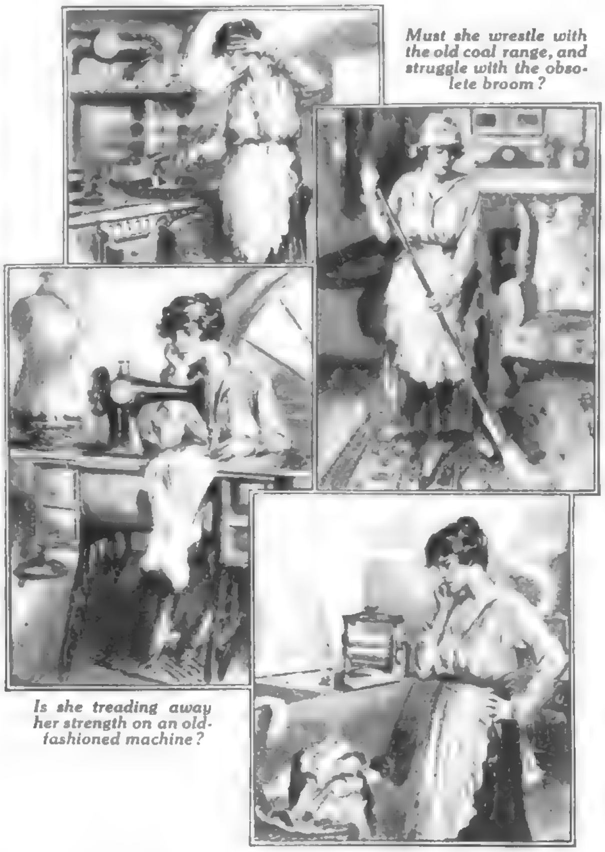
THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
165CYP. BROADWAY NEW YORK





Must she wrestle with the old coal range, and struggle with the obsolete broom?

Is she treading away her strength on an old-fashioned machine?

Is she confronted with the everlasting Monday problem?

Are You Giving Your Wife a Square Deal?

As you sit in your office, surrounded by mechanical and electrical devices for saving time, money and labor, give a thought to your wife at home. Has she the right kind of household machinery with which to carry on *her* business, that of making the right kind of a home? Has she any efficient machinery at all?—or is she just a slave to methods which even her mother and her grandmother found tiresome and wasteful?

Take the question of sweeping. Have you given her a vacuum cleaner? You certainly would if you yourself had to go through the house with a back-breaking broom and breathe the dust-laden air. A Western Electric Vacuum Cleaner not only makes home cleaning easy, but also makes rugs last longer by removing the grit that grinds the life out of the fabric. Four cents' worth of electricity runs it six hours.

Who does the laundry work? Surely not your wife! Rubbing clothes to cleanliness is heart-breaking drudgery. The Western Electric Washer and Wringer starts at once to save your clothes. It turns them through the hot suds and dissolves away the dirt. With one, your wife or servant can do the wash easily. A week's wash uses only three cents' worth of current.

Try your hand at washing the dishes tonight and then you will know how tiresome and disagreeable a task this is. Then ask us to tell you how it is made quick and easy by the Western Electric Dishwasher. Four cents' worth of current washes the dishes for a week.

Years ago man made the ox earn his keep in the treadmill. But today it isn't necessary for your wife to treadle her strength away at the old-fashioned sewing machine—a clumsy, unsightly device. Give her a Western Electric Portable Sewing Machine that is no larger than a typewriter and can be carried to the work. Three hours' sewing can be done with a cent's worth of electricity.

You can buy many other Western Electric Household helps—fans, electric irons, toasters, etc., and these will go a long way towards helping your wife solve her servant problem, and meet the rising cost of running your home.

If your electric company or dealer cannot show you these devices, ask our nearest office to send you a copy of the Booklet No. 164-T, "Mrs. Bright's Way."

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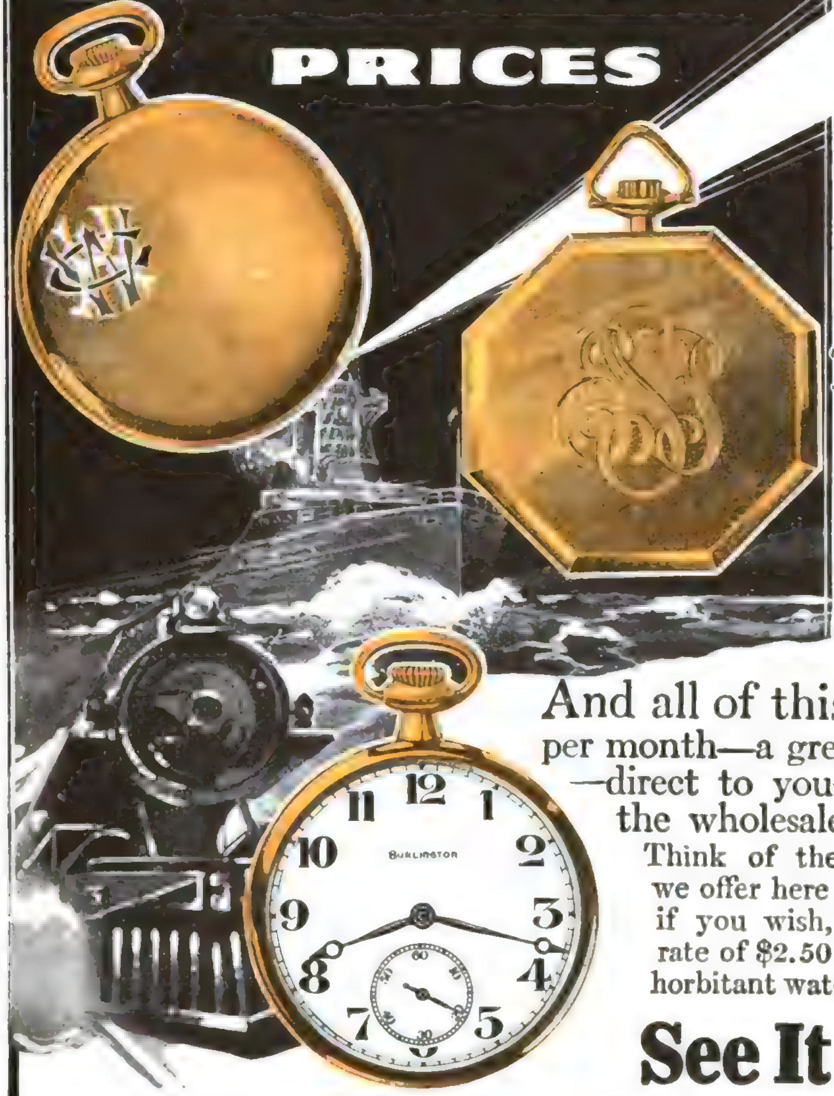

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21 Ruby and Sapphire Jewels—
Adjusted to the second—
Adjusted to temperature—
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25-year gold strata case—
Genuine Montgomery Railroad Dial—
New Ideas in Thin Cases.

Only $2.50 A Month

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TAM O' THE SCOOTS

(*Continued from page 31*)

FAR away on the eastern horizon he saw a great cloud. It was a detached and imperial cumulus, a great frothy pyramid that sailed in majestic splendor. Tam judged it to be a mile across at its base and calculated its height, from its broad base to its feathery spire-like apex, at another mile.

"There's an awfu' lot of room in ye," he thought.

It was moving slowly toward him and would pass him at such a level that did he explore it, he would enter half-way between its air foundation and its peak.

He signaled with his wireless, "Am going to explore cloud," and sent his Morane climbing.

He reached the misty outskirts of the mass and began its encirclement, drawing a little nearer to its center with every circuit. Now he was in a white fog which afforded him only an occasional glimpse of the earth. The fog grew thicker and darker and he returned again to the outer edge because there would be no danger in the center. Gently he declined his elevator and sank to a lower level. Then suddenly, beneath him, a short shape loomed through the mist and vanished in a flash. Tam had a tray of bombs under the fusilage—something in destructive quality between a Mills grenade and a three-inch shell.

He waited. . . .

Presently—swish! They were circling in the opposite direction to Tam, which meant that the object passed him at the rate of one hundred and forty miles an hour. But he had seen the German coming . . . Something dropped from the fusilage, there was the rending crash of an explosion and Tam dropped a little, swerved to the left and was out in clear daylight in a second.

Back he streaked to the British lines, his wireless working frantically.

"Enemy raiding squadron in cloud—take the edge a quarter up."

He received the acknowledgment and brought his machine round to face the lordly bulk of the cumulus.

Then the British "archies" began their good work.

Shrapnel and high explosives burst in a storm about the cloud. Looking down he saw fifty stabbing pencils of flame flickering from fifty A-A guns. Every available piece of anti-aircraft artillery was turned upon the fleecy mass.

As Tam circled he saw white specks rising swiftly from the direction of the aerodrome and knew that the fighting squadron, full of fury, was on its way up. It had come to be a tradition in the wing that Tam had the right of initiating all attack, and it was a right of which he was especially jealous. Now, with the great cloud disgorging its shadowy guests, he gave a glance at his Lewis gun and drove straight for his enemies. A bullet struck the fusilage and ricocheted past his ear, another ripped a hole in the canvas of his wing. He looked up. High above him, and evidently a fighting machine that had been hidden in the upper banks of the cloud, was a stiffly built Fokker.

"Noo, lassie!" said Tam and nose-dived.

Something flashed past his tail, and Tam's machine rocked like a ship at sea. He flattened out and climbed. The British "archies" had ceased fire and the fight was between machine and machine, for the squadron was now in position. Tam saw Lasky die and glimpsed the flaming wreck of the boy's machine as it fell, then he found himself attacked on two sides. But he was the swifter climber—the faster mover. He shot impartially left and right and below—there was nothing above him after the first surprise. Then something went wrong with his engines—they missed, started, missed again, went on—then stopped.

He had turned his head for home and begun his glide to earth.

He landed near a road by the side of which a Highland battalion was resting and came to ground without mishap. He unstrapped himself and descended from the fusilage slowly, stripped off his gloves and walked to where the interested infantry were watching him.

"Where are ye gaun?" he asked, for Tam's besetting vice was an unquenchable curiosity.

"To the trenches afore Masille, sir-r," said the man he addressed.

"Ye'll no' be callin' me 'sir-r,'" reproved Tam. "A'm a s-arrgent. Hoo lang will ye stay in the trenches up yon?"

"Foor days, sergeant," said the man.

"Foor days—guid Lord!" answered Tam. "A' wouldn't do that wairk for a thoosand poonds a week."

"It's no' so bad," said half-a-dozen voices.

"Ut's verra, verra dangerous," said Tam, shaking his head. "A'm thankitfu' A'm no' a soldier—they tried haird to make me ain, but A' said, 'Noo, laddie—gie me a job——'"

"*Whoo!*"

A roar like the rush of an express train through a junction, and Tam looked round in alarm. The enemy's heavy shell struck the ground midway between him and his machine and threw up a great column of mud.

"Mon!" said Tam in alarm. "A' thocht it were goin' straicht for ma wee machine."

"WHAT happened to you, Tam?" asked the wing commander.

Tam cleared his throat.

(*Continued on page 130*)

THE EYES OF WAR

By CHART PITT

LIKE a gauzy speck in the pearling dawn,
We drift through the silent skies,
Over No-Man's-Land, where the smoke-balls spawn
And the deadly gases rise.
We mark the spot where the battery stands—
Where sappers toil on the trench-scarred height.
We map each mile of a hostile land,
Where millions writhe in the battle-blight.

No silvery bugle to speed our flight,
Nor the flutter of banners gay;
Not a war-steed's stamping for the fight,
As we rise at break of day.
Only the song of the wind in the planes—
A thrill that lives in the day-dawn's glow—
A shifting vision of country lanes,
That wave like ribbons below.

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I am in the $2,500 to $10,000 Class

"I was a carpenter, am now a Salesman and can proudly say I am in the $2,500.00 to $10,000 00 a year class. Wish I could invest more dollars that would bring me the big returns those invested in your Course did." J. E. WOOD, Rooms 353-54 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, California

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"Last year I only earned $800.00 as a clerk. This year I have earned $6,500 00 and have been promoted to Sales-manager and done it by studying your Course during spare time. Your Employment Bureau offers one many good positions."—C. W. BIRMINGHAM, 129 Bank St., Dayton, Ohio.

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"More than 2 years ago I joined the N. S. T. A. You secured me a good position with one of the best firms in their line. Am making fine wages. Former experience is unnecessary—your Course makes success easy."—WM. H. KESSLER, 109 N. 16th St., E. Orange, N. J.

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Never before has the demand for City and Traveling Salesmen been greater. Never have the opportunities for ambitious men been better. Sales forces are now depleted owing to the "draft" and enlistments. Increased production has necessitated increased sales forces. Business firms are calling for more Salesmen. This is not a wartime demand only. Salesmen are always needed.

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You can become a successful salesman. Study in spare time. Get the necessary training and make good in a big-paying sales position. Ours is the one course of practical training that links ability to opportunity and fits you to *earn while you learn.* It teaches you how to prepare the "Selling Talk"—how to approach the prospect—how to manage the interview—how to close the sale. Employers of salesmen everywhere are calling for N. S. T. A. men. Our Employment Department has constantly on file more requests for salesmen than we can possibly fill.

Salesmen Now Selling—Read This!

Are you progressing fast enough in the selling field—are you in the $5,000 to $10,000 Class? If not, you need more training—more sales coaching—more power to persuade people to purchase your products. You may not have selected the line of goods best adapted to your particular ability—there may be any one of a hundred reasons why you are not one of the big successful men in the selling field today. Investigate our methods and learn how you can increase your income. Hundreds of salesmen having from two to twenty years' experience have used our selling plans and methods—hundreds have increased their earnings from fifty to five hundred percent.

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Let us send you this valuable 64-page book containing a "*History of Salesmanship*" and showing you how to become a successful Salesman and earn from $2,500 to $10,000 yearly. Send the coupon and we will also send you a special list of the many lines of business in which good positions are open for salesmen. *Address nearest office—Department 13-S.*

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TAM O' THE SCOOTS

(*Continued from page 128*)

"Patrollin' by order the morn," he said, "ma suspeecions were aroused by the erratic movements of a graund clood. To think. wi' Tam the Scoot, was to act. Wi'oot a thocht for his ain parrsonal safety, the gallant laddie brocht his machine to the clood i' question, caircling through its oombrageous depths. It was a fine gay sicht—aloon i' th' sky, he ventured into the air-r-lions' den. What did he see? The clood was a nest o' wee horrnets! Slippin' a bomb he dashed madly back to the ooter air-r sendin' his S.O.S. wi' baith hands—thanks to his——"

He stopped and bit his lip thoughtfully.

"Come, Tam!" smiled the officer, "that's a lame story for you."

"Oh, ay," said Tam. "A'm no' in the recht speerit——Hoo mony did we lose?"

"Mr. Lasky and Mr. Brand," said the wing commander quietly.

"Puir laddies," said Tam. He sniffed. "Mr. Lasky was a bonnie lad—A'll ask ye to excuse me, Captain Thompson, sir-r. A'm no feelin' verra weel the day—ye've no a seegair aboot ye that ye wilna be wantin'?"

II. Puppies of the Pack

TAM was not infallible, and the working out of his great "thochts" did not always justify the confidence which he reposed in them. His idea of an "invisible aeroplane," for example, which was to be one painted sky blue that would "hairmonise wi' the blaw skies," was not a success, nor was his scheme for the creation of artificial clouds attended by any encouraging results. But Tam's "Attack Formation for Bombing Enemy Depots" attained to the dignity of print, and was confidentially circulated in French, English, Russian, Italian, Serbian, Japanese and Rumanian.

The pity is that a Scottish edition was not prepared in Tam's own language; and Captain Blackie, who elaborated Tam's rough notes and condensed into a few lines Tam's most romantic descriptions, had suggested such an edition for very private circulation.

It would have begun somewhat like this:

"The Hoon or Gairman is a verra bonnie fichter, but he has nae ineetiative. He squints oop in the morn an' he speers a fine machine ower by his lines.

" 'Hoot!' says he, 'yon wee feller is Scottish, A'm thinkin'—go you, Fritz an' Hans an' Carl an' Heinrich, an' strafe the puir body.'

" 'Nay,' says his oonder lootenant. 'Nein,' he says, 'ye daunt knaw what ye're askin', Herr Lootenant.'

" 'What's wrong wi' ye?' says the oberlootenant. 'Are ye Gairman heroes or just low-doon Austreens that ye fear ain wee bairdie?'

" 'Lootenant,' say they, 'yon feller is Tam o' the Scoots, the Brigand o' the Stars!'

" 'Ech!' he says. 'Gang oop, ain o' ye, an' ask the lad to coom doon an' tak' a soop wi' us—we maun keep on the recht side o' Tam!' "

All this and more would have gone to form the preliminary chapter of the true version of Tam's code of attack.

"HE'S a rum bird, is Tam," said Captain Blackie at breakfast; "he brought down von Zeidlitz yesterday."

"Is von Zeidlitz down?" demanded half a dozen voices, and Blackie nodded.

"He was a good, clear fighter," said young Carter regretfully. "When did you hear this, sir?"

"This morning, through H. Q. Intelligence."

"Tam will be awfully bucked," said somebody. "He was complaining yesterday that life was getting too monotonous. By the way, we ought to drop a wreath for poor old von Zeidlitz."

"Tam will do it with pleasure," said Blackie; "he always liked von Zeidlitz—he called him 'Fritz Fokker' ever since the day von Zeidlitz nearly got Tam's tail down."

An officer standing by the window with his hands thrust into his pockets called over his shoulder:

"Here comes Tam."

The thunder and splutter of the scout's engine came to them faintly as Tam's swift little machine came skimming across the broad ground of the aerodrome and in a few minutes Tam was walking slowly toward the office, stripping his gloves as he went.

Blackie went out to him.

"Hello, Tam—anything exciting?"

Tam waved his hand—he never saluted.

"Will ye gang an' tak' a look at ma eenstruments?" he asked mysteriously.

"Why, Tam?"

"*Will* ye, sir-r?"

Captain Blackie walked over to the machine and climbed up into the fusilage. What he saw made him gasp, and he came back to where Tam was standing, smug and self-conscious.

"You've been up to twenty-eight thousand feet, Tam?" asked the astonished Blackie. "Why, that is nearly a record!"

"A' doot ma barometeer," said Tam; "if A' were no' at fochty thousand. A'm a Boche."

Blackie laughed.

"You're not a Boche, Tam," he said, "and you haven't been to forty thousand feet—no human being can rise eight miles. To get up five and a half miles is a wonderful achievement. Why did you do it?"

Tam grinned and slapped his long gloves together.

"For peace an' quiet," he said. "A've been chased by thairty airhoons that got 'twixt me an' ma breakfast, so A' went oop a bit an' a bit more an' two fellers came behint me. There's an ould joke that A've never understood before — 'the higher the fewer'—it's no' deefficult to understand it noo."

"You got back all right, anyhow," said Blackie.

"Aloon i' the vast an' silent spaces of the vaulted heavens," said Tam in his sing-song tones which invariably accompanied his narratives, "the young avenger of the cloods, Tam the Scoot, focht his ficht. Attacked by owerwhelmin' foorces, shot at afore an' behint, the noble laddie didna lose his nairve. Mutterin' a brief—a verra brief—prayer that the Hoons would be strafed, he climbt an' climbt till he could 'a' strook a match on the moon. After him wi' set lips an' flashin' een came the bluidyminded ravagers of Belgium, Serbia an'—A'm afreed—Roomania. Theer bullets whistled aboot his lugs but,

"His eyes were bricht,
His hairt were licht,
For Tam the Scoot was fu' o' ficht—

"That's a wee poem A' made oop oot o' ma ain heid, captain, at a height of twenty-three thoosand feet. A'm thinkin' it's the highest poem in the wairld."

"And you're not far wrong—well, what happened?"

"A' got hame," said Tam grimly, "an' ain o' yon Hoons did no' get hame. Mon! It took him an awfu' long time to fa'!"

He went off to his breakfast and later, when Blackie came in search of him, he found him lying on his bed smoking a long black cigar, his eyes glued to the pages of "Texas Tom, or the Road Agent's Revenge."

"I forgot to tell you, Tam," said Captain Blackie, "that von Zeidlitz is down."

"Doon?" said Tam, " 'Fritz Fokker' doon? Puir laddie! He were a gay fichter—who straffit him?"

"You did—he was the man you shot down yesterday."

Tam's eyes were bright with excitement.

"Ye're fulin' me noo?" he asked eagerly. "It wisna me that straffit him? Puir auld Freetz! It were a bonnie an' a carefu' shot that got him. He

(*Continued on page 132*)

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TAM O' THE SCOOTS

(*Continued from page 130*)

wis above me, d'ye ken? 'Ah naw!' says I. 'Ye'll no try that tail-bitin' trick on Tam,' says I; 'naw, Freetz—!' An' I maneuvered to miss him. I put a drum into him at close range an' the puir feller side-slippit an' nose-dived. Noo was it Freetz then? Weel, weel!"

"We want you to take a wreath over—he'll be buried at Ludezeel."

"With the verra greatest pleasure," said Tam heartily, "and if ye'll no mind, captain, A'd like to compose a wee vairse to pit in the box."

For two hours Tam struggled heroically with his composition. At the end of that time he produced with awkward and unusual diffidence a poem written in his sprawling hand and addressed:

Dedication to Mr. Von Sidlits.
By Tam of the Scouts. '

"I'll read you the poem, Captain Blackie, sirr," said Tam nervously, and after much coughing he read:

"A graund an' nooble clood
Was the flyin' hero's shrood
Who dies at half-past seven
And he verra well desairves
The place that God resairves
For the men who die in Heaven.'

"A've signed it, 'Kind regards an' deepest sympathy wi' a' his loved ains,'" said Tam. "A didna say A killit him—it would no be delicate."

The wreath in a tin box, firmly corded and attached to a little parachute, was placed in the fusilage of a small Morane—his own machine being in the hands of the mechanics—and Tam climbed into the seat. In five minutes he was pushing up at the steep angle which represented the extreme angle at which a man can fly. Tam never employed a lesser one.

He had learnt just what an aeroplane could do, and it was exactly all that he called for. Soon he was above the lines and was heading for Ludezeel. "Archies" blazed and banged at him, leaving a trail of puff balls to mark his course; an enemy scout came out of the clouds to engage him and was avoided, for the corps made it a point of honor not to fight when engaged on such a mission as was Tam's.

Evidently the enemy scout realized the business of this lone British flyer and must have signaled his views to the earth, for the anti-aircraft batteries suddenly ceased fire, and when, approaching Ludezeel, Tam sighted an enemy squadron engaged in a practise flight, they opened out and made way for him, offering no molestation.

Tam began to plane down. He spotted the big white-speckled cemetery and saw a little procession making its way to the grounds. He came down to a thousand feet and dropped his parachute. He saw it open and sail earthward and then some one on the ground waved a white handkerchief.

"Guid," said Tam, and began to climb homeward.

THE next day something put out of action the engine of that redoubtable fighter, Baron von Hansen-Bassermann, and he planed down to the British aerodrome with his machine flaming.

A dozen mechanics dashed into the blaze and hauled the German to safety, and, beyond a burnt hand and a singed mustache, he was unharmed.

Lieutenant Baron von Hansen-Bassermann was a good-looking youth. He was, moreover, an undergraduate of Oxford University and his English was perfect.

"Hard luck, sir," said Blackie, and the baron smiled.

"Fortunes of war. Where's Tam?" he asked.

"Tam's up-stairs somewhere," said Blackie. He looked up at the unflecked blue of the sky, shading his eyes. "He's been gone two hours."

The baron nodded and smiled again.

"Then it was Tam!" he said. "I thought I knew his touch—does he 'loop' to express his satisfaction?"

"That's Tam!" said a chorus of voices.

"He was sitting in a damp cloud waiting for me," said the baron ruefully. "But who was the Frenchman with him?"

Blackie looked puzzled.

"Frenchman? There isn't a French machine within fifty miles; did he attack you, too?"

"No—he just sat around watching and approving. I had the curious sense that I was being butchered to make a Frenchman's holiday. It is curious how one gets those quaint impressions in the air—it is a sort of ninth sense. I had a feeling that Tam was 'showing off'—in fact, I knew it was Tam, for that reason."

"Come and have some breakfast before you're herded into captivity with the brutal soldiery," said Blackie, and they all went into the mess-room together, and for an hour the room rang with laughter, for both the baron and Captain Blackie were excellent raconteurs.

Tam, when he returned, had little to say about his mysterious companion in the air. He thought it was a "French laddie." Nor had he any story to tell about the driving down of the baron's machine. He could only say that he "kent" the baron and had met his Albatross before. He called him the "Croon Prince" because the black crosses painted on his wings were of a more elaborate design than was usual.

"You might meet the baron, Tam," said the wing commander. "He's just off to the Cage, and he wants to say 'How-d'-ye-do.'"

Tam met the prisoner and shook hands with great solemnity.

"Hoo air ye, sir-r?" he asked with admirable sang-froid. "A' seem to remember yeer face though A' hae no' met ye—only to shoot at, an' that spoils yeer chance o' gettin' acquainted wi' a body."

"I think we've met before," said the baron with a grim little smile. "Oh, before I forget, we very much appreciated your poem, Tam; there are lines in it which were quite beautiful."

Tam flushed crimson with pleasure.

"Thank ye, sir-r," he blurted. "Ye couldna' 'a' made me more pleased—even if A' killit ye."

The baron threw back his head and laughed.

"Good-by, Tam—take care of yourself. There's a new man come to us who will give you some trouble."

"It's no' Mister MacMuller?" asked Tam eagerly.

"Oh—you've heard of Captain Müller?" asked the prisoner interestedly.

"Haird?—good Lord, mon—sir-r, A' mean—look here!"

He put his hand in his pocket and produced a worn leather case. From this he extracted two or three newspaper cuttings and selected one, headed "German Official."

"'Captain Müller,'" read Tam, "'yesterday shot doon his twenty-sixth aeroplane.'"

"That's Müller," said the other carefully. "I can tell you no more—except look after yourself."

"Ha'e na doot aboot that, sir-r," said Tam with confidence.

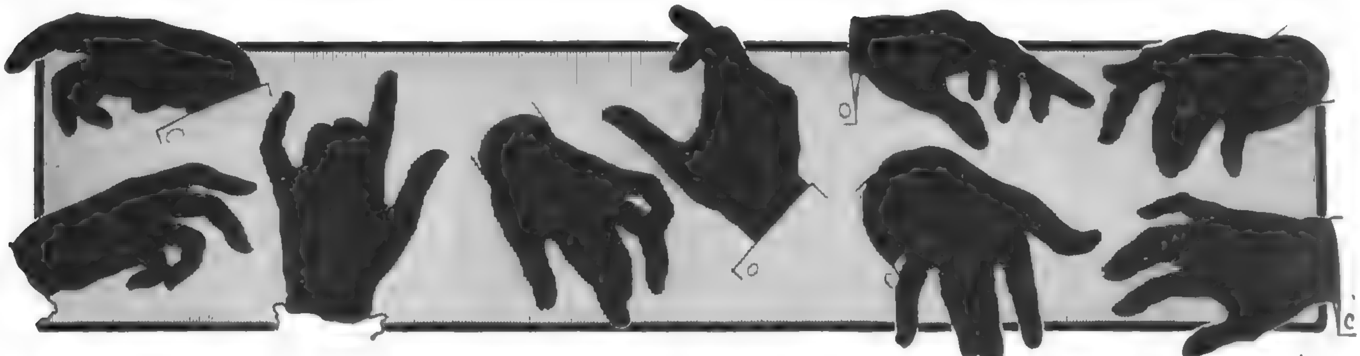
HE WENT up that afternoon in accordance with instructions received from headquarters to "search enemy territory west of a line from Montessier to St. Pierre le Petit."

He made his search, and sailed down with his report as the sun reached the horizon.

"A verra quiet joorney," he complained. "A' was hopin' for a squint at Mr. MacMuller, but he was sleepin' like a doormoose—A' haird his snoor risin' to heaven an' ma hairt wis sick wi' disappointed longin'. 'Hoo long,' A' says, 'Hoo long will ye avoid the doom Tam o' the Scoots has marked ye doon for?' There wis naw reply."

"I've discovered Tam's weird pal," said Blackie, coming into the mess before lunch the next day. "He is Claude Beaumont of the American Squadron—Lefèvre, the wing commander, was up

(*Continued on page 134*)



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(*Continued from page 132*)

to-day. Apparently Beaumont is an exceedingly rich young man who has equipped a wing with its own machines, hangars and repair-shop, and he flies where he likes. Look at 'em!"

They crowded out with whatever glasses they could lay their hands upon and watched the two tiny machines that circled and dipped, climbed and banked about one another.

FIRST one would dart away with the other in pursuit, then the chaser, as though despairing of overtaking his quarry, would turn back. The "hare" would then turn and chase the other.

"Have you ever seen two puppies at play?" asked Blackie. "Look at Tam chasing his tail—and neither man knows the other or has ever looked upon his face! Isn't it weird? That's von Hansen-Bassermann's ninth sense. They can't speak—they can't even see one another properly and yet they're good pals—look at 'em. I've watched the puppies of the pack go on in exactly the same way."

"What is Tam supposed to be doing?"

"He's watching the spotters. Tam will be down presently and we'll ask David how he came to meet Jonathan—this business has been going on for weeks."

Tam had received the recall signal. Beneath him he saw the two "spotters" returning home, and he waved his hand to his sporting companion and came round in a little more than twice his own length. He saw his strange friend's hand raised in acknowledgment, and watched him turn for the south. Tam drove on for a mile, then something made him look back.

Above his friend was a glittering white dragon-fly, and as he looked the fly darted down at the American tail.

"Missed him!" said Tam, and swung round. He was racing with the wind at top speed and he must have been doing one hundred and twenty miles an hour, but for the fact that he was climbing at the extreme angle. He saw the dragon-fly loop and climb and the American swing about to attack.

But his machine was too slow—that Tam knew. Nothing short of a miracle could save the lower machine, for the enemy had again reached the higher position. So engrossed was he with his plan that he did not see Tam until the Scot was driving blindly to meet him—until the first shower from Tam's Lewis gun rained on wing and fusilage. The German swerved in his drive and missed his proper prey. Tam was behind him and above him, but in no position to attack. He could, and did fire a drum into the fleeing foeman, but none of the shots took effect.

"Tairn him, Archie!" groaned Tam, and as though the earth gunners had heard his plea, a screen of bursting shrapnel rose before the dragon-fly. He turned and nose-dived with Tam behind him, but now his nose was for home, and Tam, after a five-mile pursuit, came round and made for home also. Near his own lines he came up with the circling "Frenchman" and received his thanks—four fingers extended in the air—before the signaler, taking a route within the lines, streaked for home.

"Phew!" said Tam shaking his head.

"Who were you chasing?" asked Blackie. "He can go!"

"Yon's MacMuller," said Tam, jerking his thumb at the eastern sky. "He's a verra likeable feller—but a wee bit too canny an' a big bit too fast. Captain Blackie, sir-r, can ye no get me a machine that can flee? Ma wee machine is no' unlike a hairse, but A'm wishfu' o' providin' the coorpse."

"You've got the fastest machine in France, Tam," said the captain.

Tam nodded.

"It's verra likely—she wis no' runnin' so sweet," he confessed. "But, mon! That Muller! He's a braw Hoon an' A'm encouraged by the fine things that the baron said aboot ma poetry. Ech! A've got a graund vairse in ma heid for Mr. Muller's buryin'! Hae ye a seegair aboot ye, Captain Blackie—A' gave ma case to the Duke of Argyll an' he has no' retairned it."

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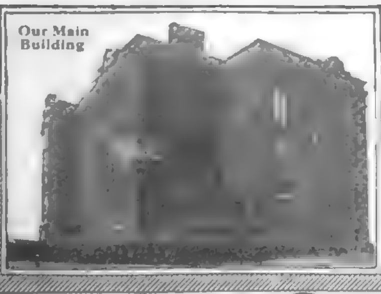

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CONGO

(*Continued from page 42*)

and then cautiously slid his hand along the fur until it rested on the animal's head. The touch seemed to soothe the ache of the ape's brain. He whined again, then raising his own big paw, he held the hand of the little man close to his forehead. The one-eyed person gasped.

"I'm a son-of-a-gun!" he gasped. "There ain't no fight in him—not a speck!"

Whereupon, with more of confidence, he began to talk again and to chirrup to the hulky animal as he rubbed his hand soothingly over the simian's forehead.

"Like that, Ol' Kid?" he asked. "Huh? Like that? Me 'n 'you's pals—get that—pals. By golly, I'm goin' t' show th' captain!"

He departed, finally to return bearing a handful of bananas and accompanied by the bearded officer of the little ship.

"Tell me he ain't goin' t' be an attraction!" the little one-eyed man was bubbling. "Say, by th' time I've fussed around with this monk six months, he'll be a wonder. I'll have him doin' all the stunts in the world. Looky here!" He again laid his hand on the ape's head, while the big animal came closer to the bars and looked up at him appealingly. "Ain't that a knockout for th' first session? Ain't he a wonder?"

The captain scratched his head.

"He certainly isn't like most gorillas I've heard about. They tell stories about gorillas carrying off women and all that sort of thing. But this one doesn't seem vicious, does he?"

"Vicious?" The little one-eyed man patted the head of the great animal. "He ain't got a mean inch in him. Maybe it's because he's been hurt. And he sure was bunged up when we got him. Must ha' had a fall or a fight or somethin', because he was all caved in. I didn't know whether he was comin' out of it or not. Wonder if he'd eat? Say, peel one o' them bananas for me?"

"Sure. What are you going to call him?"

"Kinda been thinkin' o' Congo for a name. How's it hit you?"

"Fine."

"Make an awful good circus name. How'd you like it, Ol' Kid?" He addressed the gorilla, meanwhile rubbing the bristling hair of its brow, but the ape's attention suddenly had centered on the banana. His lips were pursed and his whine had changed to a strange cooing. But with it all, he did not know why, nor why his tongue ran along the edge of his lips at the sight or the scent of the food. The little one-eyed man turned.

"By golly, here's where I start on him, right now," he exclaimed. "He wants that there banana. And that's th' time t' teach 'em." He whirled. "Congo!" he called.

The gorilla paid no attention.

"Congo! Congo!" he clapped his hands loudly. "Congo!"

The big ape, attracted by the sounds, turned slightly and stared, still cooing. The little man continued to clap his hands. Then he too pursed his lips and imitated the cooing sound of the gorilla. The captain appeared puzzled.

"He doesn't appear to grasp it," came his comment. "What's the idea, Mr. Wilson, isn't it?"

"Yeh, Wilson. Monk Wilson. I've been trainin' monks for a good many years; that's where I get th' monniker. What's th' idea? Just this here—" he began his handclapping again—"Congo! Congo! hear me? Come on now, Ol' Kid, an' make a lot o' noise. Oooooo! Oooooo! Congo! Hear me?" Then he reverted again to the captain's question. "Th' idea is that inside a week or two, I'll have him slappin' his hands whenever he wants somethin' t' eat an' makin' enough noise t' shake a brick house. Gosh, I wish I owned him, instead o' bein' just his trainer. He's worth a fortune."

"But isn't he yours?"

One-eyed Monk Wilson grinned and handed the banana through the bars of the cage. The gorilla hesitated a second, then seized the food, while the trainer watched with the fondness of a primary teacher.

"Mine?" he asked. "Mine? Gawd, no. Say, he cost pretty near twenty thousand dollars t' get. Th' Big Boss had three men in Africa for a year, me'n two others, an' about a million niggers tryin' t' get one o' these here things alive. This one here's th' first one we've ever got without shootin' him t' pieces. Mine?" he chuckled. "Say, if I owned a thing like him, I wouldn't be speakin' t' nobody. Nope, he ain't mine. He's for th' Great Amalgamated Circus—if he lives. An' I'm goin' t' be doggoned careful about him livin'—I've got a job for life with him. Hey, Congo! Congo! Hey—look up here. You—hear me? That's your name, an' you might as well get used to it. Congo—Congo!"

AND thus, for the big, wondering gorilla, began a series of lessons which followed throughout the weeks, past the landing of the boat at New York, the jolting, noisy, trundling ride through the cobblestone streets, when the little one-eyed man opened the door of the cage and huddled beside the gorilla to soothe him in his howling fright; through the long journey to the quarters of the Great Amalgamated, and on through the months of winter, while the circus awaited the spring.

A slow process, but a sure one. By the time of the landing in New York, the gorilla had learned that the name of "Congo" meant something more than a mere sound. Two weeks more and the little one-eyed Monk Wilson had taught the big animal to clap his hands as a signal for food and to open his mouth and thrust his tongue between his canine teeth at the command of:

"Big lip, Congo! Big lip, now for the gentlemen!"

Day by day, week by week, from a beginning of no active brain-power, the gigantic Congo developed under the tutelage of the freckled, happy Monk Wilson. And the amiable spirit of the little trainer found its reflection in the beast; more and more he progressed into a great, amiable clown, his heavy lips stretched in a negro-like grin, his whole attention centered upon the one being whom he loved and whom he obeyed implicitly—Monk Wilson.

Within a steam-heated cement building at the winter quarters of the Great Amalgamated, separated from the other animals of the menagerie house, Congo took his schooling. Morning, noon and night found Monk Wilson with him, scheming and planning, dove-tailing one bit of learning into another, making his lessons count by words instead of by routine, building an education in the fresh brain of the amiable brute who sought to do his every bidding.

Now and then Congo would grin and howl and coo with extreme happiness as the little man entered his cage—for it meant that Monk would sit for an hour or more by the side of the hulking beast, stroking away the dull ache that was always present in his brain, while the gorilla would grovel and fawn upon him, happy and contented in the company of his master and his friend.

Thus it was that the months passed until one day toward the end of winter, when Monk Wilson squinted his one good eye as he and the gorilla sat on the floor of the cage. As usual, the little freckled man was talking—but this time, even though Congo could not understand, Monk was outlining the future.

"Kid," he was saying, "you're through the kindergarten now. An' I'm goin' t' trust you. Off goes that chain to-morrow. Then out you come, out o' this here cage. That is, I'm goin' t' take y' out for a while. You're goin' t' learn t' walk the tightrope."

A lesson which ended as all other lessons had ended—in success. Two months later, when the first of the newly painted wagons were being sent to the flat cars for the beginning of the circus's journey of the season, a

(*Continued on page 138*)

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CONGO

(Continued from page 136)

rehearsal was held in the cement house. Monk was there and a man who wore diamonds, while behind them were crowded the workmen and the actors of the circus—to watch the only gorilla in captivity walk the tightrope.

Back and forth went the big grinning ape, running and jumping and leaping to the shouted commands of the proud Monk Wilson. A moment later, Congo, his head sagging from the pain of the exertion, sat humped in his cage, while Monk and the man of the diamonds conferred.

"How's he stand the other animals?" came the question. Monk scratched his head.

"Don't know. He ain't seen 'em. I ain't never felt like takin' him out in th' cold t' th' menagerie house. But he's stood everythin' else—don't see why he should be worried by a few animals. Besides, I'll get him used t' 'em th' mornin' before th' first show. He'll be all right if I'm with him."

"Guess that's true. Got anything for a ballyhoo?"

Monk Wilson's face brightened.

"That's where we shine," came his half-excited answer. "Where's that mallet? An' them pans?" He ducked under the gorilla's cage, bringing forth an armful of pails and pans and a heavy wooden mallet. These he put between the bars of the big ape's cage. Then suddenly, drawing near the lethargic beast, he swung his arms wildly and leaped into the air.

"Throw him out, Congo!" he shouted. "Throw th' big boob out! Get 'im, get 'im! Hooey! Hooey—that's it—get 'im!"

The signal had acted like electricity. A thundering roar echoed through the training-house. The big ape leaped into the air, his lips drawn back from his teeth in a simulation of rage, his big hands pounding his breast. Here and there he tore, banging the pails and pans about, their clatter mingling with the rumbling of his roar. At last, seizing the mallet, he beat it against the floor in a quick succession of blows that resounded like the clurr of a triphammer. Louder and louder went the howls and roars, until the hands of the watchers went to their ears. Harder and harder the mallet beat and slammed and banged, and then, with one final spasm of excitement, it all stilled and Congo, his head hanging low between his shoulders, slunk back to the corner of his cage and crouched there, whining.

Wilson leaped from the side of his employer. "It ain't quite right o' me t' make him pull those there fits," he explained, as he hastily unlocked the door of the cage and hurried to the side of the whining brute. "It's his head—it makes it ache. I always try t' tear right in and sooth it down." Tenderly he drew the head of the big ape to him, rubbing it softly and smoothing the tousled hair. "Poor Ol' Kid. Poor ol' fellow! There, that's all right now, that's all right. Come on now—you're feelin' better, ain't you? Here, drive this here nail for the gentleman. Come on. now, show off a little. That's right."

The heavy, grinning ape put an arm around his trainer and cooed over him. He clapped his hands and reached for the mallet and big spike which lay on the floor of the cage. Carefully he held the nail in place and banged at it with the mallet, while the proud Monk explained the teachings of the trick.

"Think he'll do?" the trainer asked at last. The diamond-bedecked show owner laughed.

"He'll just make us half a million, that's all," was his answer. "I hope he'll get along all right with the other animals."

"He'll get along all right as soon as I introduce him," Monk replied confidently. "We'll make it all right, won't we, Congo?" The gorilla clapped his hands and grinned.

BUT three days later, as the circus spread itself on the opening stand of the season, the grin faded into terror.

Slowly the cage of the gorilla had been drawn into the menagerie tent of the Great Amalgamated. One by one, Congo, Monk Wilson close beside him, had stared at the tigers, the lions, the panthers, the bears, the hippopotamus and even the rhinoceros without a quaver. But suddenly a barking cry had come into his voice, and, trembling, he had seized his trainer close to him, and held him there. Monk Wilson craned his neck in surprise.

"What's th' matter now?" he cried. "Huh? What is it? Them? Why, them ain't nothin' but elephants!"

But Congo continued to point and to shriek. His tremendous frame was quivering. His tongue lagged between his long teeth. His gray eyes bulged as he stared toward the hulking lines of the elephants. In his aching brain, something was struggling to rise to the surface, something which brought terror to his heart. Fretfully he twisted and turned. Once he loosed his hold on his trainer and drummed his hairy breast. The bark sounded louder in his voice. He swerved and went to all fours. His lips went back from his canine teeth. He grasped at the bars, he stamped and jumped. Vaguely he seized his wooden mallet and swung it about him. A crackling sound and the vague something which had striven to rise in his brain vanished. The swinging blow of the mallet had caught Monk Wilson a glancing blow in the temple; the little trainer had swayed and staggered through the door as shouting attendants had opened it to receive his suddenly unconscious body in their arms.

Congo stood and howled piteously, his eyes staring, his heavy arms swinging limp, his jaw sagging. Studiously he watched the men as they lifted the form of Monk Wilson and carried him past. The line of elephants now represented nothing to Congo, only a moving, swaying row of beasts, nothing more. The fleeting shot of memory had gone—Congo was again the big, simple beast that he had been, slinking to his corner, to squat there, pounding aimlessly on the floor with his mallet, his eyes heavy and dull, his head once more ringing with that jarring ache.

Sorrow was heavy upon him; but an hour later he hurried to the bars, clapping his great hands, jumping and grinning and cooing. Monk Wilson was there, a bandage showing beneath his hat, shaking his fist at the gorilla, and swearing musically.

"You big boob," he shouted, "ain't you got no better sense than t' get cuckoo over a bunch o' elephants? You might as well make up your mind that you're goin' t' get used t' em, because you're goin' t' have t' see 'em every day from now on. Hey, Randall!" he turned and shouted to a passing animal man, "go tell th' boss hostler I want that there team again. I've got t' get Congo used t' these here elephants. Rush 'em."

But when the team arrived and the cage of Congo was pulled close to the lines of elephants, close enough for the trunks of the pachyderms to reach within a few inches of the prison of the big ape, the gorilla only sat and looked at them with curious interest. No fear possessed him now; he remained perfectly calm, his heavy arms sagging at his sides, his funny, undersized legs spread, his head resting against the bars of the cage. Monk Wilson waved a hand to the driver.

"All right!" he ordered. "Take th' cage back. He's used t' 'em. He's all right now. Good boy, Congo!" Monk reached between the bars and patted the gorilla on a shoulder. "Good boy, Ol' Kid."

AND thus began a new life for the grinning, amiable Congo; noisy days in which the band blared in the tent beyond, in which his cage was dragged forth to the front entrance of the circus lot for the "ballyhoo," in which he lost his stage nervousness and came to regard the crowded tiers of seats in the big tent only as so much scenery, not even to be noticed as he left his

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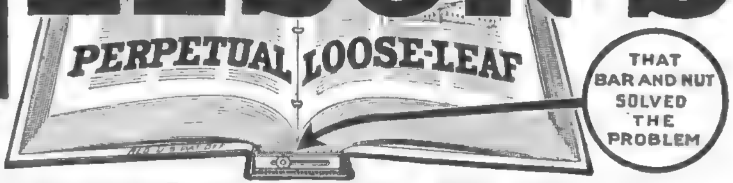
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CONGO

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cage for his tight-rope act. Jarring, noisy nights there were also, in which the circus train rumbled from town to town, making life within his cage racking and uncomfortable, and conducive of greater pain than ever for his aching head. But just on the other side of the inside cage door Monk Wilson slept on his little pallet—and Congo was satisfied.

For Congo had come to regard the happy, kindly one-eyed little man as something more than a trainer. He was a companion, some one who always was good, some one who gave the big gorilla the sense of security and protection that kept him amiable. And Monk Wilson still was busying himself with the ape's progress.

"COME out here!" he ordered one morning as he unsnapped the barred door of the cage. "Come on—hurry up, Ol' Kid, I've got something for you t' start learnin'."

Then, as Congo stood big-lipped and curious, the little trainer seized a sledge and tapped a tent stake with it to start it into the ground. A second more and he was pounding on it with his full strength. Then he stopped and handed the sledge to the gorilla.

"Now you do it!" he ordered. "See?" Carefully he went through the motions of hammering. It was a progression of Congo's mallet-and-nail trick which must be carefully worked out. The gorilla, swinging the twenty-pound sledge in one hand as though it were so much matchwood, howled and whined and watched. Monk patted him and cajoled him; then, taking the sledge from him, went through all the motions again. Once more came the order and Congo tried hard to obey—but his faculties failed to assemble the several motions which must be brought into play. He whined again and allowed the sledge to fall; then turned childlike, to lay his big hands fawningly upon his trainer's shoulders. Monk Wilson laughed indulgently, then glanced toward a solitary watcher.

"He's having an awful time," he explained, as he slammed the great beast patronizingly on the back, "he's tryin' t' get it all through his head, but he can't quite make it. But he'll be all right in a week or two and I'll have him pounding stakes like a major."

The watcher came closer.

"Teaching him a trick?"

"No—work." Monk Wilson sent the gorilla back to his cage, and, leaning against the bars, began his explanation. "I'm just framin' him up t' be sort o' ace in th' hole. Workingmen always get scarce about this time o' th' year, an' besides, we've got a new elephant comin' on that'll take up th' time of a couple o' menagerie men. So I just got th' hunch that Congo—that's this here gorilla's name—could take th' place of a sledge gang an' drive a lot o' th' stakes that we need in th' menagerie to tie ropes on an' stuff. An' I'll have him workin' fine inside a week. He'll do anything I say."

"Isn't that a bit unusual for a gorilla?"

Monk Wilson brightened considerably at the question.

"Yeh," he answered. "Why'd you ask? You ever have any experience with 'em?"

The stranger smiled.

"I've studied them."

"Showman?"

"No," the smile was repeated. "Professor of Psychology at the university here. I've written several books on Mr. Darwin's theories."

Monk scratched his head and threw a banana to the great ape within the cage.

"Darwin—he's th' guy that said we came from monkeys."

"Not monkeys exactly. From the ape. There's a difference. It is the anthropoid ape which bears the same blood that the human being does. Examine them under the microscope and you will find the direct connection, while the blood of other animals of the monkey type shows a resemblance to that of dogs. There's a distinct difference—and if you want to see the most interesting type of all, there he is in the highest developed specimen I ever heard of." The professor pointed to the grinning Congo. "May I ask what makes him so amiable and tractable?"

"Blessed if I know." Monk regarded his charge studiously. "He's always been that way, except once, when he got scared o' the elephants. But he wasn't very bad then; hit me by accident, but it didn't hurt much. Besides, he didn't mean it. But he's kind o' unusual for a gorilla. I never did see one act decent before him. We killed a lot o' 'em over in Africa before we got this one—and he was all hurt an' so weak he couldn't put up no scrap. He'd been in a fight or somethin' an' got his head hurt an'——"

"Which is perhaps the explanation," the professor cut in. "Probably suffering from a sort of amnesia as a result of the injury, which has dulled his savage instincts. My man"—the professor moved closer and laid his hand on the little trainer's shoulder—"do you really understand what you've got in that cage? The one being in the world that, unless something causes him to revert to type, will help explain the mystery of the evolution of man. He is the one gorilla to be tractable in captivity—and that means a great deal—for it means a chance for his development. You've never seen another captive?"

"Nope." Monk was regarding his acquaintance with growing admiration. "I've seen a lot o' black-faced chimpanzees that us showguys have called gorillas, but this here bird is th' first real article."

"Correct. You've never examined the brain of a dead gorilla?"

"No."

"Then you don't know that the higher functions of the human brain are latent in the brain of the gorilla—only awaiting development. They will kill themselves or starve to death before they will endure captivity. The result has been that there never has been an opportunity to put one to the test through association with human beings. But here's the chance. Just remember my prediction—the temperament of this animal has been changed, evidently by that injury from which he was suffering when you caught him, and unless something arises to cause him to revert to type, you may find him in five years possessing every attribute of a low order of humanity, even to the mastery of a few words!"

Monk Wilson gasped.

"No!"

"However, it's a possibility. But," and the professor smiled, "it almost sounds too good to be true, doesn't it. Would you mind taking my card and writing now and then concerning his progress? I shall take great interest in your reports."

The little, one-eyed trainer received the card and watched the departing figure of the professor with an expression almost of awe. To him, the big brute within the cage had assumed a new significance. The affection which he always had held for him now was mingled with the respect and reverence that one has for the mysteries of the occult—when persuaded they are true. He turned, and looking in at the hulking form of the gorilla, drew his breath sharply between his teeth.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed. "Wouldn't it be great if I could make him talk? Wouldn't it be great if I could say that I was the guy what done it?"

THAT night, when the rumbling circus train started on its journey to the next town, Monk Wilson sat close to the bars which separated him from the gorilla, patting his head and chattering of the time when the world would awake to a talking beast of the forest, the link between human and animal.

"We'll be a couple o' big guys then," he whispered.

And the next day, after the sledge-and-stake lesson, Monk Wilson began a new labor of love. A full hour he sat

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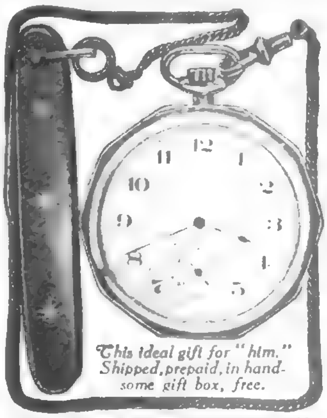

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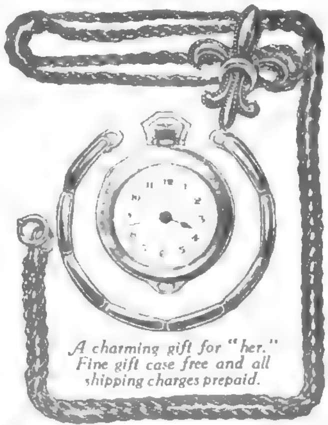

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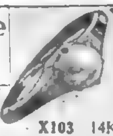

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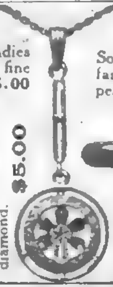
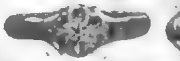


X105 Solid gold Lavall. and chain. 1 diamond. **$5.00**



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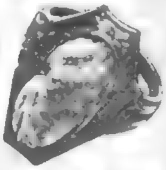

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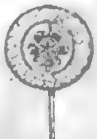

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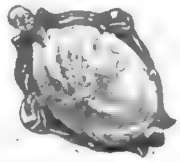

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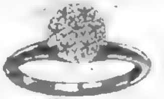

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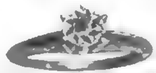

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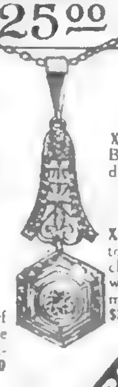

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(*Continued from page 140*)

within the cage of his charge, pointing first at one animal of the menagerie and then another. Time and again he uttered their names, while the curious Congo, squatting beside him, watched his lips and his face with eyes that could not understand. Nor had the freckled, good-hearted little trainer expected understanding. It was a long lane which lay ahead—lighted only by the word of a stranger, and by ambition. But Monk Wilson was willing.

Day after day, the sledge lesson; and then the hour of simple words, the words that are taught in a kindergarten. But Congo could only point and coo with his pursed lips—a sound that meant nothing but love for his trainer. The professor had talked of years of patient work—and Monk, so far, had dealt only in days.

"But we'll get there, Ol' Kid," he said one morning, as he brought the giant out for his daily sledge lesson. "We'll get there. But Kid, you'll have to pick up on this here stake drivin'—they've got that there big elephant, and that takes two men off th' menagerie force for his attendants. So come on!"

Forward he went, the gorilla hitching itself along on its knuckles, grunting amiably and cooing its satisfaction. Hurrying a bit, the animal then overtook his trainer and, half rising, took his master's hand in his, walking beside him like some tremendously overgrown, hairy, silly boy, his big lips parted in their ever-present grin, his head wagging in satisfaction.

But suddenly he straightened and his howling roar set every animal within the great tent to fretting and leaping in its cage. He screamed, a peculiar, squawking, gurgling scream, and raised his tremendous hands high into the air. Just as suddenly he went to all fours and, stiff-legged, began bounding into the air, his hair bristling, his eyes glaring. Then he turned, and before the shouting little trainer could reach him, he had bounded back to his cage, pulled the door tight behind him, and with yelping cries of fright, stood looking toward the cause of the disturbance.

That racking attempt at memory was working again—struggling for mastery, while, from under the sidewall of the menagerie tent, a tremendous animal was making its way slowly toward him.

Chains were on the new beast's legs, reaching upward to his long tusks and crossing as they shackled him, forward and back. A full two feet taller in the shoulders than the tallest animal of the elephant line, he appeared truly colossal as he stalked, in unruly fashion, to the goading of the "bullhooks" in the hands of the hurrying attendants.

And, too, he was different in shape from the Asiatic elephants which watched his approach with dull interest. The shackled hind feet bore only three toes instead of the four of the Asiatics. His back was hollow, instead of humped, curving in convex fashion to a sharp elevation at his shoulders. His tough hide was darker in color and rougher, his long trunk ended in a forehead that receded like that of an inbred. His pigmy eyes blinked, and he walked uncertainly. It is an attribute of the African elephant that he is dull of sight' dull of hearing, dull of mind, and devilish of temper. Unmindful of the shouting attendants beside him, obeying only the stinging pain of the "bullhooks" as they prodded him behind his overgrown, flapping ears, he pounded on through the menagerie, past the cage where Monk Wilson sought to pacify the screaming, trembling Congo, and into his place in the line of elephants.

HERE and there upon his trunk were splotches of white where the skin had been torn and had healed in ugly, seamy scars. A corner of his low-hanging mouth had been ripped open at some time in the past, and healed without growing together, giving him a heavy, harelipped appearance. An ear too, showed the jagged tear of some forest enemy.

There was nothing in common between him and the tractable Asiatic elephants over whom he towered; his every aspect labeled him a giant of African rogues, hateful, mean, dangerous, and slow-witted; available only for exhibition of his tremendous size, nothing more. Solitary in his native haunts, he would remain solitary in the circus world, to be led about the hippodrome track, his chains clanking, while the lesser-sized elephants of Asia displayed their learning in the rings. Even Monk Wilson, striving his best to soothe the cringing, non-understanding Congo, whistled softly as he gazed at the newest acquisition of the menagerie.

"Don't blame you, Ol' Kid," he chuckled. "Gosh, ain't he a tough-lookin' customer? Ain't he now? Wonder where he got them there scars? Gosh, but ain't he tough-lookin'? Hey, now, stop that there tremblin'. He ain't goin' t' hurt nobody. Hear me?"

But Congo neither heard nor understood. His head was aching with racking pain; aching and tugging at a vague something that steadfastly refused to rise into the vaults of memory. The gorilla's lips were dry. He panted feverishly as he fidgeted and jerked about in his cage. Something made his heart jump and leap and sent the blood roaring through his brain. And an hour later, when Monk Wilson gave up his task of pacification, Congo still stood at the bars of his cage, staring at the rogue, shaking and screaming.

That afternoon, Congo did not leave his cage. The efforts of Wilson, the blandishments of food, all failed. And the next day, the time that once had

(*Continued on page 144*)

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Besides these two big beginnings, there is HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER'S new serial story, "THE WHITE ARC," which there is still time to commence. Another article from Russia, by WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD. Short stories by LOUISE CLOSSER HALE, WILBUR HALL, and W. B. MAXWELL. A new humor department by OLIVER HERFORD. Four paintings in full color. And some snappy short-lengths.

On the News-stands November 23d

(*Continued from page 142*)

been filled by the tight-rope act was taken by the parade of the rogue—while Congo became a part of the side-show, far removed from the menagerie tent where dwelt the beast he feared. There the gorilla again became the grinning, tractable, eager being that he had been before, pushing his cage about at the direction of Wilson, driving stakes on the interior of the tent during the "setting-up" work of the morning, happy once more, while the worried expression faded from the face of his trainer, and he resumed his self-appointed lessons with more hope than ever.

All was well again—well except for an occasional moment when Congo, his eyes wild, would stare into nothingness and clutch at his aching head, then lapse almost immediately into his old, jovial self again, ready to romp with his trainer, or to howl and yell and leap about, banging his pails and pans and mallet at the ballyhoo command:

"Throw 'im out, Congo! Throw 'im out!"

Then, happy and grinning, he would sit on the floor of the cage, eating his bananas and cooing contentedly as the crowds, attracted by the noise, rushed past the ticket-takers in their eagerness.

A WEEK. A month. Two. Three. Gradually the season traveled toward its close, while Monk Wilson, patient, almost reverent, continued his lessons, his voicing of words, and his struggle toward the mastery of an ambition. At last there came the day when Congo, at the mention of a word, rose excitedly, beat himself on the breast, and strove to fashion his lips to utterance. Only failure resulted, dissolving itself into the inevitable cooing—but it was enough. Enough to send Monk Wilson, trembling with excitement, for pen and paper that he might write to the far-away professor.

And the fact that the next day and the next and the next brought not even as good a result meant nothing whatever to Monk Wilson. The professor had said it would take years—and Congo was doing his best. The lessons had lengthened now. Hour after hour Monk Wilson sat within the cage, his face close to that of the big ape, his lips fashioning the one-syllabled words with the utmost slowness, while the gorilla, with something more than mere simian mimicry, watched his every movement. A month later Monk Wilson started at a sudden little twist that had come into the gorilla's lips as he had uttered a cry. It was a motion like the motion of a human being's lips when speaking! Another step forward, another——

A jumble of sounds from without: shouts which drowned the blaring of the band in the big top, far away; the sudden rustling of canvas as the tent

(*Continued on page 146*)

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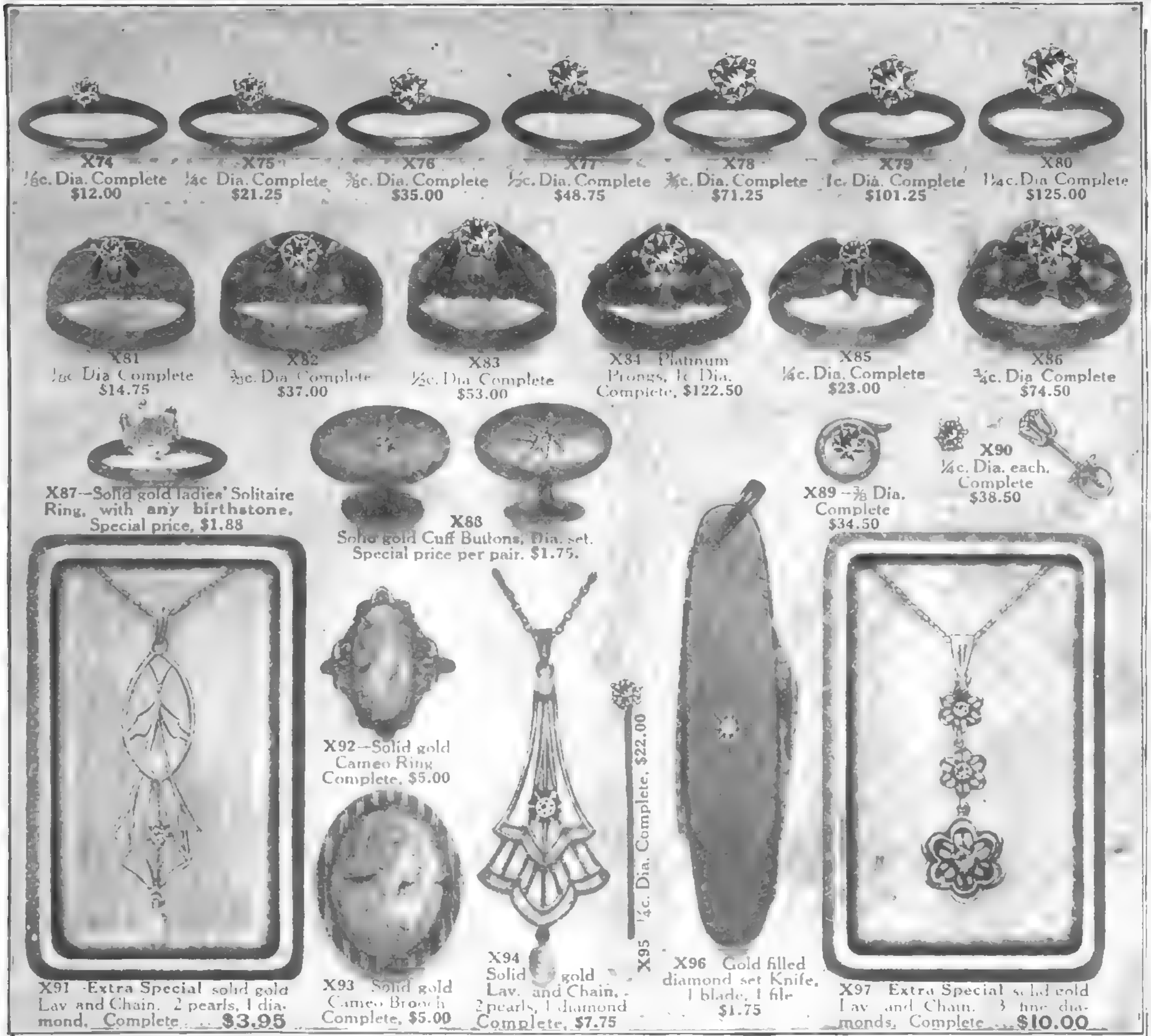

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CONGO

(*Continued from page 144*)

shook under the advance guard of that feared thing of the circus—a sudden wind. Quick orders—then the voice of a man as he ran to the side of the gorilla cage:

"Monk—Monk Wilson! Where are you?"

"Here! What's up?"

"A blow. Think you could handle that gorilla outside? Cap sent me."

"Handle him? Sure. As long as I don't get him near them there elephants. He's scared of 'em. What's Cap want?"

"Help. It looks like a bad blow and we ain't got more'n half th' storm guys out. Th' big top's full o' folks, an' if she goes over, it's good night! We ain't got enough men t' handle th' sledges. Think you could make that monk held out?"

"Congo!" Monk Wilson's answer was a command to the heavy-shouldered ape. "Hey, Kid, come on! We got t' do some work! Hear me? Hey, put up your head while I get this here lunge chain on you. That's right. Better not take no chances in a storm. Come on, now!"

The door of the cage clattered open. The gorilla lumbered forth and, taking the hand of the trainer in his, he started forward. Monk Wilson pointed.

"Grab that there sledge—no, that there sledge. That's it. Now come on—we got t' hurry!"

A quick motion, and then, swinging the twenty-pound sledge as though it weighed as many ounces, the tremendous beast lurched his way along by the side of his trainer, toward the bellying side wall of the tent and out into the storm.

He stiffened at the rush of wind, and growled, a low, rumbling roar which seemed to grind its way from his throat. Then, at a word from Wilson, he accepted it all and, as a frightened stake-carrier approached, swung his sledge high in the air.

One after another the stakes sank into the ground as though driven there by the blows of a pile-driver. Flexing and stiffening, the tremendous muscles of the big beast swung the sledge with an ease and a precision which nothing could resist, hurrying from one stake to another at the call of the trainer, clanging his blows upon the iron-rimmed stake heads with the power of the giant he was, then traveling on again.

Hurriedly men ran here and there. Shouts sounded. Little eddies of dust sprang into the air, whirled their dervish-like course along, then vanished. The clouds were scudding lower now. Within the big tents, where the band played its loudest to drive away the menacing noise of the approaching storm, the chandeliers had been lighted and the performance was hurrying along with that rush which only a storm can bring to a circus.

Outside, wagons wheeled here and there, to be in readiness for the packing-call, should the coming wind prove too strong for the canvas. Everywhere was rush and the haste of danger. And through it all, only Congo was serene, Congo, his whole being intent upon following the lesson his trainer had taught him—to swing the sledge and to send those iron-bound stakes into the ground with the strength of twenty men.

On they went, gradually rounding the side of the menagerie tent and working toward the "connection," those double strips of canvas which connect the menagerie and the main tent. Men followed the heavy-shouldered beast, tying off the storm guy-ropes and anchoring the tent to safety.

On and on, while Wilson, his eyes watching the low-hanging clouds, one hand idly holding the small chain which he had fastened to Congo's neck, urged the beast to greater speed, greater effort. High went the sledge—then hung suspended in the air, while Congo, his back stiffening, the hair standing out from every part of his body, stared hard at the ground and howled. A sudden fear shot through Wilson. Words snapped from his lips.

William G. Shepherd

went to Russia for EVERYBODY'S at the outbreak of the Revolution. His cabled article in a recent number was one of the first revelations of the real happenings in the astounding Russian drama. On page 32 of this number Mr. Shepherd publishes an article on "Ivan in Wonderland," and in December there will be a vivid picture of "Mad Kronstadt." Mr. Shepherd sees truly and writes absorbingly.

"Congo! Drive that stake there—d'you hear? Drive that stake—Congo!"

But Congo, the gorilla, did not hear. He stood erect, panting, the sledge elevated over his shoulder, his head slightly bent forward, his big lips pursed, his eyes set and glaring. A harsh sound came into his voice. The bristles above his eyes twitched and jerked. He leaped far to one side, and then frantically began thrashing at the ground with the sledge. Wilson jerked sharply on the chain which bound the beast's neck, and, red-faced with exertion, shouted at him:

"Congo—you fool! Them ain't nothin' but a bunch o' black ants. What's th' matter with you—quit hittin' the ground there an' come here an' start poundin' stakes! Hear me?"

The rain broke, splattering its wet gusts against the struggling pair. A workman, white-faced, approached them, then turned hurriedly away. The howls of Congo grew louder, his staring eyes fastened on the hurrying trail of ants on the ground.

Again that something was struggling to rise within his brain—and this time it was close to the surface. Half wildly he fought against the tiny insects, tearing great holes in the ground as he pounded and slashed at them with the heavy sledge.

Heavier and coarser grew the rumble of his howl—slowly it was turning to a deep-chested roar that would drown even the close crash of thunder.

Again and again the little trainer jerked and pulled at the chain which bound him. Again and again he shouted, but the big gorilla seemingly was unmindful of him. At last, with one great effort, Wilson braced himself and pulled with all his strength.

The gorilla yielded slightly, and with vacant eyes turned his head.

The lightning which flashed in the sky gleamed no more fiercely than the light which sprang suddenly into his eyes as he turned.

The wind had carried the canvas wall of the connection sailing high into the air—and Congo had looked straight from the disturbing column of black ants to the tall, scarred, ambling form of the rogue, being led slowly into the hippodrome track for his exhibit!

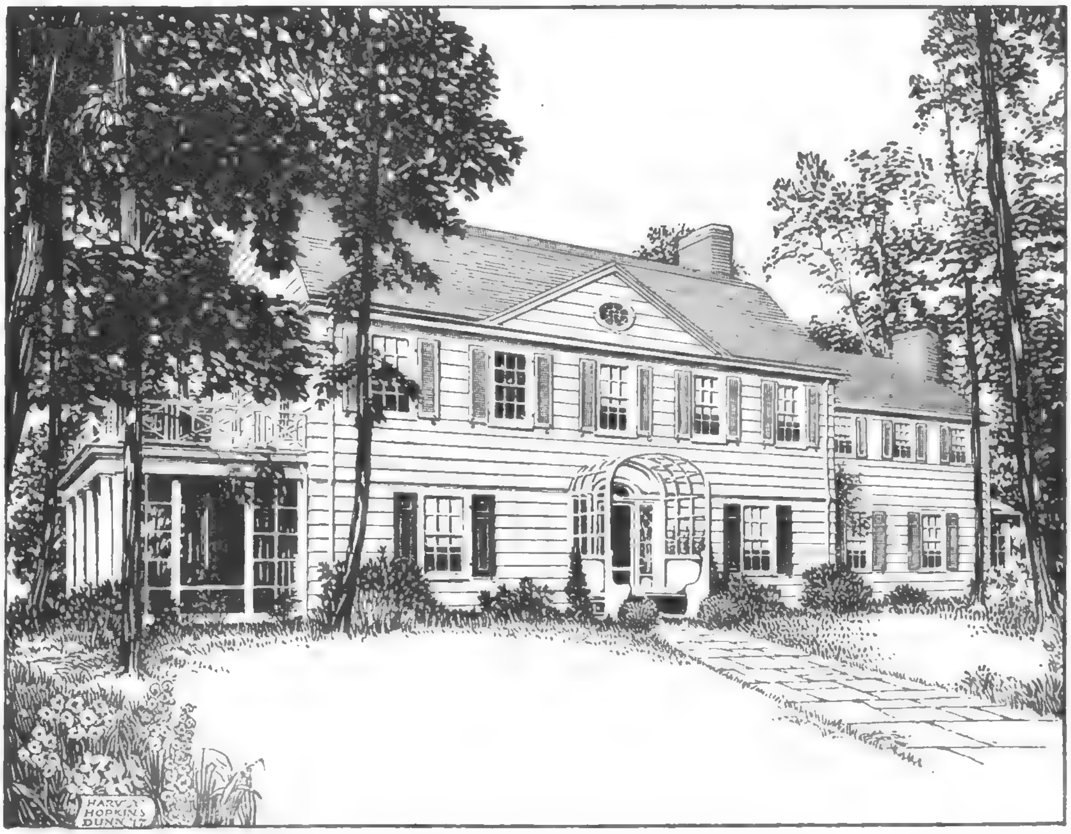
The ache suddenly vanished from his brain. A quiver shot over him, and he stood erect and staring, the breath whistling from his nostrils like the escape of steam. Vaguely he felt something pulling at his neck. Just as vaguely he gave a wrench at the chain, jerking it from the hands of Wilson as though from a baby.

He turned. He batted Wilson out of the way with one sweep of his great hand. His great chest filled with the pressure of his lungs, and he beat against it with his fists, sledge-handle and all. He roared—a wild, raging, savage roar that drowned out the sound of the wind and the thunder. His long, yellow, canine teeth dripped saliva. His eyes sank into their caverns.

The crawling touch of an ant electrified him and he leaped far to one side, to go to all fours and hitch himself along toward the connection, dragging the sledge with him.

For a picture was coming out of the past. The picture that had faded months ago was rising, rising to wipe

(*Continued on page 148*)



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(*Continued from page 146*)

out the months of work, the months of training, the months of affection in which the big, silly brute had been the plaything of the little one-eyed man who now strove to rise from the spot, ten feet away, where the gorilla had sprawled him.

Out of the past the picture was coming—the wind seemed to bring with it the cry of a mate in distress, the tiny stream of ants there on the ground seemed to stretch for miles, just as the bashikouay had.

And just beyond—in there where the lights were gleaming, was the rogue!

CAUTIOUSLY the gorilla sneaked along toward the connection. Though he was still vaguely aware of his strange surroundings, the towering wave of memory was sweeping down upon him in the roar and tumult of the storm. The work of the months that had gone was being blotted out by the returning mists from the past. On the border-line he was now—the instincts of the forest and the training of civilization mingling within him, and the wind carrying from somewhere the call of a dying mate.

Some one threw a noose over him and men jumped before him. With one pull of his free hand he broke the rope, plunged through the line of men, and went on.

For a second he paused in the connection, blinking at the lights beyond. Then as the sight of the rogue came to him, he leaped forward.

A tent of screaming, wild, fear-maddened people—people the gorilla did not even see. A shot, which whined past him without his knowledge.

The sledge waving and swinging in the air, his roar sounding stronger and heavier and more maddened, he rushed forward, scattered a group of shouting attendants, leaped to a staging, swung his way to a centerpole, and then, as the rogue, his eyes gleaming their terror, turned, the gorilla leaped to the battle.

A long leap it was, twenty feet of sailing space. His crooked feet clutched as he landed and straightened on the back of the elephant. With the thunder of his roar mingled the trumpeting blast of the great rogue. Unconscious of the heavy sledge gripped in one hand, he beat and tore at the head of the elephant, till a sudden scurrying turn of the rogue made him leap free to the track. Then, swinging the sledge like a flail, he advanced again to the attack.

Vague shapes flitted past him. Vague sounds and screams and cries he did not recognize. The metamorphosis was complete now.

Suddenly aware of it, he looked dazedly at the sledge in his hand and threw it from him, as though it were something he never had seen before. Then he went to all fours, leaping up and down in fury. Those shapes kept stirring about him, screaming and yelling and shouting—but his roar drowned out the swelling tumult.

He looked toward the lights and could not understand them. Wildly he sought for the sight of baobab, or the distant view of the saw-reeds down by the river.

But something was wrong. He was not where he had been when memory had left off—this was not the Npoulounaï wood; there came no call of the koola-kamba, no shrieking of the parrakeets, no soothing sight of protecting vegetation or branching tree. Everything was strange here, everything was of another world—a world he must hate and defend himself against according to the instincts of tradition.

Dizzily, his head throbbing, he swung in a great circle to escape the lunges of the rogue. Again ropes descended upon him and he broke them, biting and tearing at them with his great hands. The seats above him were clearing—there were not so many shapes now—the light was streaming in from big rents of the canvas where the racking storm was tearing its way.

Splatters of rain struck him, but he did not even feel them. From afar came the roaring of wild beasts—and it sent his blood raging through his brain. He forgot the rogue. The old jungle panic swept over him. Escape!

He rose and beat his breast. He sank to all fours and started on a run to the nearest shaft of light. A small Shetland pony blocked his way and he seized it in his great arms, raised it high, and threw it far from him, nor did he pause to see its sodden fall.

A sudden scurry of wind and the light faded as the side wall fell. He swerved. Again he sought escape. A centerpole of the big tent flashed into view and he leaped for it, scaling it to the top and hanging there, howling and roaring his defiance at the strange, suddenly unknown world beneath him.

AND it was there, hanging to the lacings at the top of the great tent, his lips snarled back from his long, yellow teeth, his eyes glaring from their caverns like green flashing fire, his every muscle tensed and ready for combat, that they shot him, with a rifle that they had brought from the ticket-wagon.

And as the bullet pierced him, he moaned—moaned in a terribly human, appealing way and fell, cludding to the ground in the mainway of the hippodrome track, near where the figure of a little one-eyed man huddled against an elephant tub, hiding his face with his trembling hands—and sobbing.

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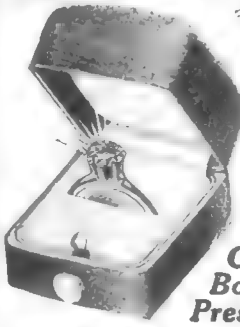

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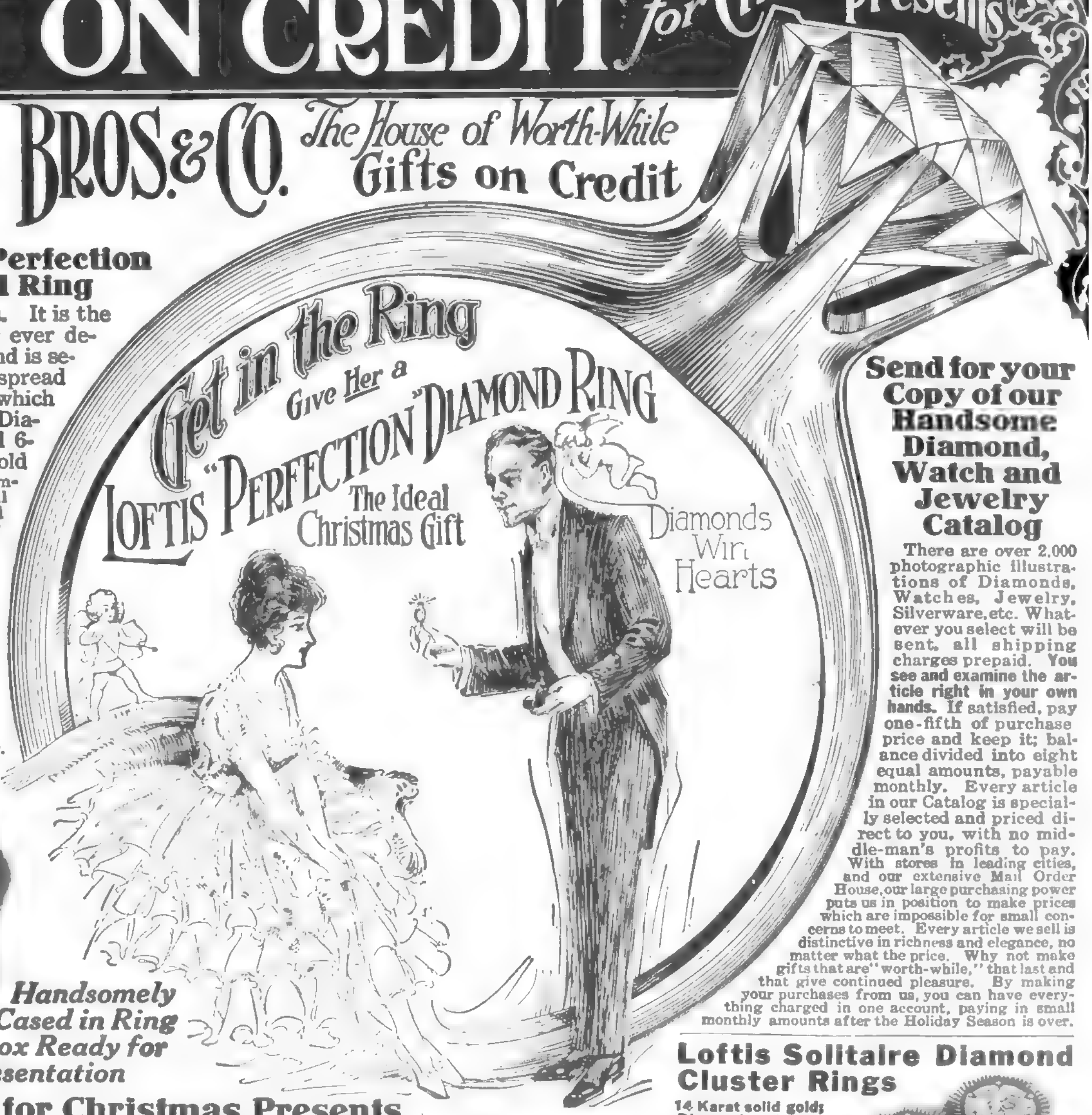

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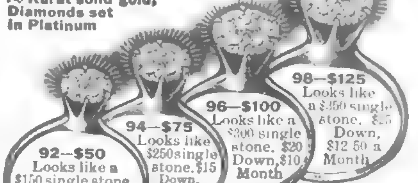
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STORES IN LEADING CITIES

FOOD FOR DRINK

(*Continued from page 49*)

"Oh, I didn't get the money that way," he said; "fact is, I've sold out my brewery stock. Couldn't keep clean money in that business any longer—not when it means pitching away the blood of our men at the front. It just isn't done any more, you see."

THE liquor interests have made tremendous efforts to limit the powers of the Board. I know an Irishman who hates strong drink and hates the brewers. He gave me an account of the scene in the House of Commons when the liquor interests tried to make the Board subject to the control of Parliament, and failed.

"Well, ma'am," he said, "you should have seen the serious mugs on them people. 'Twould have done you good. There was a man got up and he talked till I fair sphlit about the hardship of a man not being able to buy a drink for his own wife! Well, let him take his wife to a pub if he wants to; there's other respectable people think a woman's place is the home. There was a baronet got up, and says he:

"'A man told me,' he says, 'that because of this campaign agin the brewing of beer, the food of his cows is near gone, and these fanatics is depriving the childher of the country of milk.' He said that wit'out batting an eye. A fat lot they care about the milk of the childher; it's their own pockets they don't want milked. Well, this baronet wen' on wit' sympathetic voice to draw a sketch of a farmer come to a market town and couldn't get a bottle of brandy for medicinal purposes, and no docthor to give him a certificate and going home to find the patient worse and maybe dying for the lack of a stimulant. Well, ma'am, I near cried over his troubles. The soldiers can die, and the divil take them—saving your prisence—but wan ould lying farmer ought to get his brandy out of hours. I wondher, now, what it is about brewers and some other rich people, too, that they don't know how silly they sound. Do you think it is likely because they never get conthradicted and so think whatever they say is the truth—that same truth taking its rise from their purses?"

ONE of the indictments the liquor interests brought against the Board was that it had actually gone into the liquor business. Here it was, buying up breweries and other liquor properties, spending no one knew how many hundreds of thousands of pounds, tyrannizing over the public as well as the licensed trade.

The Board has indeed gone into the liquor business. It happened originally because of Gretna. Who has not heard of that romantic border town called Gretna Green, with its eloping couples and pursuing fathers, rocking coaches, panting horses, eager postillions; the lovers peering backward to see how near father is; hurrah! in time and the blacksmith to tie the knot?

But Gretna Green is now the site of a huge munitions factory which employs thousands of men. When these thousands of thirsty newcomers arrived, they sought drink in Carlisle and Annan. Now Carlisle was a respectable cathedral city, not given to excessive drinking, but dotted with little public houses like rabbit-warrens, into which the new working public poured. Neither space nor the ordinary restrictive rules could meet the case. Men could not get served and the little rooms became miniature battle-fields of the Marne and reluctant retreats from Mons.

In mid-July, 1916, the Board sprang into the mêlée, took over the public houses, in number about 170, absorbed them, lock, stock, and barrel, closed up some, knocked out the partitions of others, introduced food facilities, and recaptured law and order. They proceeded to do the same in Invergordon, where they took over between thirty and forty houses. Invergordon is one of the east coast towns flooded with liberty men from the navy. It was said of that town (and said in Parliament), that the women used to trundle baby-carriages up and down filled with bottles of whisky and beer. Gone is the freedom of Invergordon.

"We only resort to state purchase when we must," one of the men in charge of the Carlisle district told me; "the main difference between the indirect control of the Board and direct control, of which Carlisle is an example, is that in the latter case, the financial interest affects the Board and the state and no one else. The state takes over licensed premises and puts them under salaried managers, so that no one has any interest in the drink sold. The managers are mostly the former licensees who ran the public houses as tenants and made money. After they are talked to by the general manager, they see our point and don't try to push the sales. Then, too, we gave these managers a commission on the food sales. We try by indirection to discourage drinking. For example, in the old post-office in Carlisle, we have a kind of model public house with good reading and music rooms and excellent food. The bar is along a narrow passage, inconvenient to get to, and as unattractive as we could make it.

"We can do good faster when we have direct control. Aside from the absence of any financial incentive to push the sales, we are sure of an absolutely strict compliance with the regulations. Then we can always close up more quickly the redundant public houses, as the Act of 1904 contemplated. We can more precisely adjust the liquor supply to the local requirements, and we can stop the sale of spirits in special localities when we think it desirable. We have done that on certain parts of the west coast.

"It is convenient also to have a free hand in structurally altering the houses, either to facilitate effective control and supervision of the service of the liquor, or else to enable us to serve food or set up counter attractions to the sale of liquor.

"We always provide food in any house capable of doing a steady food trade. We have done that recently to fifteen houses in Carlisle. In Annan, near Gretna, we took a small public house and made a non-alcoholic rest and tea place where we serve about one thousand meals a week to the munition workers. We have a woman manager, who used to be a licensee in Annan, and who knows the district well. She says that the Board has done more for the cause of temperance in five months than the whole prohibition party did in fifty years."

THERE have been three great steps forward in the matter of lessening drink in England. The first was the establishment of the Board and the consequent restriction. By the middle of 1916, the good effects were clear, but still St. George of Merry England had not done enough against the dragon, Drink. The chief temperance body, The United Kingdom Alliance, had been working for decades. In June, 1916, arose the Strength of Britain movement, an organization of business men and others with the object of urging the government to suspend, during the war, all traffic in alcoholic liquor. Another valuable ally was the War Savings Committee which, like the Strength of Britain movement, used all sorts of ingenious preaching and advertising devices to educate the British public.

With the beginning of the present year, there was a third advance in the liquor question. Because of the difficulties of food supply, all distilleries were shut down except a few to produce yeast and to turn out three million gallons of alcohol a month, practically all of which is used for munition, chemical and medicinal purposes. On the first of April, the output of beer was reduced to ten million barrels, saving foodstuffs to the amount of one month's supply of imported cereals.

Mr. Lloyd George pointed out that to guard against the danger of driving

(*Continued on page 152*)

Business Is Calling Law Trained Men

Prepare for YOUR Opportunity—NOW

A former President of the National City Bank, New York, recently said: "In only a few years every man connected in any official capacity with any banking or business institution will be required to have a legal training." And the President of the New York Life Insurance Co. says, "A man is not equipped for the management of large business interests until he has taken a law course." How evident this appears when you consider that every commercial transaction from the writing of a business letter to closing a million dollar contract involves legal points which **some** man must know.

Every leading business and banking house today realizes its need of the law trained man. The call is going forth. More and more when executives are chosen, preference is being given to the man who knows law. There is confidence in his judgment and in his decisions. He steps quickly into a position which even years of plodding work without knowledge of law would not qualify him to hold.

And now—opportunity through law training—which means a greater opportunity to rise—is open to any man who will take the course of mail study offered by LaSalle Extension University.

LaSalle Students and Graduates

can now be found employed in the executive departments of practically all the large railroads, business houses and commercial organizations in the United States. Many prominent business concerns can be named in each of which 100 to 900 or more LaSalle students or graduates from our several specialized departments are employed in responsible positions. For instance:

Pennsylvania R. R.	*913*
American Telegraph & Telephone Company	*259*
U. S. Steel Corporation	*250*
Baltimore & Ohio R. R.	*564*
Armour & Company	*162*
Chicago & N. W. R. R.	*392*
Ford Motor Company	*122*
Swift & Company	*187*
Standard Oil Company	*140*

Among the numerous firms and corporations employing 50 to 100 or more LaSalle students or graduates are the following:

Western Electric Company
International Harvester Co.
B. F. Goodrich Company
Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co.

and every important railroad company in the United States.

More than 125,000 men in active business life including a large number of corporation officials have been enrolled and are reaping the benefits of LaSalle training and service. Over 20,000 new students now enroll annually. The LaSalle organization consists of 800 people, including a staff of 300 business experts, professional men, text writers, special lecture writers, instructors and assistants. LaSalle students and graduates occupying responsible positions can be found throughout the entire English-speaking world.

Free Consulting Service

As a LaSalle Student, you will also be entitled to the free use of our Consulting Service which gives you the privilege of calling on our staff of experts in any department at any time when you need special help or counsel. LaSalle Extension University is a clearing house of business information and through its many highly specialized departments is organized and equipped to render a practical and distinctive service which cannot be supplied by any other institution of similar character.

A University Training in Law by Mail

You are offered here a course in law prepared by men of nation-wide reputation as legal authorities. Every principle of law is given in clear, concise form without confusing verbiage—and you are shown how to put these principles into every-day practice. You get the same character of instruction which you would receive if you could attend a resident university with all these eminent men on the faculty. But by studying at home you can hold your present position and obtain a thorough law training at a mere fraction of the cost. You have text-books, lectures, practice courts, quizzes and examinations; and you are constantly under the direction of the ablest professors who see that you are thoroughly instructed on every point throughout the entire course.

You graduate with the degree of L. L. B.—and then you are ready to qualify as a practicing attorney or as a man fitted for a responsible position. You will be a better thinker—you will be a man of broader culture, for law training is recognized as one of the greatest developers of mentality.

You can accomplish all this in your spare time, and you can pay for your training in law in small monthly sums.

Our graduates are recognized as among the best trained men in the profession. They pass bar examinations with unusually high standing. Why should not you also be a law trained man? Why not get this university training by mail?

The opportunities are open for you as they have been for others who have studied the LaSalle University Law Course by mail and reached success through this training. At least write for the information we will send. Then make your decision. Mail the coupon today.

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Please send your two books, "Evidence" and "Ten Years' Promotion in One," also information on your university training in Law and your Consulting Service free to LaSalle students. This without obligation to me.

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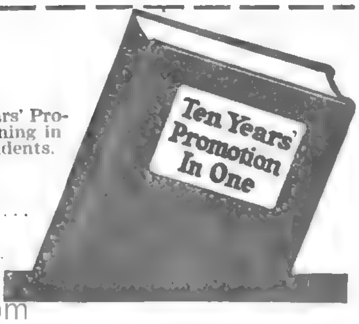

Ten Years' Promotion In One

FOOD FOR DRINK

(*Continued from page 150*)

the population from beer to spirits, there would have to be a corresponding restriction upon placing spirits on the market. But in July, the output of light beer was increased for the summer quarter by one-third. The consumption of beer is far greater in the summer; and also there has been a shortage in certain large centers of population and in the harvest counties. There was sufficient malt for the extra barrelage and no more grain was required, but extra sugar had to be used. The supply of sugar to brewers, however, was not increased. Without this concession, the serious unrest of the workmen would have meant loss of time and work, and would have interfered particularly with the output of munitions.

The British workmen were a mournful lot on that day when bitter ale went up to twenty cents a pint and mild ale to fourteen. This scene has been described to me. There is a certain little pub, not far from a munitions factory, much favored of the more steady-going workers because of the respect which the barmaid (and real owner) displays for the opinions and appearance of her customers. Not in her pub is a man begged not to look in the mirror because the lady is particular about having her glass smashed. None of her customers is ever asked when Sir Douglas Haig is going to pick on him in a hunt for slackers. So the pub thrives.

At noon on the fateful day a group of reg'lars filed in, leaned against the dark bar, and gave their reduced orders, —"half a pint o' mild." They carried the priceless fluid to a table and surveyed it gloomily.

"It's shrinking before my heyes," said the oldest; "the air is a-taking of it off."

"Before I went to the war," said a returned soldier, now too disabled to be anything but a yard inspector, "there used to be a drink called dog's nose. Some of you may remember it; made of old ale it was, made hot, with a dash of gin, and a bit of sugar and cinnamon."

"It's gone," said a third man; "gone, like fighting in the open. But there's worse than that. You look at me. I am too old to go to the front, but I've given my best work to the country, and will. But for all I know, the day may come when, after forty years of beer, I'll have to turn my mind to cocoa. Mark my words: they never 'ad a revolution in Russia till they shut off vodka."

"Just drink it slow," advised an optimist, "and pretend to yourself you've 'ad a full pint. 'Magination 'elps."

The door was flung wide, and a man entered with slow, important step—a piece-worker and pace-maker. He strode up to the bar.

"Pint o' bitters," he called, "and look sharp, please. I want to drink two of them if I've time."

The group about the table gazed at him with marked distaste.

"Pawned the sofa, 'e 'as," said the cocoa-drinker, bitterly.

"Married a young gal making thirty-five shillings," sneered another.

"Done in some pore soldier and got his purse," said the ex-soldier.

"Now then, look sharp, will you?" urged the plutocrat.

The barmaid bristled; people ought not to show off and brag to the extent of two pints, not in these times. She won forever the hearts of those at the table by saying ponderously:

"Take your time, young fellow, my lad. Before I serve you this drink in these times I'll thank you to show the color of your money."

She took the coins he gave her, rang them each carefully and repeatedly, and then she said,

"All right; 'alf a pint'll do you. It's closing-time in three minutes by my clock."

THOUGH the law has been passed which means the first step in the handling of our liquor problem, yet the real solution will come slowly. The brewers of the United States have sent to the Senate Committee on agriculture a very skilful statement in which they assert that "the amount of grain used in beer and the land area upon which it is grown is too small to be a factor in the food conservation program of the country." They show a diagram to prove how little area, relatively, of the cereal production is used in brewing. They show how much revenue brewing will give the Federal government. They state that the consumer of beer receives food value in his beer which, if he did not drink, he would have to replace with other food.

To all this the liquor restrictionists reply that, as to revenue, necessary money could be raised by other taxes than liquor taxes; that the food value of beer is most piteously disproportionate to the food value of the foodstuffs which produce it, and that, regarded humanly, the brewers are using too much land for liquor when, for lack of the food this land produces, people are going to be undernourished, people whom we shall need if we are going to win this war. If we drink whisky we can not give them the rye and corn from which it is made; if we drink beer, we can not give them the barley and sugar from which it is made.

Such restrictionists have their eyes also on labor. They tell us that every man who works on the land to produce drink instead of bread is a loss in winning the war; and worse, he may mean a dead soldier.

The men who mine the coal that is used for drink-making, the men who manufacture it in the breweries and distilleries, the men who drive it away in vans, the conductors and firemen and engineers and brakemen who transport it on trains, the men who sell it —they are all losses.

For, the restrictionists say, if they were not doing that, they could replace the workmen going to France, and they could go in the shipyards and build the ships needed to carry the food overseas. Even when the women come forward to release men, or themselves work in shipyards and other man-places, there won't be enough labor to build all the needed ships—certainly not enough to spare any for the unnecessary making and distribution of drink.

Perhaps the whole matter will have to be put on practical grounds—particularly in the light of what has happened in England this last summer in regard to the working man, his beer, and the Board of Liquor Control.

The bed-rock situation may be this: one of the frailties of human nature is its fashion of clinging to its habits; many of the workmen upon whom we shall have to depend for our war-work so crave their drink that they may be disastrously rebellious if they are not allowed to have a certain amount of it; therefore, it may be expedient (inhuman but expedient) to let part of the world go hungry in order to prevent possible strikes and malingering and other troubles.

WHAT we have to do first, in order to set all our faculties in wise order for judgment, is to set our imagination working on our main task—feeding our allies and ourselves.

We are the Atlas of the World. Figure our own soldiers, perhaps a million of them; figure the hundreds of thousands of transport workers, mechanics, and service men in general who will also go to France. Figure the millions of civilians over there hoping to sit down to three, or at least two, meals a day—we setting the table. And think of our millions at home who will cerainly expect three meals.

Remember that the more soldiers of our allies we feed, the more of our men we shall keep alive. Then we shall be in a position to decide how much of our food we shall translate into drink.

We shall arrive, but slowly, and in accordance with that seemingly inevitable law that decrees waste with every effort, however worthy.

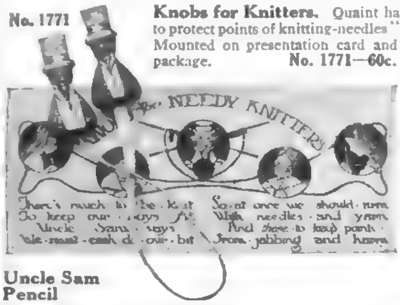
SELECT CHEERFUL CHRISTMAS REMEMBRANCES *from*

1000 Unique, thoughtful and distinctive Gifts Described and illustrated in our great 1917 Gift Book—a collection of practical suggestions which carry a message of thoughtful giving, of dainty simplicity and of beauty with usefulness. - Published by Pohlson

Increase the joy and add to the good cheer of this Christmas by giving things that are "different." We originate, and specialize in, thoughtful, personal and friendly little gifts—charming, out-of-the-ordinary things that cause pleasant thrills on Christmas day.

Discriminating Specialty Shops and Gift Departments everywhere are now showing our new ideas for the holidays. Just look for the Pohlson things.

No. 1771



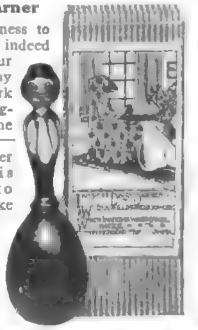
Knobs for Knitters. Quaint handpainted knobs to protect points of knitting-needles "between times." Mounted on presentation card and enclosed in gift package. **No. 1771—60c.** 2 packages, **$1.**

No. 1024

Little Miss Priscilla

Charming little messenger of good-will who brings ten yards of lingerie ribbon, blue, pink or white, with a bodkin ready for running. **No. 1024—35c.**

Daisy Darner



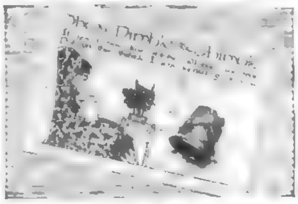
with willingness to work, which indeed is worth your notice. Daisy will not shirk at mending-time, that's the party for her—dressed in her best she is anxious to come and make a visit. **No. 1626—75c.**

A Quaint Tea-Caddy

A charming remembrance for one who appreciates fine Orange Pekoe Tea. 3½ inches high; airtight; lacquered metal in a Pohlson box rich in Oriental appeal. **No. 1734—75c.**

Thread-Cutting Thimble

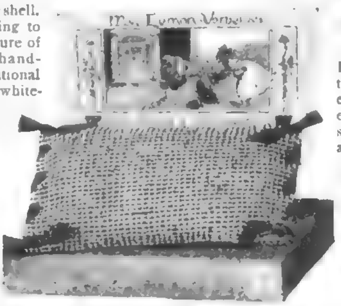
In a pretty gift package comes this time-saving thimble for a friend who likes to sew. The cutting device is on the outside—never in the way and always ready to help. Complete with gift card and verse. **No. 1827—35c.**



Uncle Sam Pencil

made from U. S. cartridge shell. Loop on end for attaching to chain. Stands inside figure of Uncle Sam handpainted in national colors. In red-white-and-blue gift box. **No. 1770—75c.**

No. 1770



"My Lemon Verbena." Beautiful craftwoven package, redolent of old-fashioned gardens. Made of green silk, color of the plant itself. **No. 533 50c.**

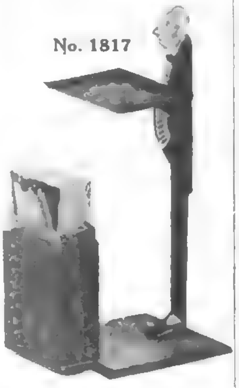
"Twistem, the Reamer"

Enough good cannot be said for this convenient pipe reamer, cleaner, bottle opener, screw-driver, etc. Every man will claim ownership. So please send "Twistem" along. **No. 1847—25c.**

Fairy Fuel. Sprinkle small quantity on the open fire and enjoy all the brilliant variations of color that make a fire of driftwood so full of charm. **No. 1487—40c.**

No. 1487

No. 1817



Match-Stand

"I am Perkins, the Waiter. I furnish 'lights' for smokers, and my pay is usually a burnt match I am 5½ inches tall, and made of wrought iron." **No. 1817—$1.25.**

Southern Dainties

for the one away from home, the convalescent or any friend whose palate appreciates tasty delicacies. Kumquat, Guava and Scuppernong Jelly, Orange and Pineapple Preserve and Grapefruit Marmalade. Airtight, unbreakable cups of the Southland's sweetmeats in a green, wooden box with presentation design and verse. **No. 1669 $2.**

SOUTHLAND GARLAND

1504

"Tea Infuser"

A perforated spoon with a locking cover. Silver plated. Practical. **No. 1504—60c.**

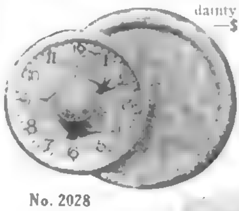
No. 1493

BUBBLE PARTY
We have our fun
Without any fuss

O-oh! Bubbles. Double-stemmed "Wonder Bubbler" produces 15 distinct bubble combinations. Substantially constructed. Will be enjoyed by the children for years. Gift package includes cake of Fairy soap and gay card. **No. 1493—35c.** (3 packages for **$1.**)

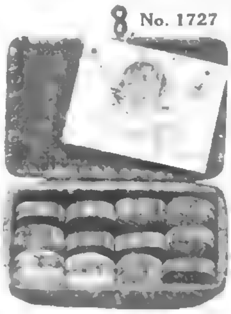
When to Take Your Medicine

This white Tray and Cover for the medicine glass keep out dust and germs, and are invaluable as time checkers when the prescription calls for frequent, regular attention. Comes in dainty box. **No. 2028—$1.**



No. 2028

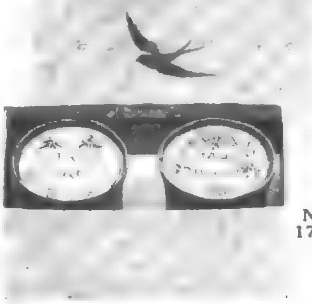
No. 1727



For a Little Girl

Lovely sewing-basket with assortment of twelve gilt-sealed balls of sewing-silk in shades and tints dearest to childhood. Complete with dainty presentation card. **No. 1727—only 30c. 2 for 50c.**

Bluebird Package. To cheer the soldier and satisfy his natural craving for sweets, or to delight any friend who appreciates rare "goodies." Unbreakable sealed jars of bitter-sweet Kumquat Jelly and delicious Citrus Jam. In white box with bluebird cover and dainty card. **No. 1753 60c.** 2 packages, **$1.**

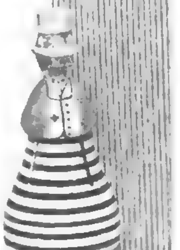


No. 1753

These Accurate Measures are Surely Treasures

The housewife who relies upon these measuring spoons will improve her cooking amazingly. All beginners should use them. "Ringed" and done up in Pohlson style they become a gift sure of appreciation. **No. 1500.** Complete, postpaid, **50c.**

No. 1500



No. 1803

Uncle Sam Bank

Let Uncle Sam stand guard over your small coins. He's ready and willing to take them all, and the more you give him the richer you'll be. Made of wood brilliantly decorated. 5 inches high **No. 1803—50c.**

"Cap and Shoe"

For the convalescent's room or outdoors, this glass-cover and tray of Japanese handicraft will be welcomed heartily. **No. 1214 50c.**

No. 1214

Tasteful cards, rhymes of cheerful sentiment and a "doing up" that lends the final touch, all combine to make each gift complete and personal.

ASK YOUR DEALER OR WRITE US

If you wish to shop by mail, we shall be delighted to meet your requirements. Our new 72-page illustrated catalogue will be sent free with any of the gifts shown above, or on receipt of 6c. in stamps.

POHLSON GIFT SHOPS - Safe Deposit Building - PAWTUCKET, R. I.

THE WHITE ARC

(Continued from page 15)

member of the family doing something entirely within his rights. What would all those big terrible Corbetts think of her—self-confessed little prowler that she would have to be—for breaking into everybody's much-needed sleep, as a result of a scare she had got in her meddling?

No, she could not call anybody until she had first made sure that the person in the library was really a burglar. He was doing something in there again. She heard a distinct creak.

Then a feasible plan occurred to her. The room they had put her in was on the second floor. It was not one of the regular guest-rooms, but a makeshift affair, very incompletely cleared out as to closets, bureau-drawers, and so on, to make room for her things. In the bottom drawer of a chest in a closet, she had found, during her first day's unpacking, an old-fashioned army revolver; had broken it open, automatically, noted that it was loaded, closed the breech again and put it back without thinking much about it, except that the sight of it had given her a momentary pang of homesickness.

NOW, however, the recollection of it afforded the solution for her problem. It would be silly, of course, to walk right in upon a burglar, as she was. But armed with a weapon she was fairly skilful in the use of, she could go into that library and make sure whether the person in there was a burglar or not. If he was, she would go and call somebody. She had no notion of trying to capture him herself. The revolver was merely precautionary.

With the maximum of speed consistent with silence, she flew up to her room, armed herself, and then came down again, not frightened at all, and fortified by the confidence that she was doing the right thing.

There was a bright light burning in the library now, which simplified the situation still further. One glance would tell her whether he was some one who had a right to be there or not. The fact that he had turned on the light made it seem a little more likely.

She had supposed that the safe was down at the far end of the room, behind an oak door which looked as if it opened into an ordinary cupboard. And it was there, as she stole up to the doorway, that her gaze went first. The cupboard door stood open, but it was a cupboard door. There was no safe behind it. The same glance told her that a window down at that end of the room was open, too.

She took one step into the room. A board creaked, and a man in the near corner of the room sprang up and faced her.

"Stand perfectly still," she said, and brought the revolver around in front of her.

He was a burglar fast enough, although he did not look like those of her dreams. He was thin, and shabby. He wore a derby hat, and his mouth was shaded by a drooping, rather scraggy mustache.

His eyes told her that he did not mean to obey her injunction to stand still, and she fired the revolver just as he was getting set for a jump.

"Never point a revolver at a man's head," her father had instructed her once, "unless you are really willing to kill him. It's much better to fire it at his feet. That will convince almost anybody that you mean business, and without fatal results."

Jean had obeyed instructions. "If you start to move again," she said very steadily and distinctly, "I'll shoot at your legs."

But she was not obliged to carry out the threat. The one shot she fired had served the double purpose of convincing the burglar that she meant business and—no wonder, for it made a noise like a cannon—of rousing the house.

Carter was the first one down. He too had been lying awake, it seemed, (the provocative indifference of one of the bridesmaids was responsible for this) and he undoubtedly broke all previous records for speed from the third story of that house to the first. He hadn't stopped for bath-robe or slippers and, arriving barefooted and in pajamas, ready for any dangerous deed that might be demanded of him, he couldn't be blamed for feeling, after the first astonishment, both scandalized and aggrieved that the little playmate his mother had picked out for him had beaten him to it like that. He made handsome amends afterward, to be sure; complimented her pluck the next day, in terms that would have turned any Yale under-classman into an insufferable monument of pride.

To his first, rather inarticulate inquiry, she had said simply that it was a burglar. "I had to fire," she explained, "because he wouldn't stand still," and she continued to hold the gun pointed steadily at the man's legs.

Before he could think of anything to do but stare at the litter of burglarious tools about the safe-door, at the man himself, and the small hole in the floor at his feet, Hugh came in and embittered his brother still further by doing instantly, and without a word, the right thing. He slipped a supporting arm around the girl, and took the revolver away from her with his other hand without deflecting it from the quarry.

"All right?" he asked her. "You did a good job. Now go out to mother. She's on her way down-stairs." Then to Carter, "Go and tell everybody it's all right. Nothing's happened. And tell Greg and Bob to come down here. Keep the rest away if you can."

But these instructions came too late. There were between thirty and forty people in that house, and while not many of them had actually heard the shot fired, they were all roused within a minute or two by the collateral noises—slamming of doors, scurry of feet, questions and answers in suppressed but penetrating voices—to an awareness that something in need of investigation had happened. And they came trooping down to investigate.

Jean, beginning to tell her story to Mrs. Corbett (she had on again that astounding dressing-gown of red and yellow tulips) could not complete her recital at all. She was always having to go back to the beginning to answer the feverish question of some new arrival.

It was all chaos for a while, and rendered the more distracting by an insistent ringing of bells, which was found on investigation to be the night-watchman in the yard trying vainly at one door after another to get in.

But presently, out of the babble, the crowding up for a look, the panic-struck disappearance of persons who realized some fundamental lack in their attire, there emerged a sort of common sense of a *contretemps*. It came over Jean when she heard Anne wail:

"Oh, why did they have to catch him? It makes just one more disgusting chance for the newspapers."

With the crystallization of this idea—that here was a situation for tact, reticence, polite ignorance, if necessary the stout assertion that nothing had happened at all—there came a swift dispersal of guests and a peremptory dismissal of servants to their own quarters.

Jean, feeling by now terribly guilty, lingered a while to learn whether her testimony was going to be wanted. But, finding it was not, she presently stole away after the others.

Only, it was characteristic of her that she managed to slip into the billiard-room first and recover her treasured place-card from between the cushions of the settee.

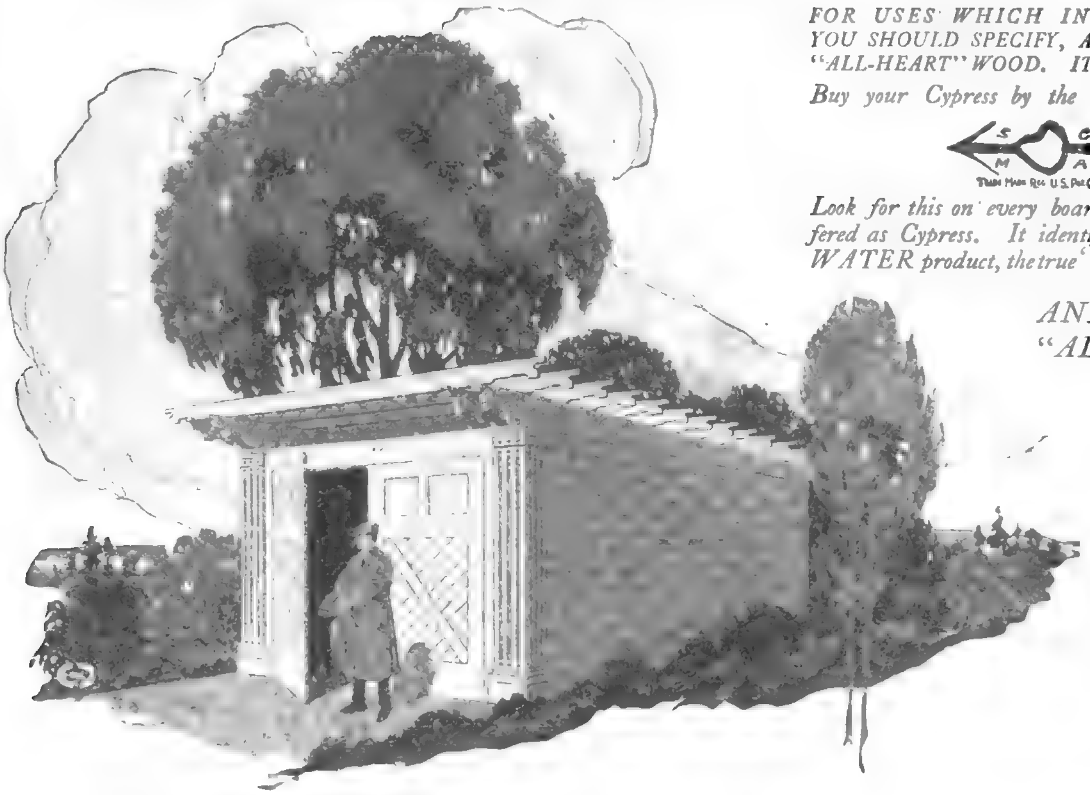
CHAPTER TWO

The Corbett Family in Council

WHEN the first confusion had subsided and guests and servants had gone back to bed, the family settled down, in the billiard-room, to wrestle with the situation. They were not all there. Hugh was still guarding the

(Continued on page 156)

NEW ONE



FOR USES WHICH INVITE DECAY YOU SHOULD SPECIFY, AND INSIST ON, "ALL-HEART" WOOD. IT WILL PAY YOU.

Buy your Cypress by the ***Cypress Arrow.***

S C M A

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Office

Look for this on every board or bundle offered as Cypress. It identifies the TIDE-WATER product, the true "Wood Eternal."

AND SPECIFY "ALL-HEART"

The Cypress "Pergola-Garage"

Why should a garage be homely? This one isn't. (Is it?)

The man in front is the owner. He looks well satisfied with the fact that he has enhanced the beauty of his grounds at the same time that he has protected his car.

The picture shows how *your* garage may look if you will allow us to send you, with our compliments, and with no obligation at all, the

Complete Working Drawings (on sheet 24 x 36 inches)

including full specifications—enough for any good carpenter to build from. Perhaps you enjoy such work yourself. If so, you can't go wrong.

It might even be possible to remodel your present garage on these lines. If you do so, of course you will know what kind of lumber to buy. "If you build of Cypress you build but once.' You know "the Wood Eternal" is the champion pergola lumber—does not tend to shrink, swell or warp like so many woods—takes paint and stain beautifully, but *does not need either*, except for looks—lasts and lasts and lasts and lasts without them. (See U. S. Govt. Rept., reprinted in full in Vol. 1, Cypress Pocket Library. Just mention that you'd like this book, also.)

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THE WHITE ARC

(*Continued from page 154*)

burglar over in the library across the hall. Constance had made only a momentary appearance and then gone back to bed. Grandfather—luckily, they all agreed—had evidently slept right through the whole row. Because, if he had come down, as he would surely have done had he known that anything was going on, he would have settled what was to be done in one breath; only, not necessarily to any one's satisfaction but his own, and certainly not to every one's.

Will you stop just a moment for a look at them at the end of a half-hour's dispute?

Robert Corbett, Senior, stands before the empty fireplace, his elbow on the mantel-shelf. He would pass for a big man almost anywhere save at his own hearth; here, with his family around him, his bare six feet of height conveys almost the contrary impression. He looks now, as always, exactly as a man of his age, social position, and financial importance, ought to look. He wears a long dressing-gown of a severely neutral brown-gray. He has on socks as well as slippers; and if he did not stop to brush his thick, close-trimmed gray hair before he came down stairs, then it is because his slumbers had not disarranged it. He wears eyeglasses and a mustache. Conventionally he is handsomer than any of his boys, excepting, perhaps, Carter. In a word, his appearance as definitely soothes the eye as his wife's outrages it.

You have already seen her, as Jean did on an earlier occasion, and she looks now much as she did then. She sits very square at one end of the big settee. She is smoking one of Robert, Junior's, cigarets and grimacing over it because it is not the kind she likes. Robert's cigarets, it may be noted, have his own monogram on them and cost him thirty dollars a thousand. His mother's are the sort you get twenty of for a dime, and the red label on the package has the picture of a ball-player on it.

Gregory is at the other end of the settee in an attitude that duplicates his mother's—arms folded, legs crossed, shoulders back, and head bent slightly forward. His jaws are clamped hard on the short stem of a pipe, his lips parted just enough to permit a thin ribbon of smoke to float out and up into his nostrils again whenever he breathes in.

Robert, Junior, in giddily striped blue-and-orange pajamas, half sits upon the rail of the billiard-table, one shin in the embrace of both arms, his other foot on the floor, absently watching Carter, who incessantly spins a cue-ball, with varying amounts of English and at different angles, about the cushions.

Anne, looking almost petite from the scale established by the others, outraged, determined, upon the brink of tears, rather indecent in her disregarded dressing-gown, and extravagantly pretty, has flung herself with abandon into a big arm-chair. In her, the contest between the sandy, sanguine color of the Corbetts and her mother's black and white, has effected the highly felicitous compromise of auburn hair and a milk-white skin. It's a pity that she can't be painted exactly as she sits, though such a portrait would not be one that her decorous husband-to-be would care to hang upon his ancestral walls.

"Well," she said with self-contradictory emphasis, "I don't care *what* you do." She sprang to her feet and with a flash of tragic dignity, drew her forgotten gown around her and turned upon her father. "Only it really seems, when you think of the perfectly horrid provincial way the papers are acting about my wedding—and it really is mine, I suppose—the silly, impertinent things they've said about Douglas and his friends and the vulgar things they've made up about the presents and everything, it really does seem that we might draw the line at a burglar. It's bad enough, what the Duncans will think already. But if this comes out, they'll think they're in a mining town. I don't care what you do with him," she summarized with a nod in the direction of the library, "only I won't have anything done that the reporters will find out."

IT WAS evident that her father was inclined to agree with her. The notion of what the head-lines across the vari-colored pages of the afternoon papers would be like, if the story got out, was as intolerable to his contemplation as it was to hers.

He started to speak but was interrupted by a sepulchral whisper of his wife's. "Wall him up in the cellar. There you are!" And she grinned.

"There's no use trying to do the thing half-way," Robert said, ignoring, as the rest of them did, his mother's medieval suggestion. "Invite him to the front door and kick him down the steps. Give his bag of tools to Carter here, for a souvenir, and forget about him. I'm for that, on the whole."

Carter brightened up at that, and stopped playing with his billiard ball long enough to cast his affirmative vote with a nod.

Anne, scenting victory, went over appealingly to her father and slid her arm around him.

"You're for it, too, aren't you, dad?" she asked.

"I can't see," he said (this negative way of putting it was characteristic of him), "that we're under any obligation to subject ourselves to any more publicity. It *is* odious; Anne's right about that. And, as Robert says, half-way measures will only make it worse. I don't know but his suggestion is the best we have had."

It was a clear majority for Anne, if one counted heads. But the Corbett family was not a democracy. The two who had not yet spoken, could outvote the other four.

Gregory said: "We're not criminals. And what you're talking about doing's a crime. The man's an expert housebreaker. We don't know that he hasn't robbed other houses to-night, or that he wouldn't go from here, if we turned him loose, and do another job down the street, before breakfast. And if he did, it would be our crime almost as much as his. I'm sorry he didn't get away from Jean, even if it had meant his cleaning out the safe. But now that we've got him . . ."

In despair, Anne attempted casuistry. "Why, he isn't a burglar at all," she said. "He didn't *get* anything, did he? I don't believe we've any *right* to keep him."

GREGORY grinned and went on. "But, having got him, there's nothing for it but to see it through."

Mrs. Corbett yawned, stretched, and began to get ready to get up. "Oh, it's all a tempest in a teapot," she said. "The papers have always gone on about us and they always will. And if you don't like it, you'd better learn to, as your grandfather used to be told about eating with a fork. I do for a fact. They're amusing little beggars, reporters—as long as you don't read what they say. Anyhow, Gregory's right, unless you want to do as I said—wall him up in one of the chimneys."

Her grim good-humor suddenly gave way at sight of her daughter's gesture of despair: "Come, Anne, don't be a fool. Your Duncans won't die of it."

The next moment, looking not at her daughter, but to the doorway beyond her, she boomed out, "What the devil . . . !" And, as they all followed her gaze, Hugh walked into the room and dropped down on the settee between her and Gregory.

They all, in a variety of phrases, demanded to be told what had become of the burglar.

"Asleep," said Hugh.

"Well," Robert, Junior, observed, tentatively straightening out his bent leg, "that settles the argument. He'll have gone by now. Did he really put it over on you? Or did you wink the other eye?"

"Not a bit of either," said Hugh shortly. "He's really asleep. If you'll

(*Continued on page 158*)

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THE WHITE ARC

(*Continued from page 156*)

keep still a minute, you can hear him snore."

"How did you do it?" Carter wanted to know after an instant of confirmatory silence. "Hit him?"

"The effect of food, I guess," said Hugh. "He was all in."

"Food!" his mother echoed. "What did you feed him for?"

"Why, I felt hungry myself," Hugh explained, "so I flagged Price going by and told him to bring up some sandwiches and beer. I saw the poor devil looking at them like a wolf, so naturally I asked him if he was hungry. He was, all right. He ate all the sandwiches except the one I'd begun on, and I sent Price after more beer. We chinned a while and he went off to sleep."

"He told you the story of his life, I suppose," Gregory put in. "All about how it wasn't his fault and all he needed was a chance—the regular hard-luck tale."

HUGH nodded. "Yes, he told me. Naturally, since I'd asked him. One of the points of the hard-luck tale is that he worked for us—tool-maker; quit about a year ago because his wages were garnisheed."

There was another silence at that. Anne, with a gleam of hope, turned again to her father.

"Why, really," he said, "I'm not sure that these circumstances don't put a new face upon the matter. If the man was desperate—starving—an old employee—and a first offense. . . ."

"Oh, come, father," Gregory expostulated, "There's his kit. The fact that he was working on the safe . . ."

"Yes," said Robert, going over to the enemy, "they make hash of that theory."

"He's an expert burglar," Hugh testified. "He takes a sort of pride in it. Says he learnt the trade under one of the most expert men in the country—a chap who's doing fourteen years in Auburn now for a bank job." He paused a moment. Then, "Do you care for the rest of the story?" he asked.

The inflecton of his voice was casual enough, and on the question he lounged to his feet and reached for one of Robert's cigarets. But his mother, looking up sharply at him, noticed that he did not light it nor sit down again beside her. He began telling the story stiffly, as if by rote.

"He was sent to the house of correction when he was sixteen. Rightly enough, he admits. He'd been running with a gang who were breaking into freight-cars. When he came out, he hadn't any idea but to be a regular criminal. Through one of the friends he had made there, he got acquainted with this expert safe-cracker; worked with him for three or four years. And then they both got caught. He drew a fairly light sentence because he looked like a kid.

"He'd already made up his mind to quit—was doing his last job, he says, when they caught him—on account of a girl he'd fallen in love with. She stuck, and when he came out she married him. He says he's run straight ever since, till to-night. They've got three children. Got on well—happily, anyhow—for several years. And then his wife got sick; the doctors bled them dry and at last she went to the hospital, was there six months. Had to have a couple of operations. He got an infected hand and couldn't work. Things began happening to the children. He had to go to the loan-sharks. . . . That finished him, of course.

"It was the stuff in the papers about this wedding that finally got him. And he figured there was a chance for a really big haul with all the jewelry there must be, so he had a shot at it. That's the story."

THE timbre in his voice which had caught his mother's ear at the beginning of the recital had its effect on them all before he finished. Half-way through, Carter had stopped spinning his billiard ball, and at the end he won an instant of clear silence. Anne came over beside him, honestly a little moved by the story, though at the same time, of course, glad to be. She picked up his hand and laid her cheek against it.

"That's shocking!" his father said.

"Oh, it's a good story," Gregory admitted, "if it's true."

"A bit too good to be true, I'd say," Bob put in.

Hugh took his hand away from his sister and straightened a little. "It will be easy to find out if it's true," he said shortly.

"It makes mighty little odds whether it's true or not, according to my way of thinking," his mother said. "This sentimental nonsense makes me sick." One might have hazarded the guess that the purpose of her words was deliberately provocative. "I've got a good strong stomach, but it turns over when I hear people whimpering that they'd have been good if they'd had a chance. Nobody who was any good ever turned housebreaker. If that man in there had the gumption to say 'All right. I'll take my medicine. I'm responsible and nobody else is,' I'd feel like going in and shaking hands with him."

"If he said that, he'd be a liar," said Hugh. "We're responsible—if you want it straight."

That drew an exclamation of protest from everybody, except his mother to whom it was addressed. She leaned back again, crossed her legs the other way, and grinned.

"Of course we are," he went on. "If there was a spark of decent humanity about our place out there, it wouldn't have happened."

"Well that turns *my* stomach," said Gregory. He got up and marched over to the station at the fireplace his father had abandoned. "I'm an inhuman monster, am I, because a tool-maker's wife gets something the matter with her and has to go to the hospital?"

"I didn't say *you*. I said *we*," Hugh retorted, "meaning the whole organization of the plant. Down at Panama, which is the only place where a big industrial job has ever been done right, they'd have taken his wife to the hospital, and the operations and the nursing wouldn't have cost him a cent. But of course what I meant was that in the whole situation, we'd have stepped in somewhere. If we had sick and accident insurance, and a medical inspection of the plant itself, we'd have caught his infected hand. And if we had some sort of an emergency loan fund, we'd have saved him from the sharks. We wouldn't let a valuable piece of machinery out there start a bolt or two and go on and thrash itself to junk before we did anything. That's what we let him do."

"Does anybody know what time it is?" Robert, Junior, wanted to know. He lounged over to the windows and ran up the blinds. It was full day out-of-doors. "If we could get the practical details arranged first," he continued, through a yawn, "then anybody that liked could stay and hear Hugh discuss sociology."

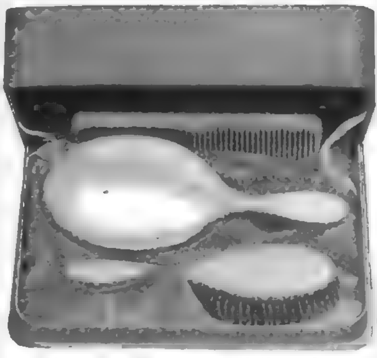
"There's nothing to discuss," said Hugh. "And the practical details are arranged. I fixed it all up with him before he went to sleep. As soon as it gets late enough—seven o'clock or so—I'm going out with him and check up on his story; talk to his wife; talk to the parish priest out there; go over to the plant and see the superintendent. If his story's true, I promised him we'd see him through. He dropped off like a tired kid when I told him that."

"Just what do you mean by seeing him through?" Gregory wanted to know.

Hugh admitted that he hadn't worked out all the details. He supposed he'd have to go round to police headquarters to find out if he was wanted for anything else, and then to some judge and get him paroled. "Of course, to one of us," he concluded.

Anne's wail, "Then it *will* get into the papers after all," was the prelude to a confusion that there is no use attempting to chronicle. Hugh's plan

(*Continued on page 160*)



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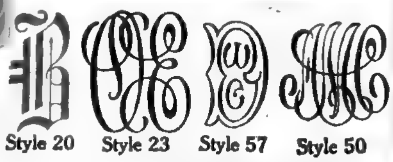

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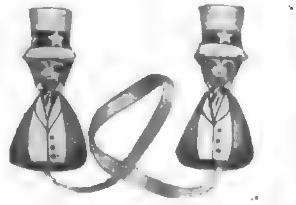

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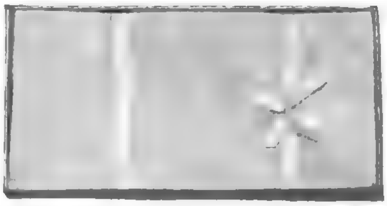

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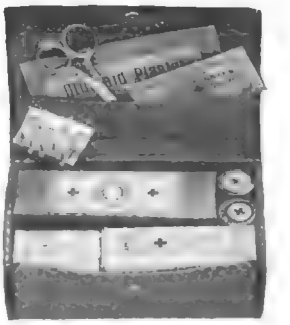

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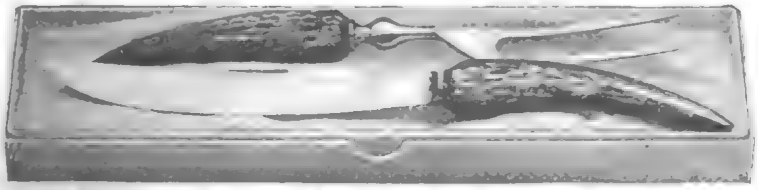

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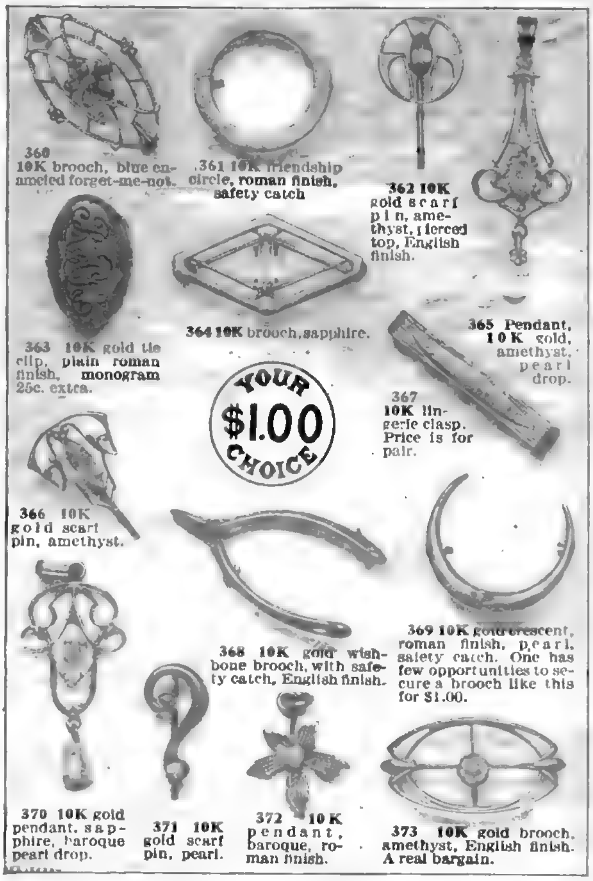

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THE WHITE ARC

(*Continued from page 158*)

of action, combining, as it did, all the objections to all the plans that had hitherto been suggested, united the two camps and they all tried to attack him at once.

But it would have taken a more genuine unanimity than they had, to effect anything with Hugh in his present mood. He had taken, as he did sometimes, the bit in his teeth, and they came, one after another, to realize this.

"I'll try not to mess up Anne's wedding," he said at last, "at least not to the extent of making it illegal. But for the rest of it, I don't give a damn. I've told that chap in there what I'd do, and I'm going to do it. So I don't see that there's anything more to be said. I'll take the whole thing up with grandfather, of course, later in the day."

One by one the others gave him up and drifted back to bed, leaving Hugh to keep a guard—which he felt pretty sure was superfluous—over the prisoner. The last one to go was his father, who plainly had lingered for a word alone with him.

"I must admit," Robert, Senior, said, "that your criticism of our organization there at the plant is, in the main, just. It's a thing I've felt and wanted to see corrected for many years. But I've never been able to induce your grandfather even to consider it seriously. Some day, of course, it will not be so impossible. I'm—I'm really very glad to know that you feel as you do about it." And then, "Get back for Anne's rehearsal at the church, if you can, my boy. And if it's possible to avoid the reporters . . ."

CHAPTER THREE

The Head of the House of Corbett

IT WAS at breakfast, the morning after the burglary, that the old gentleman learned of it from Hannah. He had something on his mind to talk to Gregory about and at the end of ten minutes, his grandson not having appeared, he expressed himself vigorously about the deficiencies of the younger generation in general and his grandsons in particular. When he was young Gregory's age, he had done, by this time in the morning, what would pass in these degenerate times for a day's work. And if he at eighty-one could sit down to breakfast at a quarter-past seven, he'd like to be told why his grandson couldn't.

Hannah told him. If Gregory went to bed at half-past nine, no matter what was going on in the house, no matter if he had a granddaughter getting married, he'd no doubt come down to breakfast as promptly as anybody.

The old gentleman had forgotten all about Anne's wedding for the moment. It had a way of slipping out of his mind. And to cover the slip, which he wouldn't have acknowledged under any compulsion, he grunted skeptically.

Hannah went on. "And if he slept right through after he'd gone to bed, no matter how many burglars broke into the house. . . ."

"Burglars!" the old man shouted.

And Hannah, who knew quite well that it was by a mere oversight she had not been instructed not to tell the old gentleman about the burglar, confided to him with gusto some of the more melodramatic features of the affair.

The result was that when young Gregory came down, not more than twenty minutes late after all, he stepped into a hornets' nest.

The old gentleman's fury was not quite real. He enjoyed it, indulged it, played it up, just as a young girl will indulge and get a transitory satisfaction from a burst of tears. The fact was that, though it sounds a ridiculous adjective to apply to him, old grandfather Corbett was growing frivolous. The enormous energy that had driven him for seventy of his years was pretty well spent. All it gave forth now was an occasional flare in place of the unremitting incandescent glow. But his canny Scotch shrewdness was unimpaired, and in default of great objects which asked for a steady driving power he no longer possessed, this shrewdness concerned itself largely with trifles. He was spoiled, of course, by every one—but Hannah. Any old, rich, successful person is bound to be. And in addition to those three qualities, grandfather Corbett had charm; though there again is a term one would not at first think of applying to him. He had never during his active life consciously enjoyed the exercise of power for its own sake. But now that his responsibilities were shifted to other backs, he reveled in it; indulged in caprices like—once more—a popular débutante.

His last portrait, painted by Burton in nineteen-ten—just a year before Anne's wedding, that was—shows this very plainly. It is a three-quarters length, seated portrait, and it makes the most, of course, of the huge mass of the body, the thick round shoulders, the great bald dome of a head, and the jutting brows. But the eyes are simply those of a bad little boy and there is a quirk of pure mischief in the corner of the mouth.

Hannah, as I said, never spoiled him. And when she rebuked him, as she had done this morning, he nearly always passed it on to somebody else. The disposal of the burglar without consulting him gave him more of an excuse than he needed for jumping into Gregory.

A burglar—this was the line he took—was his own affair. It was upon his personal property that the assault had been made, and it had been a piece of damned presumption to let him sleep through.

Gregory was pretty sleepy, of course; not at all in the mood for a tussle with the old gentleman. So he passed the responsibility along.

"I hadn't anything to do with it," he said. "Hugh caught him. Or rather, young Jean did, and Hugh took him over. And after the line he took when he came in and told us about it, there was nothing to do—for me, anyway. Father might have interfered, I suppose, but he didn't."

When the old gentleman wanted to know what the line was that Hugh had taken, Gregory turned uncommunicative—or tried to. "I'd rather Hugh told you himself. He said he was going to."

BUT the old man wouldn't let him off. "You disagreed with Hugh then," he said. "Tell me what line *you* took."

Gregory, handicapped as he was by the habit of respect and obedience, was no match at all for his grandfather's skill as a cross-examiner, and before they had finished breakfast, the old gentleman was in possession of all the essential facts, including Hugh's attribution of the moral responsibility for the burglar's lapse to their own "inhuman" organization at the plant. He even quoted, confessing that it had troubled him a little, Hugh's statement that they wouldn't allow a machine, just because it had started a bolt or two, to thrash itself to junk without interfering.

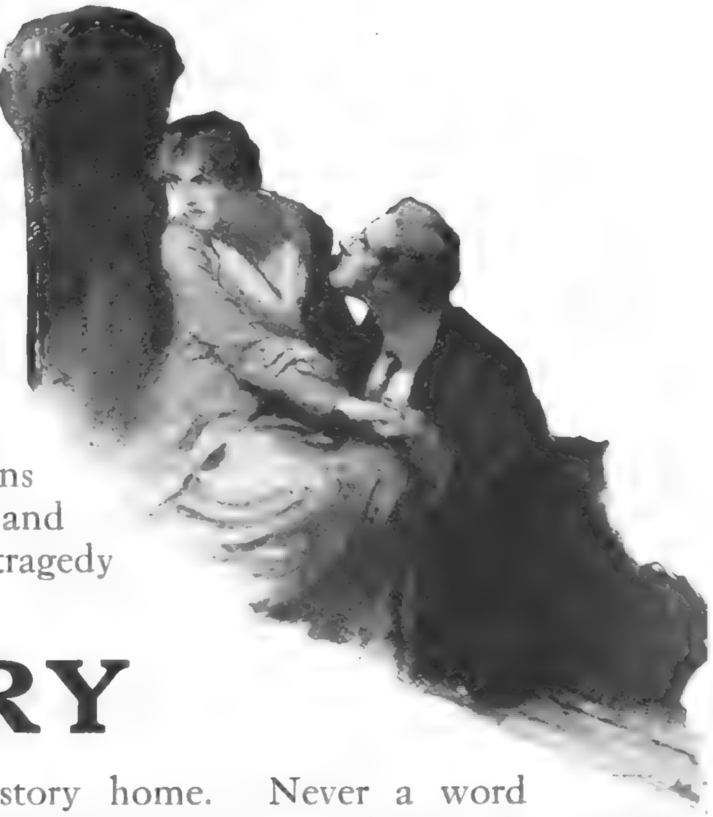
The old man grunted at this. "But if it *is* junk," he said, "we send it to the junk-pile whether it's started a bolt or not. We haven't a human junk-pile. Good thing if we had."

Dwellers in an earthquake country require for their reassurance a succession of small shocks. If more than the normal period goes by without one, they begin to wonder. And as the period protracts itself, this uneasiness approaches dread. And with good reason; because the eventual shock is likely to be disastrous.

The Corbett family had much the same attitude toward the old man. Nobody was very much afraid of him except when he was quiet. So the fact that his grandfather fell silent after that last remark of his about the human junk-pile and allowed Hannah to fuss over him without protest as he made his preparations to leave for the office, worried Gregory a good deal.

(*Continued on page 162*)

She Called Herself Thief and Worse



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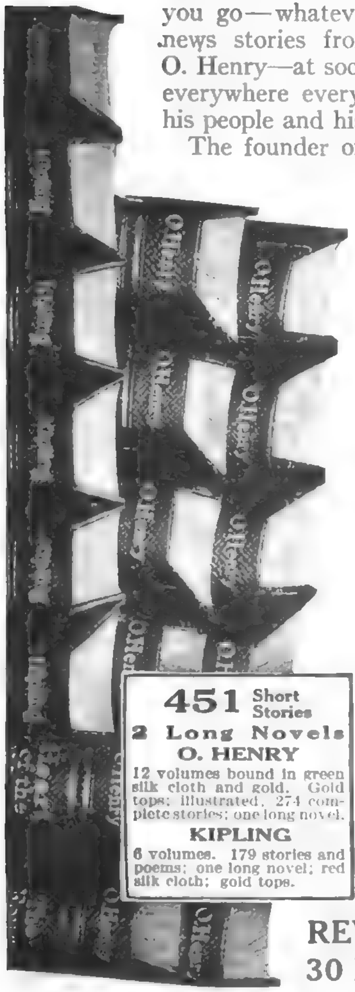

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THE WHITE ARC

(Continued from page 160)

The Corbett works were out at Riverdale, a suburb ten or a dozen miles west of the city, of which more hereafter. Before the days of the automobile, one got out there by train. There was a period of a quarter of a century, I suppose, during which on every week-day, with very rare exceptions, old Gregory Corbett might have been seen driving a team of long-tailed trotters to a side-bar buggy down to the Western Depot in time for the seven-twenty-eight train. He was never so regular about coming back, since a day's work never ended for him until it was done. But black Jim used to drive the team down again to meet the six-fifteen.

Of course he kept no such hours now. But it was still his habit, except in the worst of weather, to drive out with his eldest grandson in the car. His enormous personal mail still went out there (ninety-five per cent. of it, of course, was requests for money for charitable purposes, or other) and this, with the aid of a case-hardened spinster secretary, he disposed of. Then he strolled about the plant for a while and was always made happy if he could find some minute thing to make a perfectly terrific row about. The sight of any litter always infuriated him, and he would often pick it up himself and exhibit it, damningly, to some one he could hold responsible for its being there. Humble employees of old standing sometimes accosted him on these rounds with complaints of injustice; a distinctly sporting proposition this, because though he always exploded, it was impossible to forecast whether the victim would be the appellant or the defendant. In a word, that morning round of his was his own version of Haroun-al-Raschid. He went back home nowadays at noon for the meal he still called dinner—it was dinner, too—and slept for an hour afterward. Then, four days in six, he went out to the plant again and waited for Gregory to come home with him.

On this morning, after the conversation about Hugh's burglar, they drove all the way out to the plant in an almost unbroken silence. Even the ticklish moment caused by another car's cutting across in front of them, failed to evoke the habitual accusation of reckless driving. In the main office, just after their arrival, they encountered a man in the organization whom old Gregory did not like. But his grandson noted that he spoke to him, though absently, with an effort almost at politeness. Really, it was ominous.

Gregory had to come back at eleven o'clock for the church rehearsal of Anne's wedding, and by that time the matter had grown so much more serious that he called Hugh—rid of his burglar, for the time being—aside to talk to him about it.

"I've got you in most horribly wrong with grandfather," he said. "It wouldn't have happened, of course, if I hadn't been grouchy and half asleep. As it was, I spilled the beans." He went on and gave Hugh an account of the conversation at the breakfast table. "It has a rotten look of tale-bearing, I know, and of course that's what it comes to. But I didn't mean it that way."

Hugh made light of it, of course. The notion of suspecting Greg of doing an unsportsmanlike thing was positively grotesque. But Gregory hadn't finished his story.

"You're really in for it," he insisted. "Just before I came back Bailey told me, confidentially, that grandfather sent for him about ten o'clock and asked him how long it would take him to find somebody to replace you at the Youngstown laboratory; told him to look around for somebody."

Hugh gave his brother an incredulous stare at that; then his face darkened. "All right," he said shortly. "If that's the way he feels about it, it's time he *did* get somebody else."

"Oh don't *you* go off at half-cock just because I did," Gregory urged. "It's all my fault. You can see how he feels. That plant's his. He made it, and a crack like the one you made about it last night got him of course. Just the way it got me, only more so. But he won't really do anything. After all, father's president of the company and he wouldn't consent to that any more than I would. Only, you spoke of taking it up with him yourself, this afternoon. Grandfather, I mean. Well, don't, if you want my advice. Give him a chance to cool out. Yourself, too, for that matter. Of course I'm the original idiot, but that's done and can't be helped."

"Oh, I think I'll go to him," Hugh said. "You told him I meant to, didn't you? I'll try not to make him a speech. But don't you worry. It's no fault of yours, whatever happens."

The next instalment of "The White Arc" will appear in the December number.

COMRADES

By ELIAS LIEBERMAN

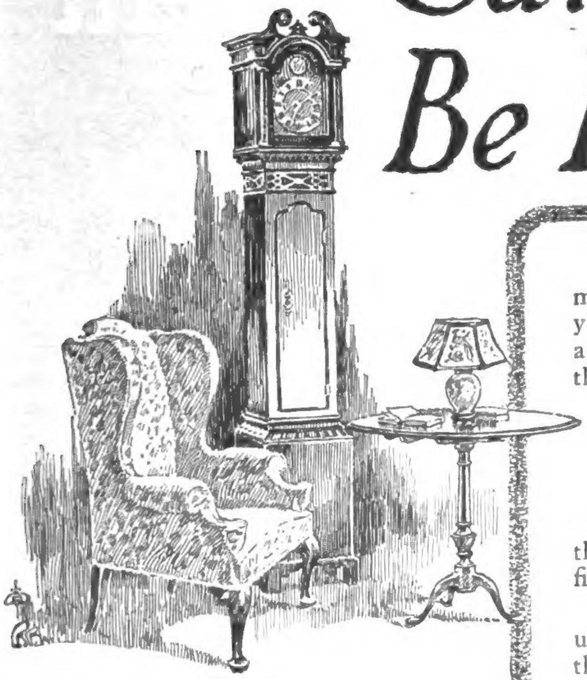
HE WAS society's lily pet,
  Some parlor doll of high degree
That flirted around with the uppish set;
  Now we're tent-mates, him and me.
I was a grocer's clerk before
  My fate got mixed with the infantry;
But they don't need a visitin'-card for war
  In the home o' the brave and the land o' the free.

He used to sneer at me for a simp;
  "Lizzie" I called him the first few days;
We didn't get on till, worn and limp,
  We found we wuz game in different ways;
Marchin' full kit for thirty miles
  With the sun full glare on him and me
Just leveled us stiff, and it counted piles
  For the makin' o' true democracy.

So us two guys are comrades now;
  I swear at him and he swears at me;
We're gettin' fit for the little row
  That's goin' on across the sea.
Unc' Sam drew lots and called us two,
  And he ain't so very partial when
There's a lot o' work for all to do
  And a deuce of a famine in fighting men.

He was society's lily pet,
  But now we bunk in the same tepee.
He used to dance with the gilded set;
  And it's drill and beans for him and me.
He don't give a darn what I was before,
  And I don't give a whoop what he used to be;
All that we know is we're in a war,
  Hittin' it up for democracy.

Can These Things Be Replaced?—



The arm-chair, where perhaps you sit as you read this magazine—how comfortably it conforms to the curve of your back. How often you have thought of its welcoming arms as a haven at the end of a hard day—and the side-board that has been in the family for more than one generation. You can remember how you had to stand on tip-toe to reach the sugar bowl on its shelf—and the old secretary in the corner.

Old friends, these.

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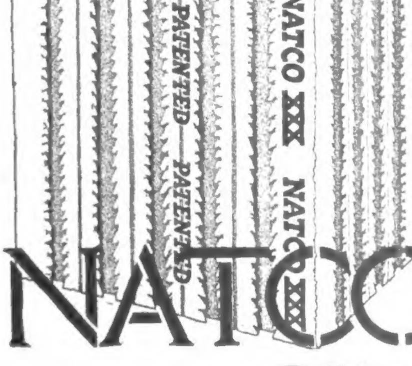

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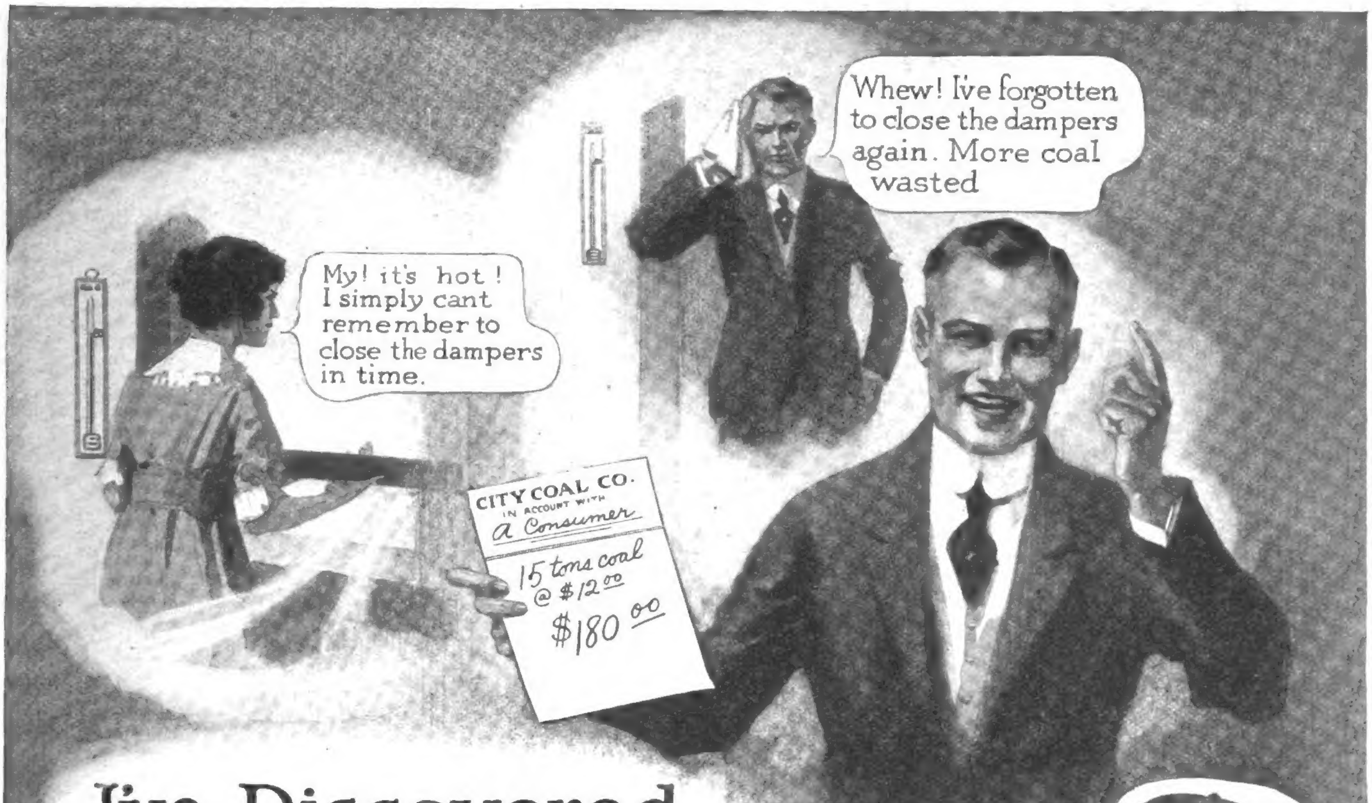
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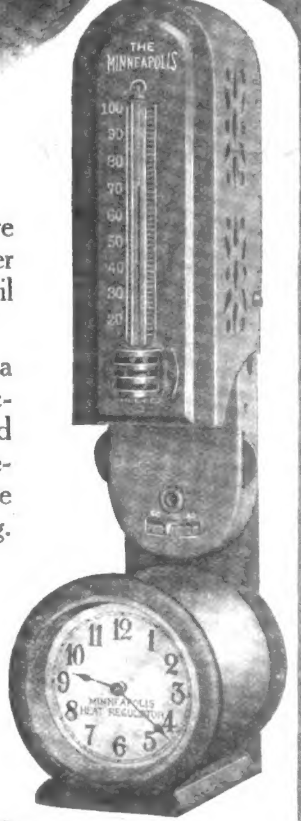
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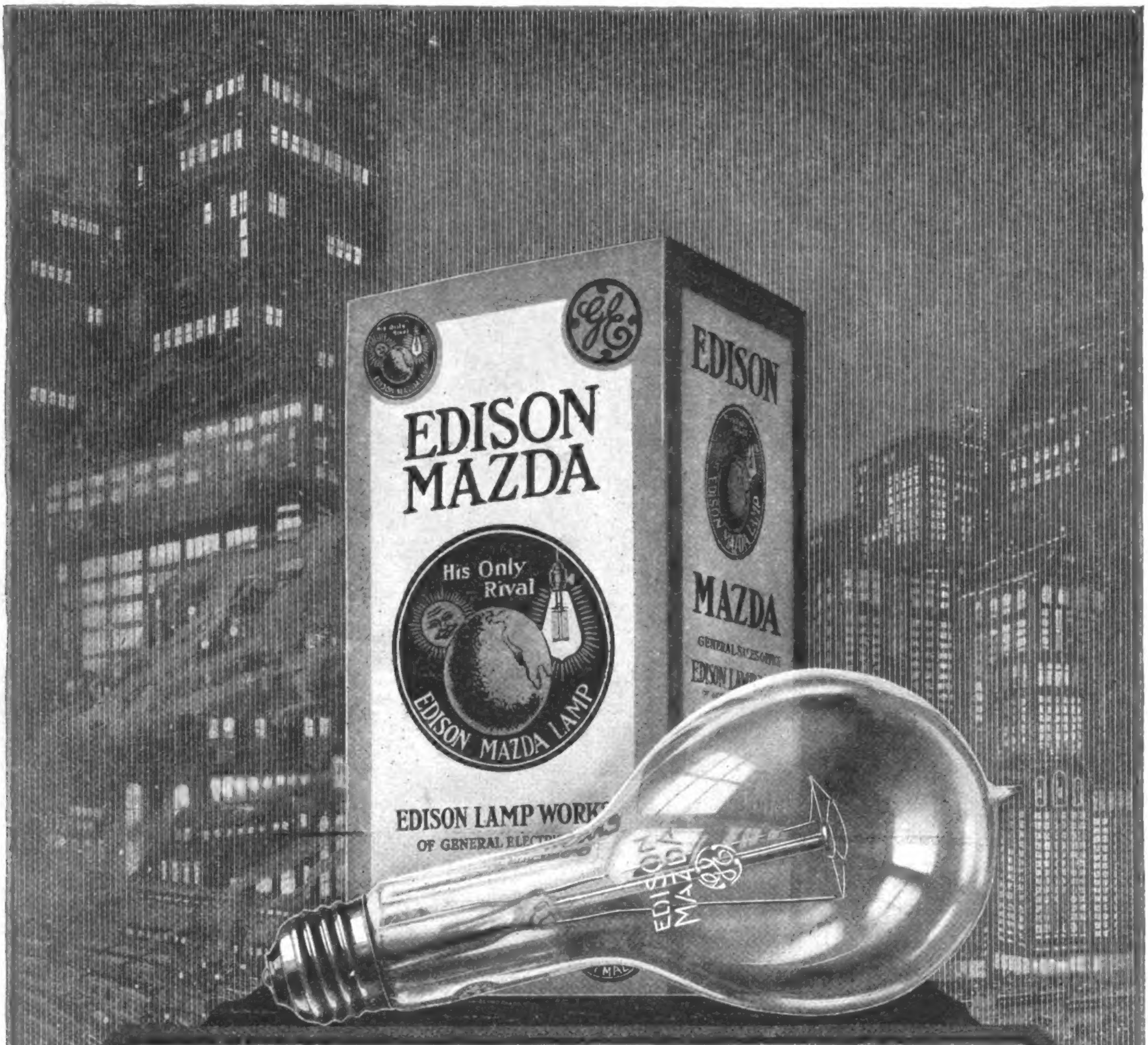
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